

THE COMMON
SCHOOL BOOK
OF
VOCAL MUSIC



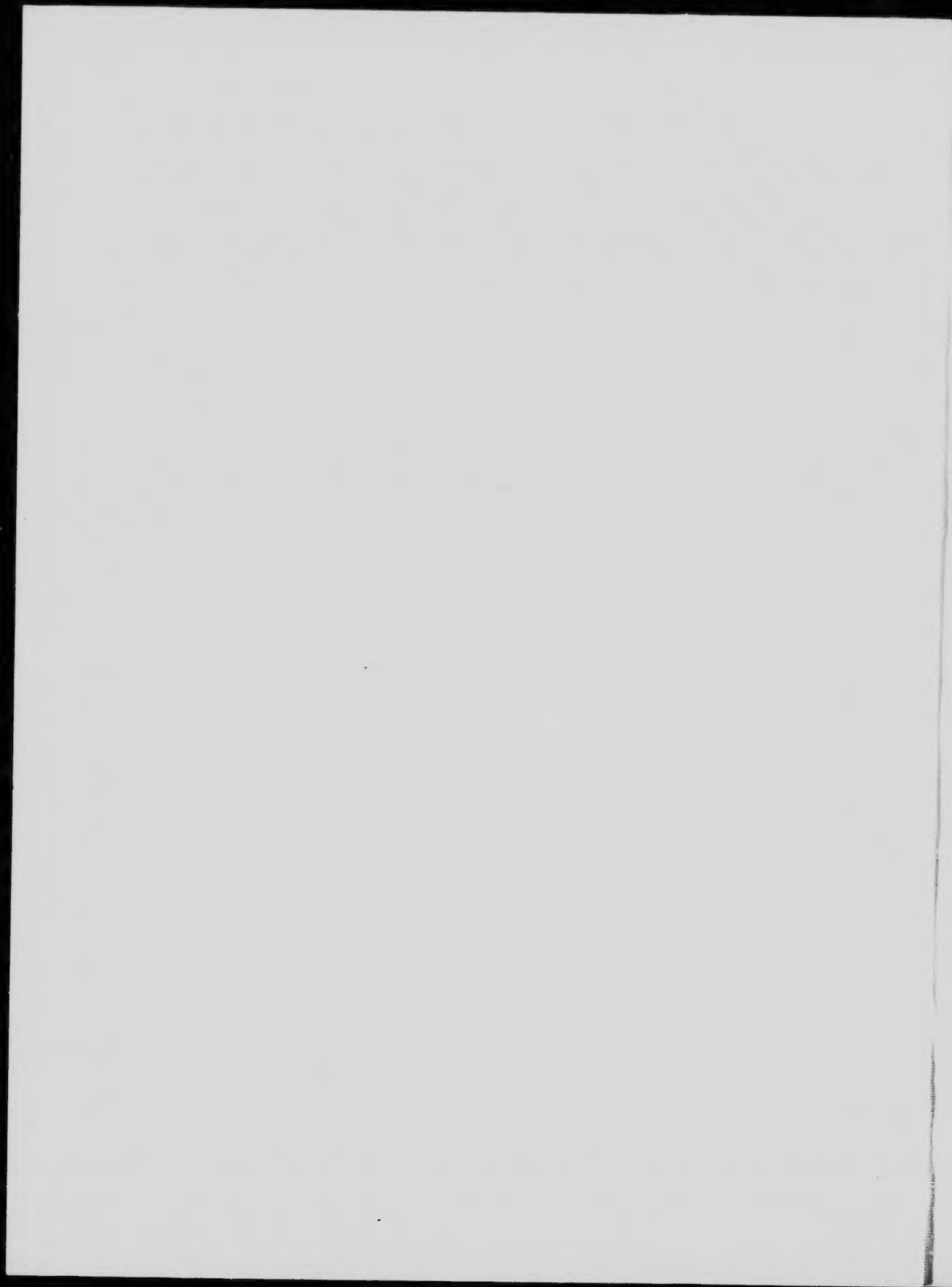
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Regina Normal School

Room C.



The Modern Music Series

THE COMMON SCHOOL BOOK OF VOCAL MUSIC

BY
ELEANOR SMITH

A ONE-BOOK COURSE OF SONG AND STUDY FOR USE
IN SCHOOLS OF MIXED GRADES



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The selections in this book by Robert Louis Stevenson are taken from "A Child's Garden of Verses,"
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INTRODUCTION.

THE GRADED SCHOOL.

NOTWITHSTANDING the recognized advantages resulting from classification and organization, the Graded School has this general disadvantage, — it lacks the inspiration which grows out of the association of younger with older children.

This disadvantage is especially emphasized in the study of vocal music; for the progress of children in music, the development of their musical sense and of their appreciation and love of the art, depends very largely upon the music that they hear. With children of about the same age and degree of advancement, there is naturally little difference in musical ability. The pupils are brought in touch only with those of their own average equipment, and consequently the responsibility of giving stimulus to the work usually rests solely upon the teacher.

THE UNGRADED SCHOOL.

The ungraded school, on the other hand, while handicapped by many disadvantages through its lack of classification, has in this very lack, a certain decided advantage from the point of view of musical education. This is an advantage appreciated only to a very limited degree, but one that should be utilized to the utmost.

Even in schools where the teacher cannot sing, it is possible to establish good singing by having the older pupils "take the lead." This arouses their interest, and also gives them a gratifying sense of power and responsibility. The younger children will, in turn, find great encouragement and assurance in being led by the pupils of the higher grades. This method is really the musical game of "Follow the Leader," and is sure to appeal to all the children.

There are in the schools of mixed grades, so far as the teaching of music is concerned, three classes of children:

1st. The older children, who, in the beginning, follow the plan of the book as it is set down, singing and studying the songs at sight.

2d. An intermediate class of pupils who learn new songs by ear, by following the older pupils, and are able afterwards to study the elements of which these familiar songs are composed. This, of course, is for them a preparation for sight reading.

3d. The younger pupils, who simply follow entirely by ear both the songs and the technical forms (scales, etc.).

It will be apparent that this classification is somewhat indefinite, and that it is impossible for teachers really to measure the progress of *each individual child*, and to decide just which child is reading the song, which is able to study the familiar song, and which is singing by ear only. In fact, as time goes on, the pupils of different ages will gradually be developing from one class into the next; but it is possible for the teacher to organize her singing classes and to secure good results by keeping the above classifications of her pupils constantly in mind.

THE COMMON SCHOOL BOOK OF VOCAL MUSIC.

The author of this book has recognized the conditions existing in the ungraded school, and has sought to adapt her methods to these same conditions. The book is divided into three parts:

Part I contains a large number of very simple songs and studies most carefully graded and classified.

Part II is made up of familiar songs arranged according to difficulty, the first ones being very simple.

Part III is made up of songs for general singing and study.

The melodies and poetry throughout have been selected with the utmost care and discrimination.

One very important point to be noted is that the simpler songs for the younger pupils are of such a character as to be interesting and attractive even to the older ones. They are child-like without being childish. They are simple in sentiment and thought, but strong and purposeful. The more advanced songs for the older pupils have real beauty, and yet are of such simplicity that the younger children will be able to sing them.

As has been said, older children enjoy guiding and entering into the interests of the younger ones. *This feeling should be fostered by the teacher from the beginning; indeed, it will be found a most important point in establishing the work.*

The Common School Book of Vocal Music, taken as a whole, is of such a quality and character that the entire school can join in singing all the songs with keen appreciation and delight; while its plan is such that, with some careful study on the part of the teacher, with a little adjustment of the work, and with the right kind of appeal to the older pupils, the study of singing can be made one of the most interesting features of the school curriculum.

AN OUTLINE OF STUDY.

The children should be given as their first lesson "A Sleigh Ride," on page 10. This song is very simple in form, and follows natural rhythmic and tonal lines. Its construction is such that it can be easily sung by almost all of the older pupils from observing the notation. Those pupils who cannot sing from the notation may follow the others by ear.

The teacher (or one of the musical pupils if the teacher cannot sing) should give the key note or "do," and afterwards the first tone of the song if it is other than "do." She should also give an explanation of the rhythm of the song, including the number of tones to the measure, and the principle of accent on the first tone of the measure. The idea of the musical phrase should also be made clear. The teacher should explain that in the simpler songs the phrase corresponds to the line of poetry. In the case of "A Sleigh Ride" the half note marks the end of the phrase.

1st phrase. 2d phrase.

How we hur - ry up the hill, Ho! my hors - es, Who! be still!

With these suggestions the older and more musical children will be able to sing this song without further help.

It will be found of great assistance in the singing if all the songs are sung with the phrase as the unit; the children being taught to count the number of phrases in a song, and afterwards to sing one phrase at a time, — the first phrase, or the third phrase, etc., or any phrase of a song.

While singing resulting from such practice is not sight reading in the real sense of the word, it is a kind of singing that will be very helpful as a basis of developing the power of sight

reading. In fact, without the graphic suggestion of the notation, it is almost impossible to establish music in the schools where the teacher cannot sing; and even in such schools as have a musical teacher, the above suggestion will be found a great re-enforcement to the work.

The point as above brought out lies at the very foundation of successful teaching of music in the average ungraded school. The importance of making a definite beginning is worth the most careful consideration on the part of those responsible for the work of the school. In fact, its importance cannot be over-estimated. The work as above outlined should not be hurried, the teacher should be careful that as many of the children as have the ability to do so, are interested in singing from the notation. The matter should be explained again and again in connection with many songs. The number of children taking the leadership should be constantly enlarged, until finally the whole school join in the singing, whether by ear, by following the leaders, or because of their knowledge of the notation.

STUDYING THE SONGS.

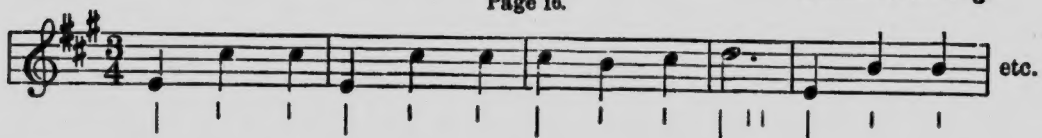
After a certain amount of progress has been made in song singing, and a musical spirit has been developed in the schoolroom, the pupils should begin to *study* the songs which they know in order to gain a knowledge of the time, scales and intervals represented in them. If this work is clearly explained to the children, and if it is properly begun, the pleasure of the singing hour will be increased very materially. This study may be started with the very first song, or with any one of the simpler songs which the teacher may prefer to select.

First, the attention of the pupils should be more definitely called to the accent upon the first note of each measure. They should indicate it by a strong motion of the hand; later they may indicate each beat of the measure, giving the first beat the strong emphasis. It will add to the interest if the beats of the measure are indicated by strokes on the blackboard, thus:

Dancing Song.

Page 16.

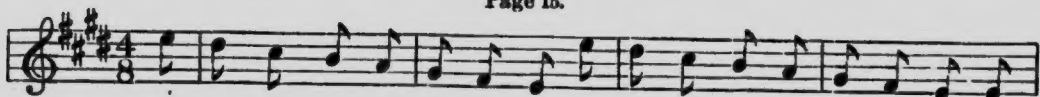
Rhenish Folksong.



In connection with marking the time, the children may apply the scale names, — do, re, mi, fa, sol, etc., to the tones of the song instead of the words, thus:

Mouse Cousins.

Page 15.



Do ti la sol fa mi re do do ti la sol fa mi re do do.

The scale names may be applied to all the simpler songs of the book.

The children may also sing the scale in which the song is written, ascending and descending, together with the simpler intervals found in the song.

INTRODUCTION.

7

Give the names of the rests found in the song.

Write on the blackboard the rests to be found in the song, with the notes of a corresponding time value above them.

Point to the note indicating the lowest tone in the song. (To several if there are more than one.)

Point to the note indicating the highest tone in the song. (To several if there are more than one.)

How many notes on the first space of the staff?

How many notes on the first line?

WRITING FROM MEMORY.

To interest the older pupils, the teacher may have them write from memory a phrase of the song on the blackboard, — the whole school then singing the phrase and following the notes as they sing.

When the older ones are sufficiently advanced for the work, the writing of familiar melodies from memory will be found helpful and interesting. The pupils should first be given the location of "one" or "do" of the song which they are to write.

ADDITIONAL PROCESSES.

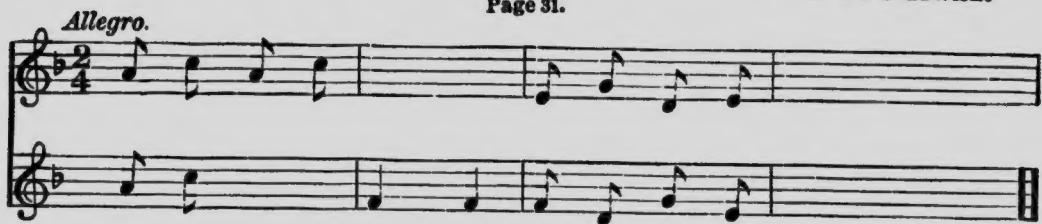
ADDING MISSING NOTES. — The teacher may select a familiar song and write it upon the blackboard, with one or more notes omitted. The children may then be asked to add the missing notes.

ILLUSTRATION.

Sing a Song of Workshops.

Page 31.

G. W. Chadwick.



ADDING BARS. — The teacher may select a song and write it upon the blackboard with the exception of the bars. The children may then be asked to put the bars in their proper places.

ILLUSTRATION.

May's Coming.

German.



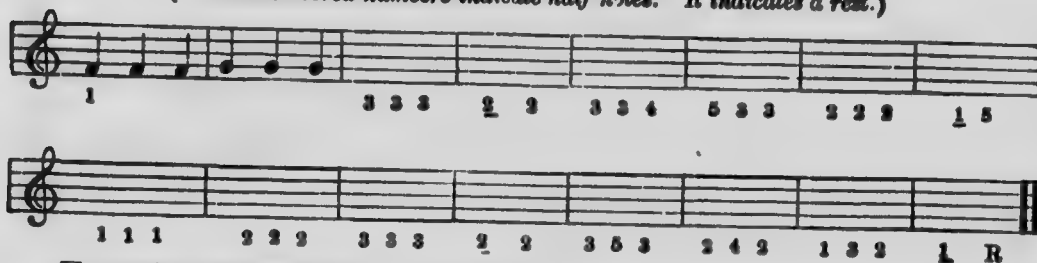
INTRODUCTION.

ADDING OF TIME SIGNATURES. — The same idea may be carried out in the supplying of time and key signatures.

COMPLETING MELODIES. — The teacher may also write a song upon the board, omitting several measures, and indicating the notes which are to be supplied by giving their proper scale numbers.

ILLUSTRATION.

(The underscored numbers indicate half notes. R indicates a rest.)



The pupils should supply the correct signature.

The Common School Book of Vocal Music, although designed primarily for use in ungraded schools, is admirably arranged in accordance with the proper sequence of musical problems, which are introduced most carefully and systematically through the very best song material. In this way the training is made both definite and fruitful. The song material is so related to technical study and so adjusted to the character of the school, that the singing follows along with the least possible friction, and the pupils are able to carry on the work with very little help from the teacher. Of course, if the teacher chances to be a musician, the singing can be made much more effective.

In conclusion, singing in the ungraded school can be made to exert a very great influence upon the spirit and thought, not only of the school itself, but also upon that of the community, especially if taught in accordance with this simple, practical plan in which the organization of the school and the limitations of the pupils are recognized.

THE COMMON SCHOOL BOOK

OF

VOCAL MUSIC.

From the German.
Andante.

Morning Song.

Wilhelm.

mf

1. Sweet is the sun-shine, fra-grant the air— Flow'rs from their
2. Gray are the heav-ens, bird-lings are fled; Drear-y the
3. Bet-ter than sun-shine, sweet-er than dew, Come down Thy
4. On - ly Thy good-ness flows from a - bove, Ev - er un-

mf *f*

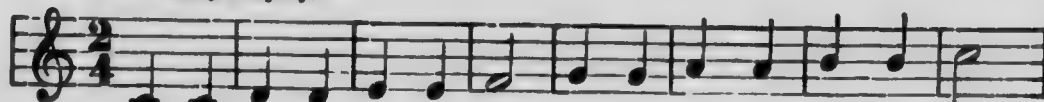
Andante.

slum-ber a-wake ev'-ry-where.
world is when flowers are de
bless - ings, constant and t
chang-ing, dear Father of love.

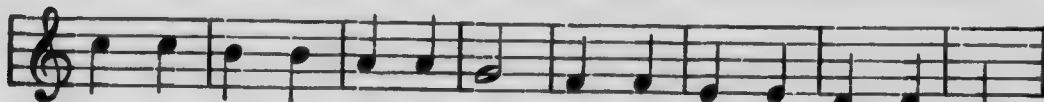
piu lento. *f* *pp*

A Sleigh Ride.

From St. Nicholas, by permission
of The Century Company.



How we hur-ry up the hill, Ho! my hors-es, Whoa! be still!



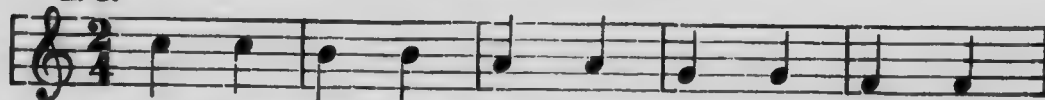
Down the hill, up-set the sleigh, Stop, my hors-es! Stop I say!



Jin-gle, jin-gle, off they go, Stop, my hors-es, Whoa! then! O!

The Raindrops.

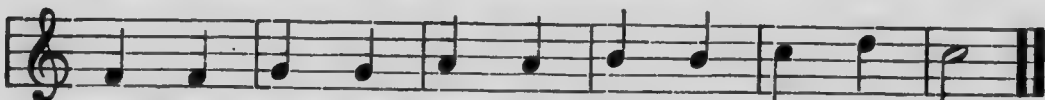
E. S.



Rain-drops small that pat-tered down When storm and

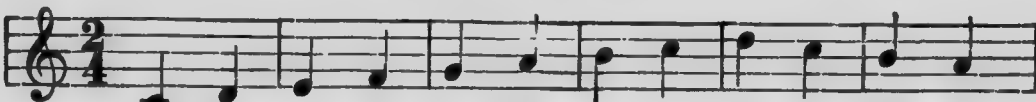


wind swept out the town, Climb'd up a-gain in



wreaths of white To homes in cloud-land blue and bright.

Bunny and Polly.



1. Pink-eyed Bun-ny, long-eared Bun-ny, Nev-er tastes my
2. He and pret-ty Poll, the par-rot, Care far more for

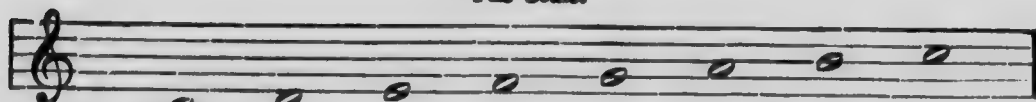


bread and hon-ey; Fun-ny Bun-ny he, takes no milk or tea.
seed and car-rot; Crook-ed beak-ed Poll has no teeth at all.

Key of C.

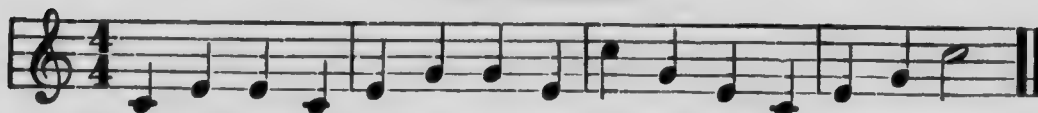
11

The Scale.



The key of C has no sharps or flats. Lower *Do* is on the first line below the staff. Upper *Do* is in the third space.

The Streamlet.



1. Stream-let flow-ing, clear-ly show-ing All your bed of peb-bles brown.
2. Off you hur-ry in a flur-ry Thro' the meadow, toward the town.

January and February.

Christina Rossetti.



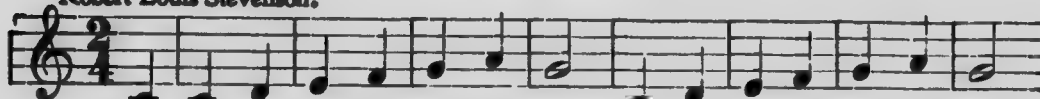
Jan - u - a - ry des - o - late, Feb - ru - a - ry



drip - ping wet; March wind ran - ges, A - pril chan - ges.

Time to Rise.

Robert Louis Stevenson.



A bir-die with a yel - low bill Hopp'd up - on the win-dow sill;



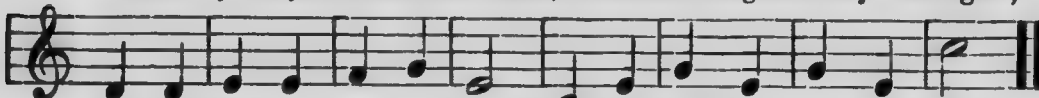
Cocked his shin-ing eye and said, "Ain't you 'shamed, you sleep-y head?"

Polly's Piano.

E. S.

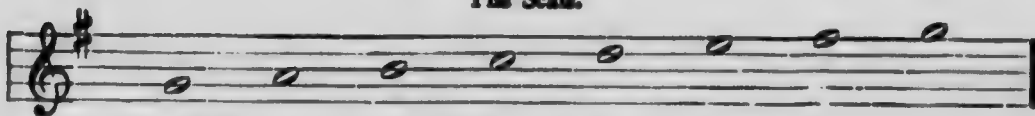


Pret - ty keys all black and white, Christ-mas brought for my de - light ;



Lit - tle tunes on you I play, Tunes that sweet-er grow each day.

Key of G. The Scale.



The Key of G has one sharp. *Do* is on the second line.

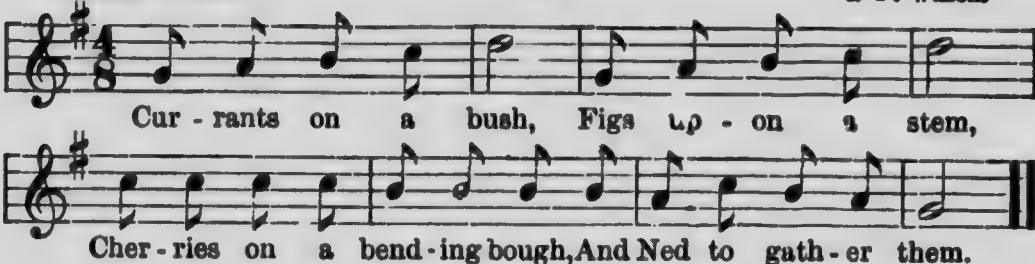
Musical Phrases.



Christina Rossetti.

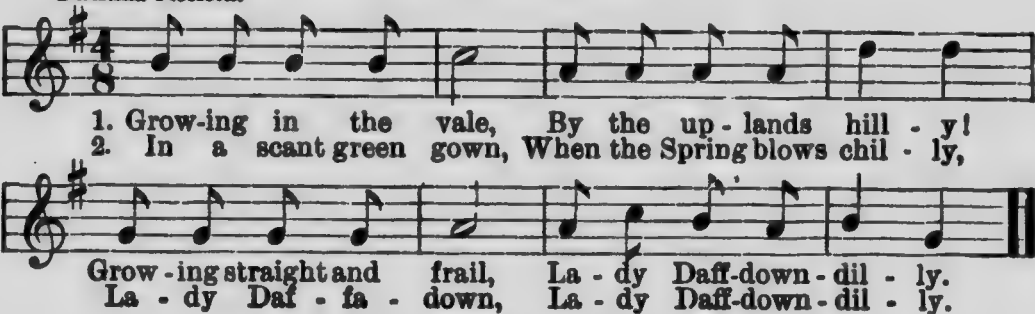
Fruit.

L. T. Wilson.



Christina Rossetti.

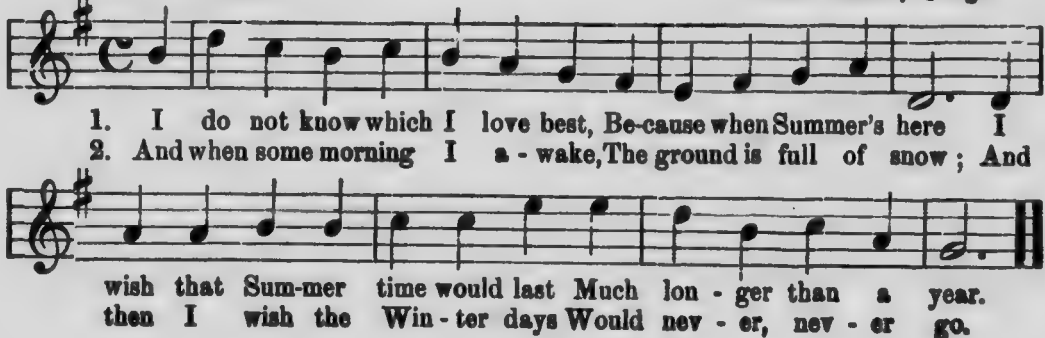
Lady Daffadown.



Summer or Winter.

Rebecca B. Freeman.

From Nursery Songs.

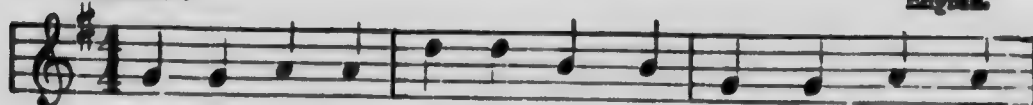


The Wind.

13

Traditional.

English.



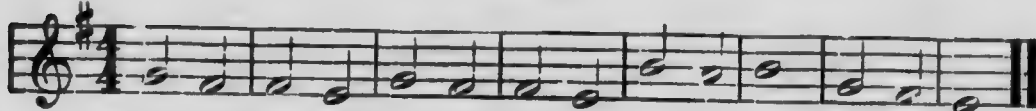
1. When the wind is in the East, It's nei-ther good for
2. When the wind is in the West, The corn and clo-ver
8. When the jol-ly North wind blows, It brings the cold and
4. When the gen-tle South wind blows, The flow'rs their pet-als



man nor beast, It's nei-ther good for man nor beast.
grow the best, The corn and clo-ver grow the best.
drift-ing snows, It brings the cold and drift-ing snows.
all un-close, The flow'rs their pet-als all un-close.

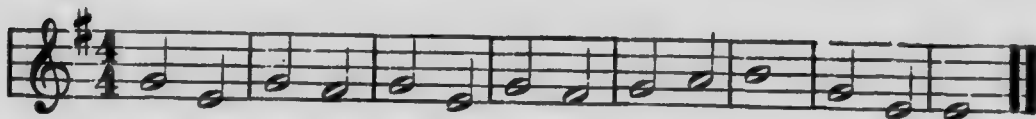
Wind.

I.



Oo, oo, etc.

II.



The Reason Why.

Frederick Manley.

German.



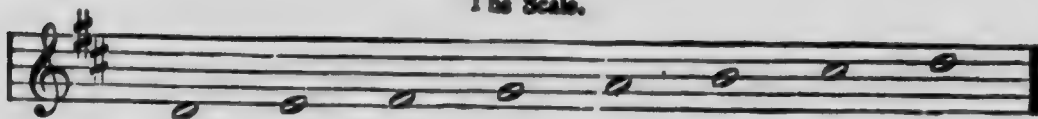
1. Once there was a lit-tle fel-low Gai-ly dressed in
2. Once a lit-tle crim-son clo-ver Used to hear this
3. "Tell me," said the lit-tle clo-ver, "Why you sing the
4. "That's my song of thanks for man-y Dai-ly gifts of



gold-en yel-low ; Zum,zum,zum,zum,Zum,zum,zum,zum, Was his song.
jol-ly ro-ver : Zum,zum,zum,zum,Zum,zum,zum,zum, All day long.
same song o-ver : Zum,zum,zum,zum,Zum,zum,zum,zum,Thro' the hours."
sweet-est hon-ey,—Zum,zum,zum,zum.Zum,zum,zum,zum,From the flow'rs."

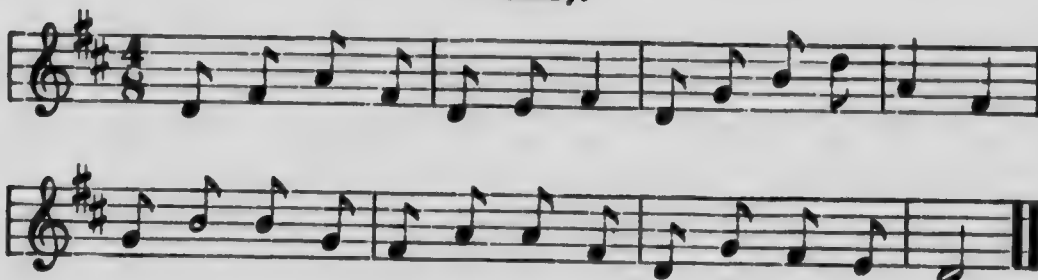
Key of D.

The Scale.



The key of D has two sharps. Lower *Do* is in the first space below the staff. Upper *Do* is on the fourth line.

A Study.



An Explanation.

Charles Hendricks.

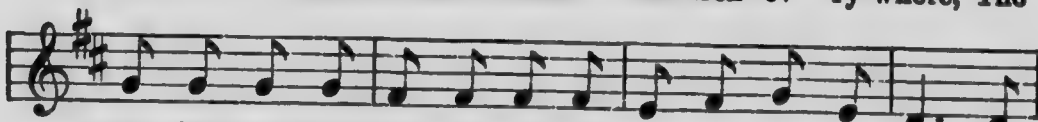
By permission.

Moderato.

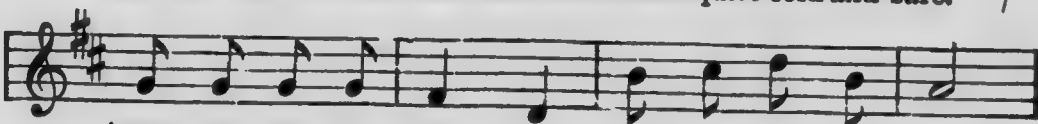
Hanoverian Folksong.



1. Boys and girls when days are balm-y Wear their light - est clothes, And
2. Then when wraps and coats are dear To chil-dren ev - 'ry-where, The



wrap themselves up warm as squirrels soon as win - ter shows; But
trees be - gin to shed their leaves and stand quite cold and bare. ♪



trees are ver - y fun - ny, for in warm - est hours
May - be ev - 'ry sum - mer, just like me and you,



They are dress'd in man - y leaves and sometimes man - y flow'rs.
They outgrow their clothes and wait till spring weaves 'em a - new.



1. You may not think the squir - rel Of whom you sometimes sing
 2. But if you go a nut - ting Some chil - ly au - tumn day,



Who seems so fond of play - ing E'er works at a - ny - thing.
 You'll find that Mas - ter squir - rel Can work as well as play.

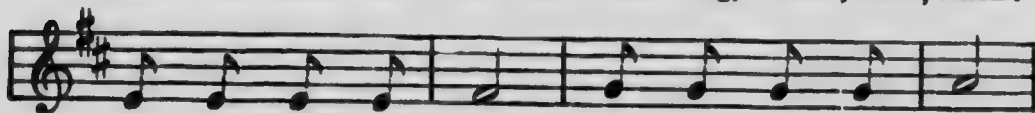
The Mill - Wheel.



Round and round the mill-wheel's go - ing, Click, click, clack!



Clear and bright the wa - ter's flow - ing, Click, click, clack!



If the wa - ter flows, if the mill - wheel goes



You for bread, my dear, will nev - er, nev - er lack.

The Silk - Worm.

R. B. F.



Here's a bus - y lit - tle spin - ner Working hard to earn her din - ner,



I am sure she nev - er guesses What becomes of all her dresses.

Key of A.

The Scale.

The Scale one octave lower.



The key of A has three sharps. Do is in the second space.

A Study.



Dancing Song.

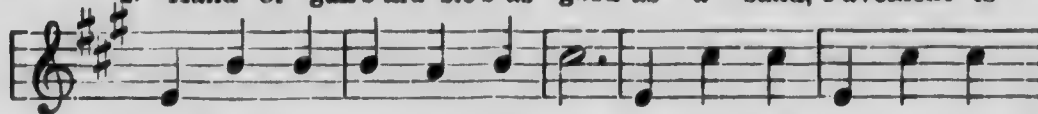
Amelia M. Sontag.

Rhenish Folliesong.

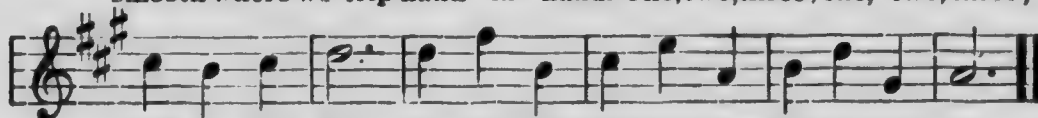


1. Whirl-ing and whirl-ing in cir-cles so light, Dan-cing and

2. Hand or-gan's mu-sic's as good as a band, Pavement is



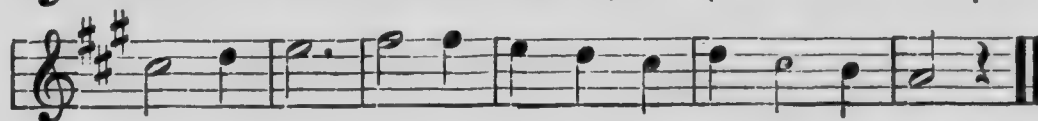
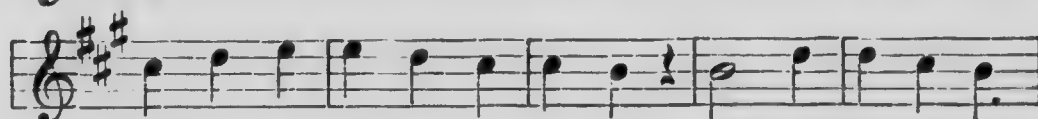
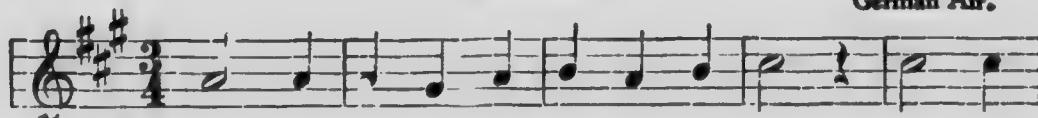
skip-ping from morn-ing till night. One,two,three; one, two,three;
smooth where we trip hand in hand. One,two,three; one, two,three;



glide to and fro, One,two,three; one,two,three; sing as we go.
see how we fly, One,two,three; one,two,three; Pol-ly and I.

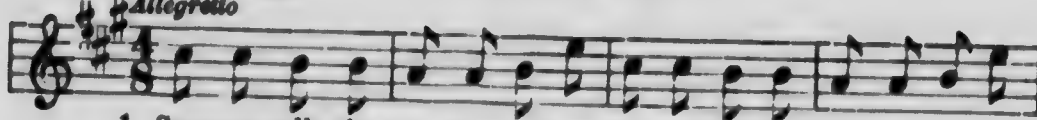
A Study.

German Air.

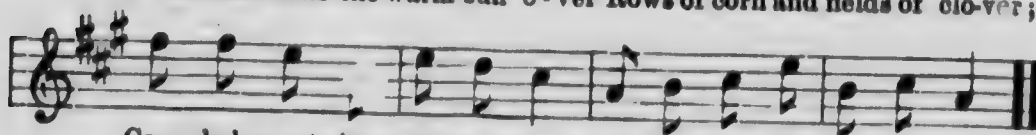


The Summer Sun

Lydia Avery Cooley
Allegretto



1. Summer rolls the warm sun o - ver Rows of corn and fields of clo-ver;
2. Summer rolls the warm sun o - ver Rows of corn and fields of clo-ver;



Corn shakes out its tas-sels red, Clo-ver lifts its crim-son head.
Fly - ing comes the hon-ey bee; "I choose clo-ver," buz-zes he.

Old English

London Bridge

Old Tune



1. Lon-don Bridge is bro-ken down, Dance o - ver, La-dye Lea;
2. Shall we build it up a - gain? Dance o - ver, La-dye Lea;
3. Gold will all be stole a - way, Dance o - ver, La-dye Lea;
4. Steel will bend and steel will bow, Dance o - ver, La-dye Lea;



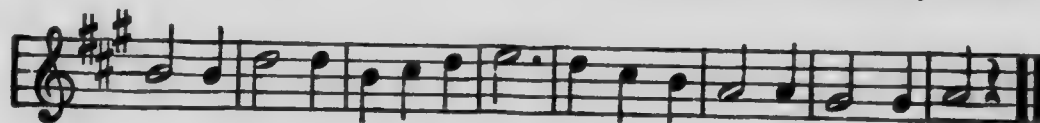
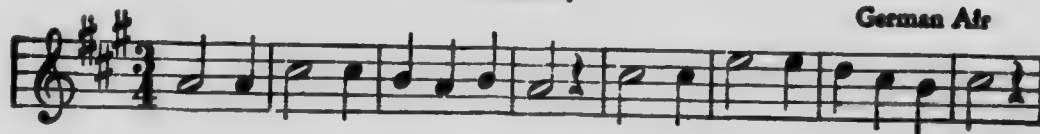
Lon - don Bridge is bro - ken down, With a gay La - dye.
Shall we build it up a - gain, With a gay La - dye.
Gold will all be stole a - way, With a gay La - dye.
Steel will bend and steel will bow, With a gay La - dye.

- 5 Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over, Ladye Lea;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay Ladye.

- 6 Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over Ladye Lea;
Then 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay Ladye.

Lullaby

German Air



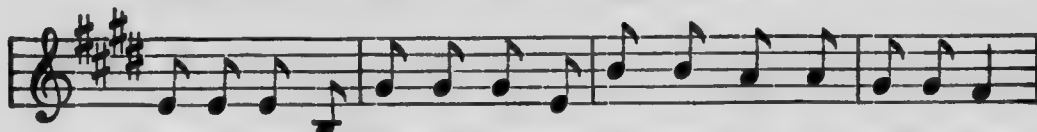
Father Christmas.

Ts. from the German.

Folksong.



1. Father Christmas, Father Christmas Strides across the frozen moor;
2. Father Christmas, Father Christmas, He's a hale and heart-y one;
3. Father Christmas, Father Christmas, Comes a-like to rich and poor;



Father Christmas, Father Christmas Knocks at ev - 'ry waiting door;
 Frosty beard and brows they hide not Sparkling eyes that flash with fun,
 Young and old he loves and bless-es, Pain and sor - row he can cure;

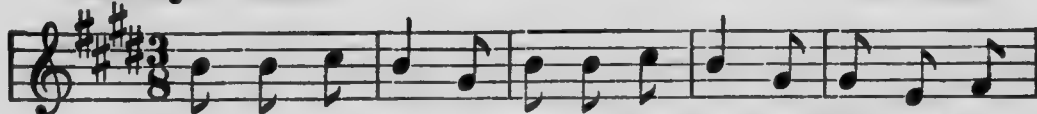


O - pen wide and give him room, Joy and glad-ness with him come.
 Though his years are man - i - fold, Still his heart's a heart of gold.
 Praise him for his good-ly cheer, Mak-ing bright the clos-ing year.

The Hurdy Gurdy Man.

From Songs of Childhood.

Carl Wilhelm.



1. Out in the sun-shine, free as the breez - es, Play - ing sweet
2. Gay as a gip - sy ev - 'ry-where straying, Welcome as
3. When school is o - ver, I'll trav - el yon - der, Way in the



mu - sic wher - ev - er he goes; Mak - ing his mon - key
 Christ-mas in vil - lage and town; Loved for his mon - key,
 land where the trick mon-keys play; Then thro' the world with

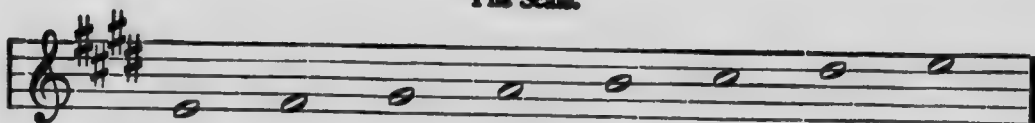


act, when he pleas-es, All the fine tricks that the fun-ny man knows.
 loved for his play-ing, Get-ting more pennies than we'll ev - er own.
 mu - sic I'll wan-der, Watching my mon-key do tricks ev-'ry day.

Key of E.

19

The Scale.



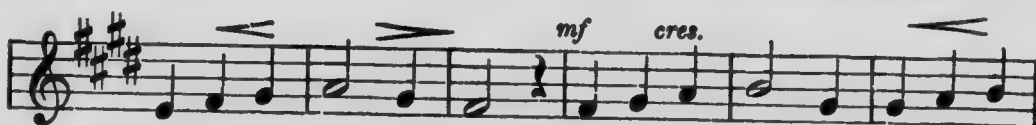
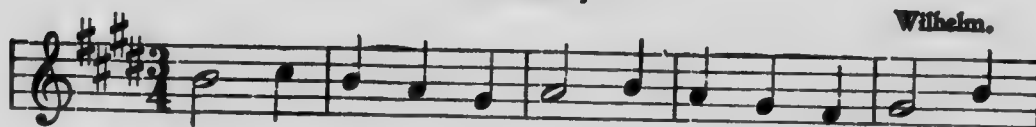
The key of E has four sharps. *D* is on the first line and in the fourth space.

A Study.



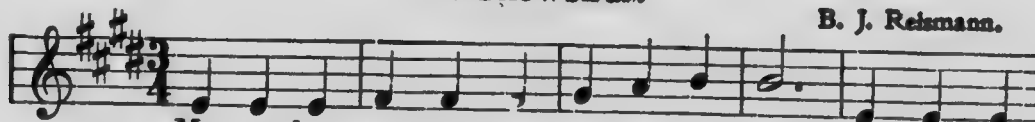
A Melody.

Wilhelm.



The Snowbirds.

B. J. Reismann.



Ma - ny dear snowbirds come trooping a - long, Mak - ing the



air full of twit - ter - ing song. They flut - ter and twin - kle a -



bout in the trees, And let us come tow'rd them as near as we please.

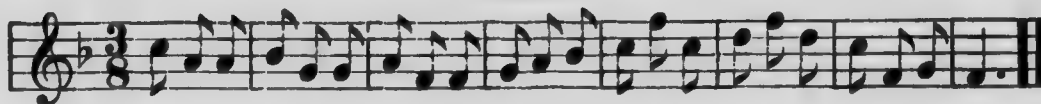
Key of F.

The Scale.

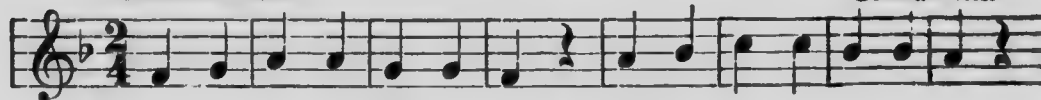


The key of F has one flat. *Do* is in the first space.

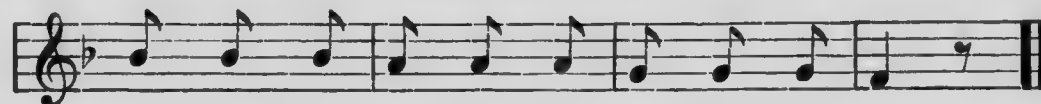
Studies.

II. *Andante e dolce.*

German Air.

III. *Andante.*

Folksong.



The Snow Bird's Message.

Frederick Manley.

Carl Wilhelm, adapted.



1. "Spring-time's com-ing! Spring with her buds, Mist-y green tress-es,
2. Squir-rels spright-ly Hop from their bed; Field-mice are creep-ing,
3. "Naught-y snow-birds," Bun-ni-kins say: "Snowflakes are fly-ing,
4. "Tru-ly, bun-ny, Tru-ly we've seen One dear-est maid-en,
5. "Spring-time's com-ing, Spring's on the way! What tho' 'tis snow-ing?"



Vi-o-let dress-es: Spring is com-ing In-to the woods,
 Bun-ni-kins peep-ing, Snow-birds soft-ly Trill o-ver-head."
 Cold winds are sigh-ing—Spring is com-ing On-ly in play."
 Vi-o-let-la-den, Scat-tring blos-soms O'er val-leys green.
 Win-ter is go-ing: Mice and bun-nies Come out and play.

Christmas Bells.

21



Hark ! I hear the bells are ring-ing, Mer-ry Christmas to us bring-ing.



Bim, bom, bim, bom, bim, bom, bell. Bim, bom, bell.

The Dairy Maids.

James Slocum, by permission.

Old English Tune.

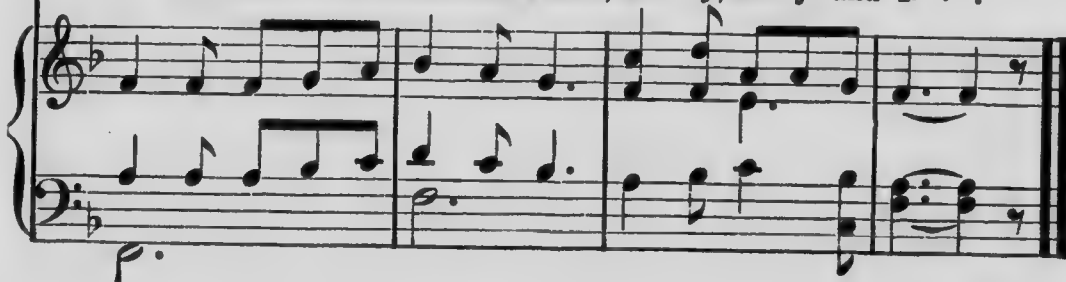
Allegretto.



1. Ev - 'ning light on the pas - ture land, Twink - ling, twink - ling;
2. Cow - bells ring - ing a sleep - y chime, Tink - ling, tink - ling;
3. Sweet and warm is the milk we take, Ev - ery morn - ing;
4. Mak - ing but - ter's the best of fun, Churn - ing, churn - ing;



Down we go with our pails in hand, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I . . .
While we call o'er the meadow thyme, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I . . .
When the chil - dren be - gin to wake, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I . . .
Oh ! we're sor - ry when summer's done, Ma - ry, Mol - ly and I . . .



Key of B Flat.

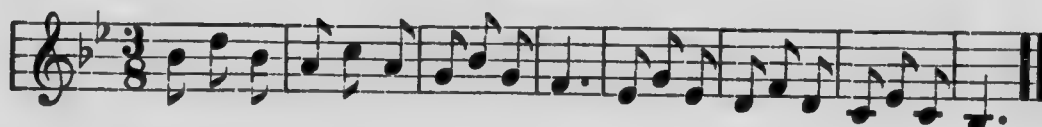
The Scale.

The Scale an octave higher.



The Key of B flat has two flats. *Do* is in the second space below and on the third line.

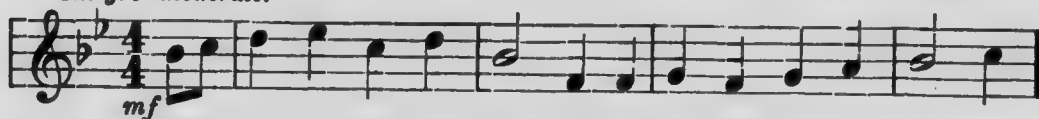
A Study.



The Lily Bells are Ringing.

Helen Goodrich.
Allegro moderato.

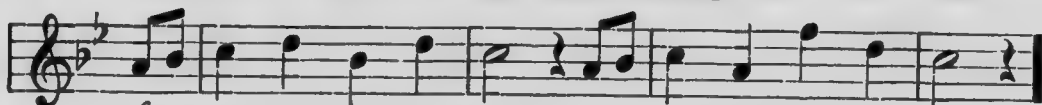
French Folksong.



1. The lil - y bells are ring-ing, The birds their carols sing - ing,
2. From starry heav - en fleet-ing, She brings us joy-ous greet - ing,



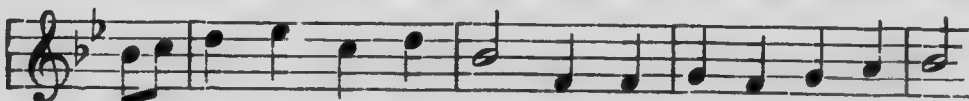
The sunbeams news are bring-ing That Spring is here a - gain.
Old Win - ter still de - feat - ing, Her song is ev - er new.



How sweetly sound the bells! Each chime the ti - dings tells.
She wears a crown of joy, Of love with-out al - loy.



How swiftly she's ad - van - cing! Each day her charms en - hanc-ing,
The rich and poor she bless - es, With lov - ing touch ca - ress-es;



She comes with songs and dan - cing, And lights up hill and glen.
The world her sway con - fess - es, And yields her homage true.

In Summer.

23

Translated from the German.
Allegretto.

C. M. von Weber.

1. Hum, bee, hum, For summer days are come. The joy-ous fields of
2. Sing, birds, sing, Let summer car-ols ring. The whole round world re-
8. Play, child, play, For summer flies a-way. With bird and bee go

Allegretto.

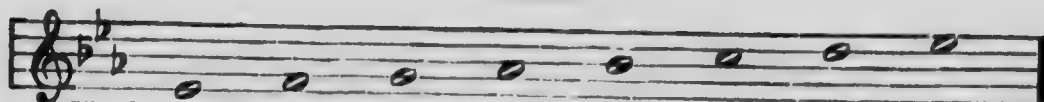
clo-ver Are white for thee, dear ro-ver. Hum, bee,
joi-ces In myr-i-ads of voi-ces. Sing, birds,
rov-ing, Each sun-ny hour im-prov-ing. Play, child,

cresc.

hum, For sum-mer days are come.
sing, Let sur mer car-ols ring.
play, For sum-mer flies a-way.

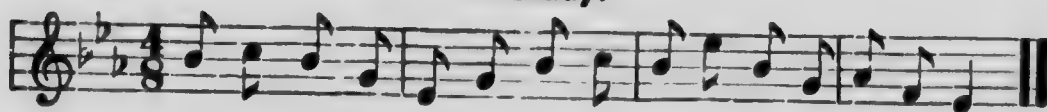
Key of E Flat.

The Scale.



The key of E flat has three flats. Do is on the first line and in the fourth space.

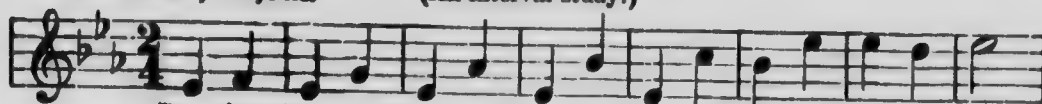
A Study.



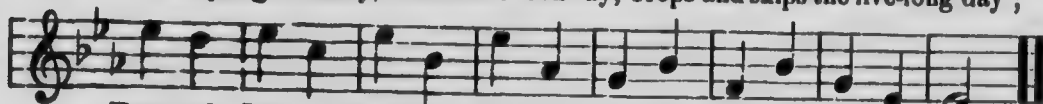
Jumping Johnny.

From Nursery Rhymes.

(An interval study.)

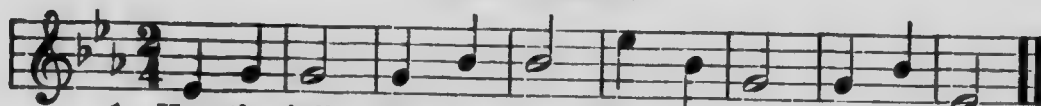


Jump-ing John-ny, Blithe and bon-ny, Hops and skips the live-long day ;



Tom and Ben-ny, Stu-pid Jen-ny, Join the jol-ly jump-ing play.

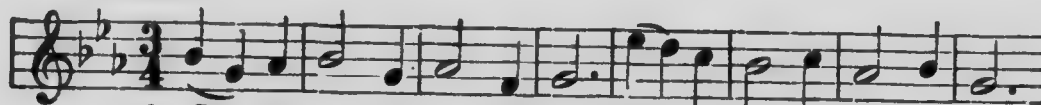
Ten O'clock.



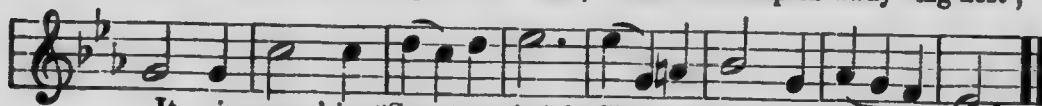
1. Hear the bell strike the hour High and clear from the tow'r.
2. "Ten o'-clock; tir-ed folks, Go to sleep," say the clocks.

A Lullaby.

Rebecca B. Foresman.

Andantino.

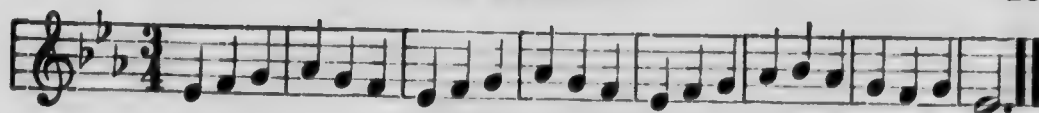
1. Lit-tle ba-by, do you hear What the wind is say-ing, dear?
2. For the wind learn'd long a-go When t'was time to sleep, you know,
3. Bird-ies all have gone to rest, Lull'd to sleep in away-ing nest ;



It is murm'-ring "Sweet good night, Sleep and dream till morning light."
And it whis-pers these same words To the tir-ed lit-tle birds.
Ba-by, too, should close her eyes While the wind sings lul-la-bies

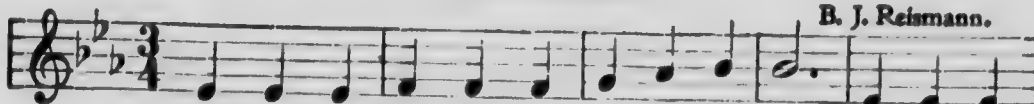
The Wind Mill.

25

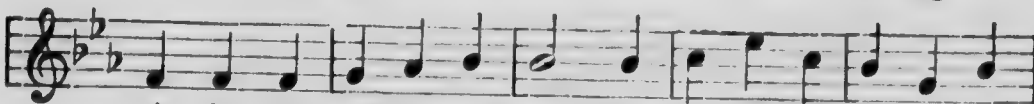


The Snowbirds.

B. J. Reismann.



Ma - ny dear snow-birds come troop-ing a - long, Mak-ing the



air full of twit - ter-ing song. They flut - ter and twin - kle a -

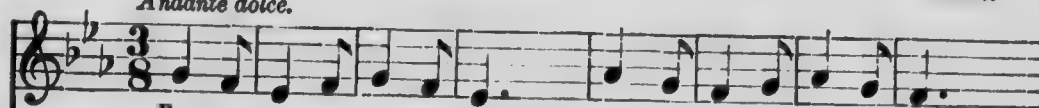


bout in the trees, And let us come tow'rd them as near as we please.

Mother's Prayer.

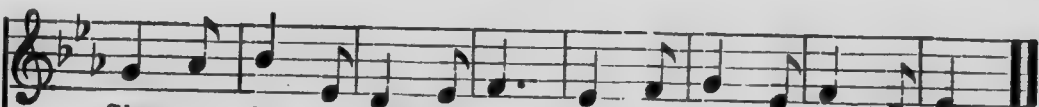
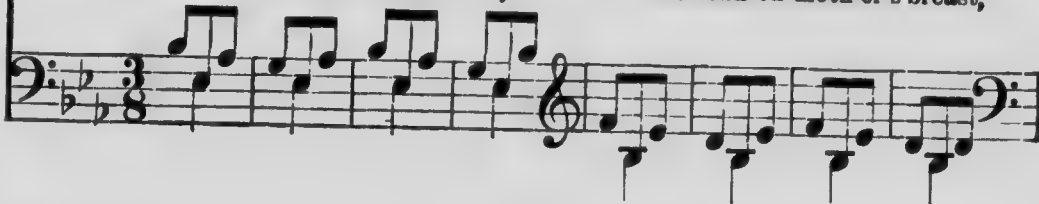
Andante dolce.

Schulz.



1. Come to mother's lap, my dear,
2. As you sleep, dear, mother prays
3. When her ba - by comes and lays

Come and rest there peacefully ;
That your feet, in la - ter hours,
Tir - ed head on moth - er's breast,

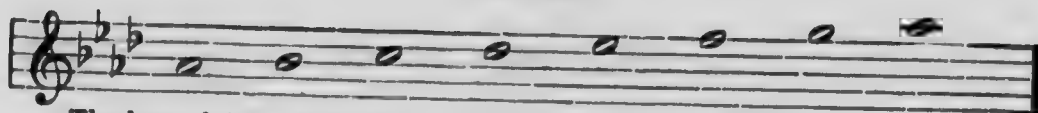


Sleep, my ba - by, free from fear, Moth - er's love is guard - ing thee.
May be led thro' pur - est ways, Rich in peace and fair - est flow'rs.
Moth - er prays that manhood's days May be just as sweet and blest.



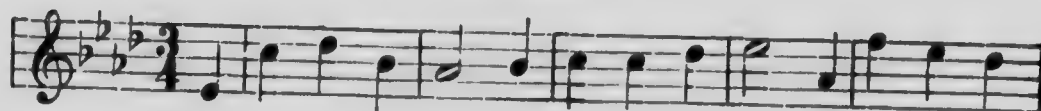
Key of A Flat.

The Scale.



The key of A has four flats. Do is in the second space.

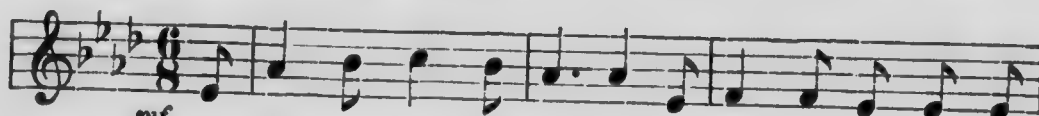
A Study.



Oh! Round and Round We're Going.

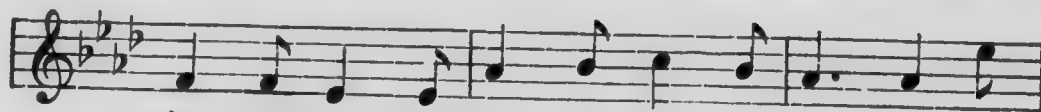
Tr. from the French by Helen Goodrich.
Allegretto.

French.

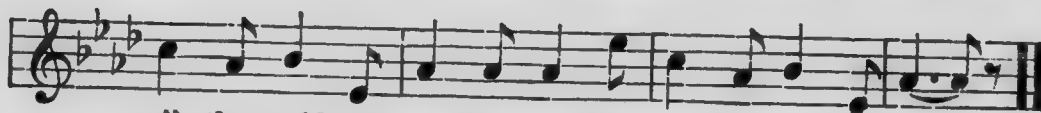


mf

1. Oh! round and round we're go - ing, We dance a - long and we
2. Oh! round and round we're go - ing, We dance a - long and we
3. Oh! round and round we're go - ing, We dance a - long and we
4. Oh! round and round we're go - ing, We dance a - long and we



sing a song; The May - time flow'rs are grow - ing, And
sing a song; The brooks are o - ver - flow - ing, The
sing a song; The wil - low buds are show - ing, The
sing a song; In sun - shine, fields are glow - ing, The



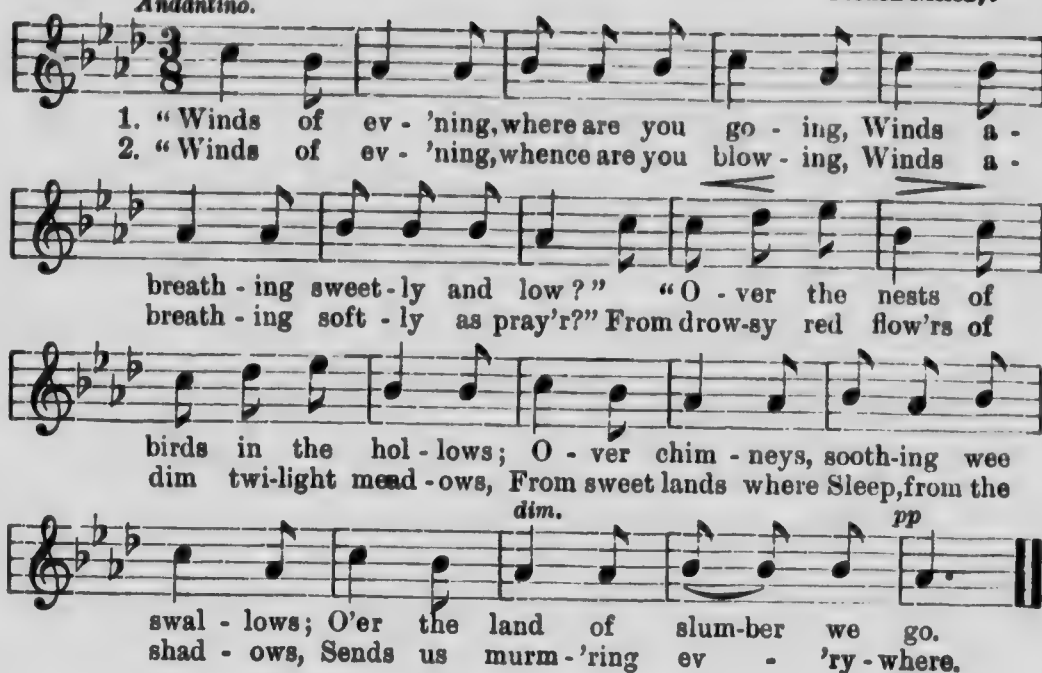
all the world is gay to - day, And all the world is gay.
pear tree bloom so fair, so rare, The pear tree blooms so fair.
birch gleams out white be - dight, The birch gleams out in white.
lark will sing her song ere long, The lark will sing her song.

Winds of Evening.

27

From the French.
Andantino.

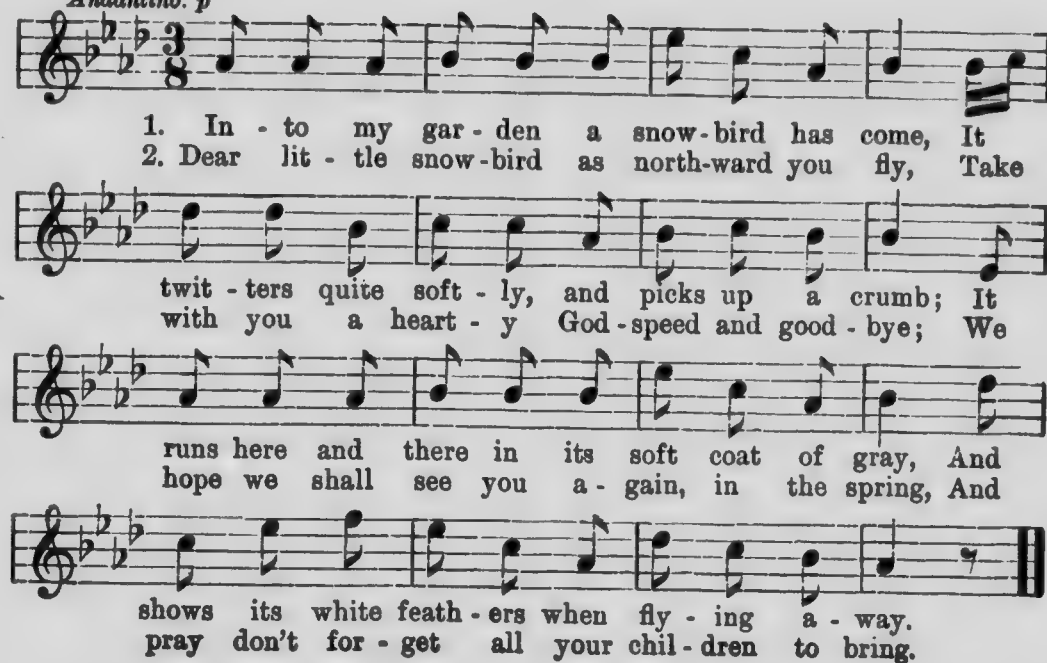
French Melody.



1. "Winds of ev-'ning, where are you go-ing, Winds a -
2. "Winds of ev-'ning, whence are you blow-ing, Winds a -
breath-ing sweet-ly and low?" "O-ver the nests of
breath-ing soft-ly as pray'r?" From drow-sy red flow'rs of
birds in the hol-lows; O-ver chim-neys, sooth-ing wee
dim. dim. pp
dim. pp
swal-lows; O'er the land of slum-ber we go.
shad-ows, Sends us murm-'ring ev-'ry-where.

The Snow Bird.

Translated by E. S.
Andantino. p



1. In-to my gar-den a snow-bird has come, It
2. Dear lit-tle snow-bird as north-ward you fly, Take
twit-ters quite soft-ly, and picks up a crumb; It
with you a heart-y God-speed and good-bye; We
runs here and there in its soft coat of gray, And
hope we shall see you a-gain, in the spring, And
shows its white feath-ers when fly-ing a-way.
pray don't for-get all your chil-dren to bring.

The Divided Beat.

Sleighing Song.

James Stocum, by permission.
Allegretto.

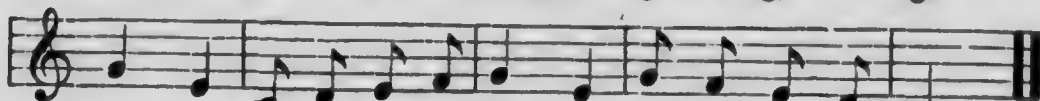
Old Tune.



1. Ting-a-ling-a-ling, The bells are ring-ing, Ting-a-ling-a-
2. Ting-a-ling-a-ling, Past mead-ows ly-ing, Ting-a-ling-a-
3. Ting-a-ling-a-ling, When folks are sleep-ing, Ting-a-ling-a-

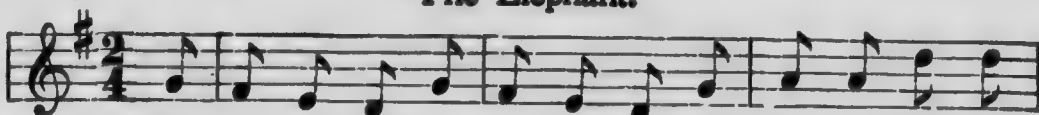


ling, A sil-ver song; Ting-a-ling-a-ling, Like swal-lows
 ling, Like moon-lit pearls; Ting-a-ling-a-ling, The sleigh is
 ling, For girls and boys; Ting-a-ling-a-ling, A sleigh is

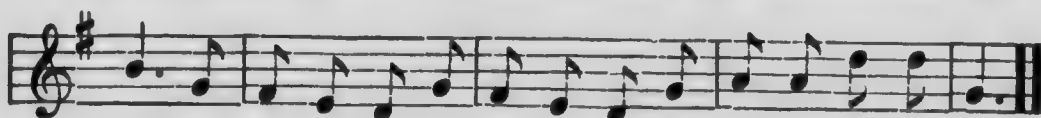


wing-ing, Ting-a-ling-a-ling, We dart and glide a-long.
 fly-ing, Ting-a-ling-a-ling, With hap-py boys and girls.
 sweep-ing, Ting-a-ling-a-ling, With wondrous Christmas joys.

The Elephant.



1. The el-e-phant's a trav-el-er from far a-cross the
2. And so he has a room-y trunk to take where'er he

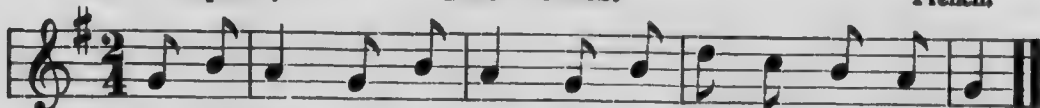


seas; He travels round with cir-cus-es and big men-ag-er-ies.
 goes; He gets so man-y pres-ents for the fun-ny tricks he does.

French. Adapted by E. S.

The Ponies.

French.



1. In Co-logne so they say, All the po-nies small are grey.
2. In Ro-chelle, queer old town, Po-nies great and small are brown.
3. In Ber-lin, strang-est sight! Al-most ev-'ry po-ny's white.
4. Brown bay, black or roan, Were the po-ny dear my own!
5. He and I then should roam Thro' the great world far from home.

Good News

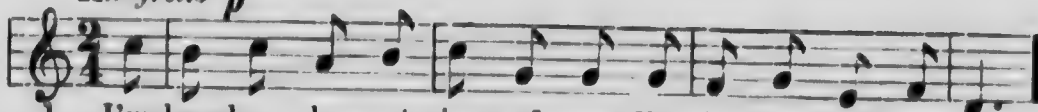
29

Anna M. Pratt

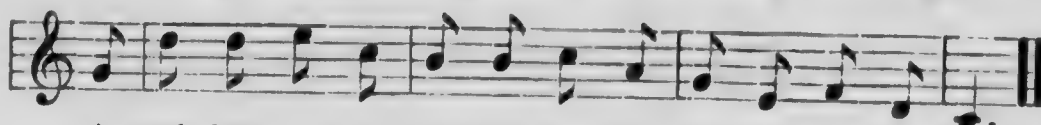
From the "Youth's Companion"

By per. of the publishers and the author

Allegretto p



1. I've heard a pleas-ant piece of news For chil-dren that are good:
2. With tap'ring stems that seek the sky, That grow so tall and straight,
3. In-deed, the green pro-ces-sion is Al-read-y march-ing down



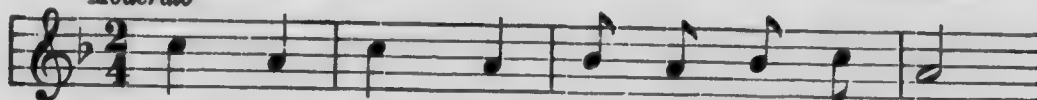
A mil-lion love-ly Christmas trees Are wait-ing in the wood.
And boughs adorn'd with clust'ring cones, The fir trees stand and wait.
From for-ests on the mountain to The chil-dren in the town.

On a Snowy Day

Translated from the German

Old German

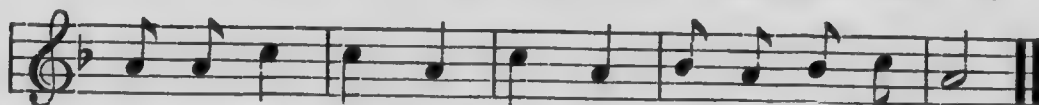
Moderato



1. Fall-ing, fall-ing, Fast the snow-flakes fall
2. Squir-rels peep-ing From the hol-low trees,
3. Fire-light play-ing Through the co-sy room,
4. Thoughts of wan-d'ring Through the wind and snows,



On the house-tops, on the seas, On the ponds and
Sa-ble-coat-ed, safe from harm, Feel the snug-ger
Makes our books and toys and things Dear-er when the
Makes our bed so nice and warm, When the chil-ly



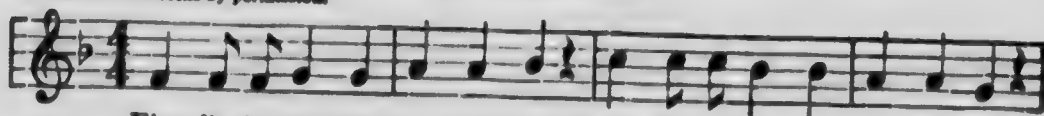
all the trees, Whirl-ing, whirl-ing Round the stee-ple tall.
for the storm Sweep-ing, sweep-ing O-ver lonesome leas.
cold wind sings, Stray-ing, stray-ing Out there in the gloom.
sad-voiced storm, Moaning, moan-ing Past the chim-ney goes-

The Divided Beat in Four-Four Time.

I.

From St. Nicholas by permission.

Five Little Girls.



Five lit-tle girls with hearts so light, Five lit-tle bowls with milk so white;



Five lit-tle girls with an ap - pe - tite, Five lit-tle bowls all emp - ty quite.

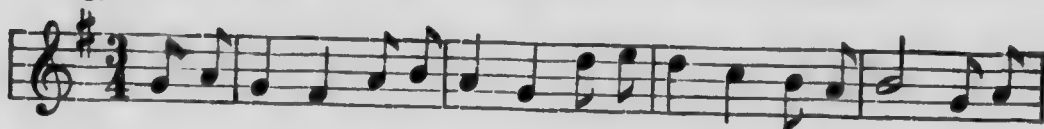
II.

Scarlatti.

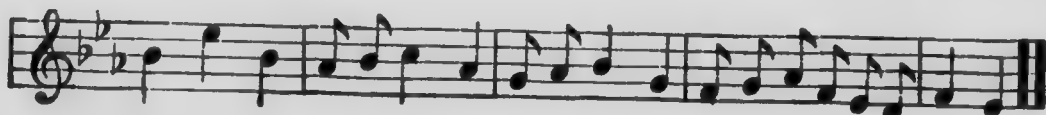
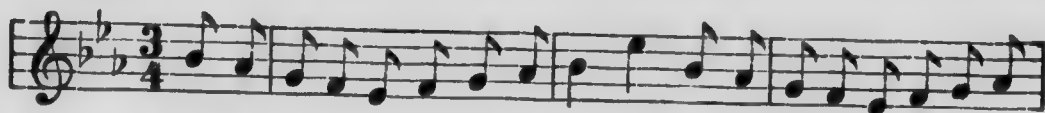


The Divided Beat in Three-Four Time.

I.



II.



Sing a Song of Workshops.

31

Frederick Manley.
Allegro.

G. W. Chadwick.

1. Sing a song of work - shops! Bus - y men and things;
2. Ploughmen in the mead - ows, Fur - row - ing the soil,
3. Tail - lers on their bench - es; Stu - dents in their rooms;
4. Sing a song of work - shops! Bus - y men and boys;—

Blacksmiths at the for - ges Where the an - vil rings.
Na - ture and her show - ers Blessing all their toil.
Chil - dren at their les - sons; Weavers at their looms.
San - ta in the North - land Mak - ing Christmas toys.

Happy Little Alice.

Christina Rossetti.

Eleanor Smith.

1. Dan - cing on the hill - tops, Sing - ing in the val - leys,
2. Play - ing games with lamb - kins In the flow'ring val - leys,
3. If her fa - ther's cot - tage Turned in - to a pal - ace

Laughing with the ech - oes Mer - ry lit - tle Al - ice.
Gath'ring pret - ty po - sies, Help - ful lit - tle Al - ice.
She'd be none the hap - pi - er, Hap - py lit - tle Al - ice.

Jacky Frost.

Laura E. Richards.
By permission of Little, Brown & Co.
Allegretto.

Eleanor Smith.

1. Jacky Frost, Jacky Frost Came in the night, Left the meadows that he cross'd
2. Jacky Frost, Jacky Frost Crept round the house Sly as a sil-ver fox,

All gleaming white; Painted with his sil-ver brush Ev-'ry win-dow
Still as a mouse. Out our lit-tle Jen-ny came, Blushing like a

paine; Kiss'd the leaves and made them blush, Blush and blush a - gain.
rose, Up jump'd Jack - y Frost, And pinch'd her lit - tle nose.

Frederick Manley.

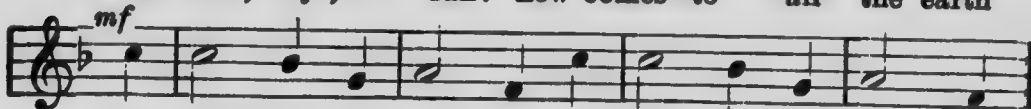
Harvest Song.

Angelica Hartmann. 33

f Allegro.



1. Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah! the har - vest has be - gun;
2. Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah! the grapes at last have grown
3. Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah! the sky has fal - len down,
4. Hur - rah, boys, hur - rah! now comes to all the earth



The plough and the har - row Lie still in the fur - row
As pur - ple and mel - low As ev'-ning's dark shad - ow;
For out of the grass - es The blue - ber - ry flash - es,
A time of thanks - giv - ing And so - cia - ble liv - ing,

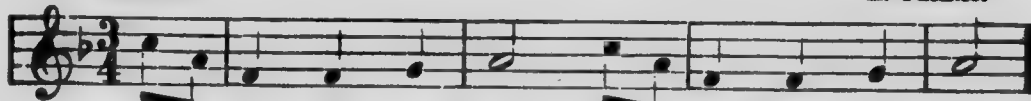


Their la - bor is done; The har - vest has be - gun!
The mead - ow is strown With hay but new - ly mown.
And as - ters have thrown Their a - zure all a - round.
Of in - no - cent mirth A - round the crackling hearth.

Harvest Home.

G. Jasperson.

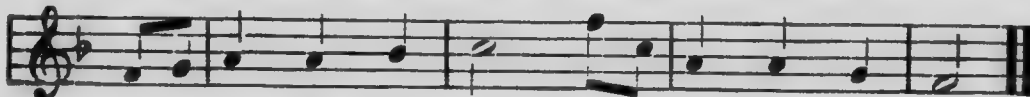
E. Richter.



1. Wake, vi - ol and flute; Gay horn, be not mute.
2. Our broad fields we plough'd, We har-row'd, and sow'd;
3. Wake, vi - ol and flute; Gay horn, be not mute.



The har - vest is o - ver; The grain and the clo - ver,
We toil'd on to - geth - er In fair and foul weath - er;
While dan - cing and sing - ing Sweet pleas - ure are bring - ing



Ripe fruit from the tree, All gar - ner'd have we.
Our la - bor was bless'd; Now sweet is our rest.
Let all the world come To keep Har - vest Home.

The Rider on the Rocking-Horse

Allegretto

p

1. Sir Ri - der, now straight mount your po - ny of gray, And
2. In Nurn - berg the best of all play-things are made; Bring
3. From Par - is a dol - ly for ba - by you'll bring, Wool
4. Your steed grows im - pa - tient, so off and a - way; Yet,

p non legato

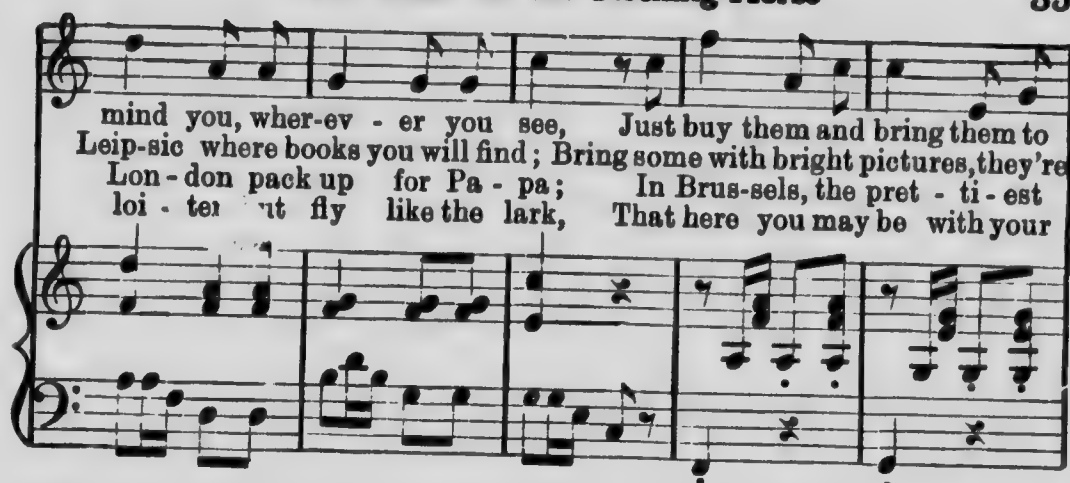
 The first system of musical notation for the song. It features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is marked *p non legato*. The lyrics are: "1. Sir Ri - der, now straight mount your po - ny of gray, And 2. In Nurn - berg the best of all play-things are made; Bring 3. From Par - is a dol - ly for ba - by you'll bring, Wool 4. Your steed grows im - pa - tient, so off and a - way; Yet,"

off on your jour - ney ride swift - ly a - way, And pret - ty things,
 ba - by a doll-house, a rake, and a spade; Then ride off to
 dogs that will jump, sil - ver birds that will sing; A fur coat in
 stop, one last word in your ear I would say; Be sure not to

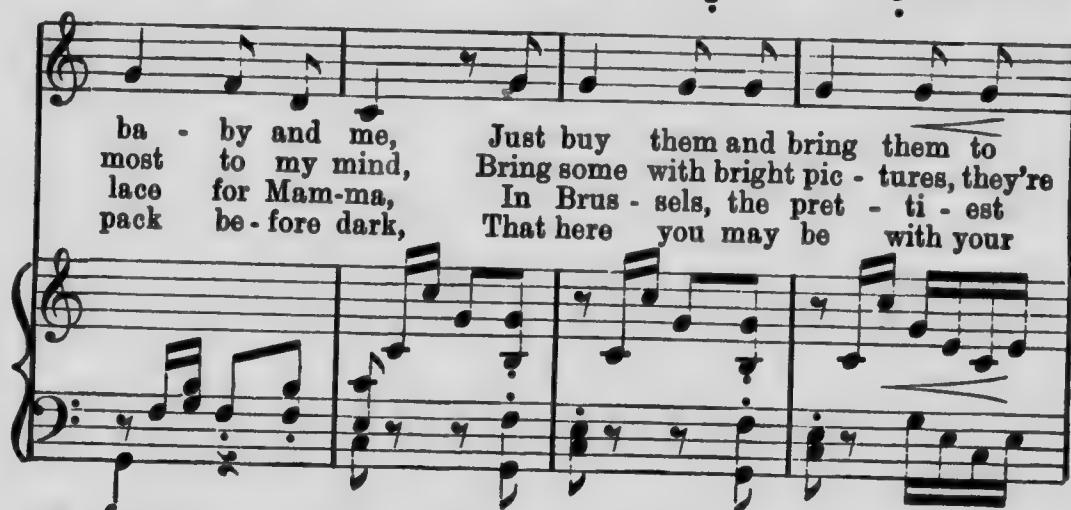
 The second system of musical notation for the song. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are: "off on your jour - ney ride swift - ly a - way, And pret - ty things, ba - by a doll-house, a rake, and a spade; Then ride off to dogs that will jump, sil - ver birds that will sing; A fur coat in stop, one last word in your ear I would say; Be sure not to"

The Rider on the Rocking-Horse

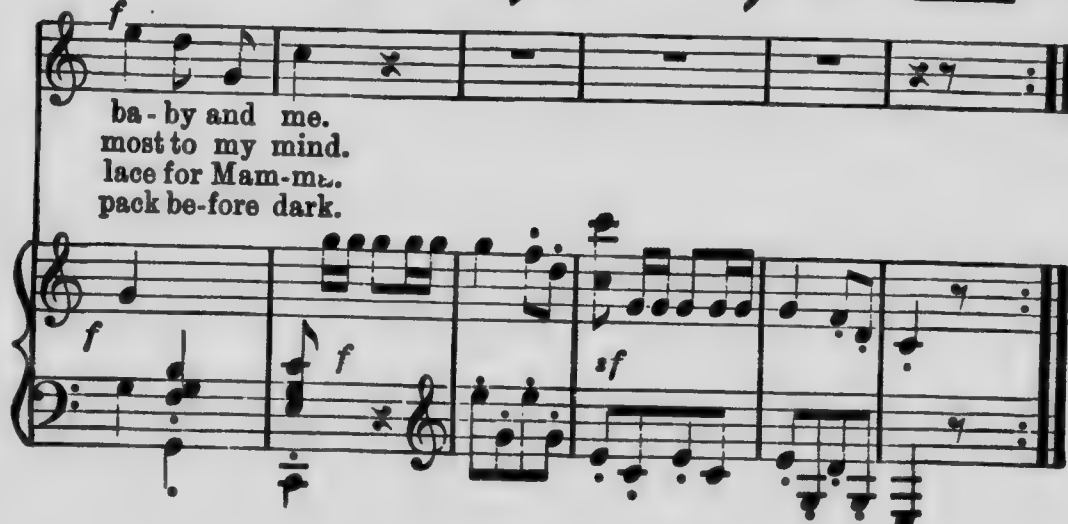
35



mind you, wher-ev - er you see, Just buy them and bring them to
 Leip-sic where books you will find; Bring some with bright pictures, they're
 Lon-don pack up for Pa - pa; In Brus-sels, the pret - ti - est
 loi - ter but fly like the lark, That here you may be with your



ba - by and me, Just buy them and bring them to
 most to my mind, Bring some with bright pic - tures, they're
 lace for Mam-ma, In Brus - sels, the pret - ti - est
 pack be-fore dark, That here you may be with your



ba - by and me.
 most to my mind.
 lace for Mam-ma.
 pack be-fore dark.

WINTER SONG

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

Vivace

G. W. CHADWICK

mf

1. Hur - rah for the jol - ly old
 2. Hur - rah for the jol - ly old

*Vivace**p*

Win - ter! The king of the sea - sons is he; . . . Though his
 Win - ter! He shouts at the door by night, . . . "Come

breath is cold and i - cy, His heart is full of
 out where the ice is gleam - ing Like steel in the cold moon -

WINTER SONG

87

glee. . . He piles up the beau - ti - ful snow - flakes On the
light. . . Like swal - lows o - ver the wa - ter The

ap - ple trees bare and brown, . And laughs when the north wind
skat - ers mer - ri - ly go: . . There's health in the blus - ter - ing

shakes them, Like a show - er of blos - soms, down. .
breez - es, And joy in the beau - ti - ful snow. .

The Woodpecker.

Frederick Manley.
Not too slow.

Edelbert Nevin.



Distinctly.

1. There's someone tap-ping on the ma - ple tree, Tap ti - py tap, tap,
 someone com-ing down the ma-ple tree, Tap ti - py tap, tap,
 someone go-ing to the ma - ple tree, Tap ti - py tap, tap,
cantando.

The vocal melody is written in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

tap;
tap;
tap;

But there's no one a - bout as I can see, Save a
 And he's hop-ping a - bout so bus - i - ly, In a
 He's as gay as a prince or a lord, but he Has-n't

The vocal melody is written in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

The Woodpecker.

39

lark that is sing-ing a song of glee On a sun-lit bough, and it
cap quite as red as a bar-ber-ry, And a coat as green as a
time to go round showing off, you see, For he stays in the woods working

The first system of the musical score for 'The Woodpecker'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line consists of a single melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment has a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the treble. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Joyfully.

is - n't he That is tap - ping a - way so stead - i - ly,
sum - mer lea, And he's sing - ing a laugh - ing mel - o - dy,
lov - ing - ly At a snug lit - tle home for his fam - i - ly,

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The tempo/mood is marked 'Joyfully.' The lyrics continue below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a dynamic 'f' (forte) marking.

1, 2 3

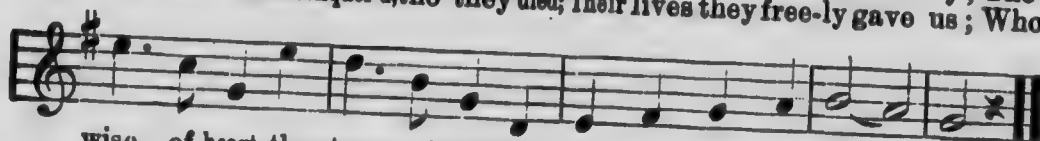
Tap tip - y tap, tap, tap. There's tap.

The third system of the musical score. It features a vocal line with a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment includes a 'pizz.' (pizzicato) marking. The system is divided into three measures, with the first two measures marked '1, 2' and the third marked '3'. The lyrics 'Tap tip - y tap, tap, tap. There's tap.' are written below the vocal line.

Our Heroes.

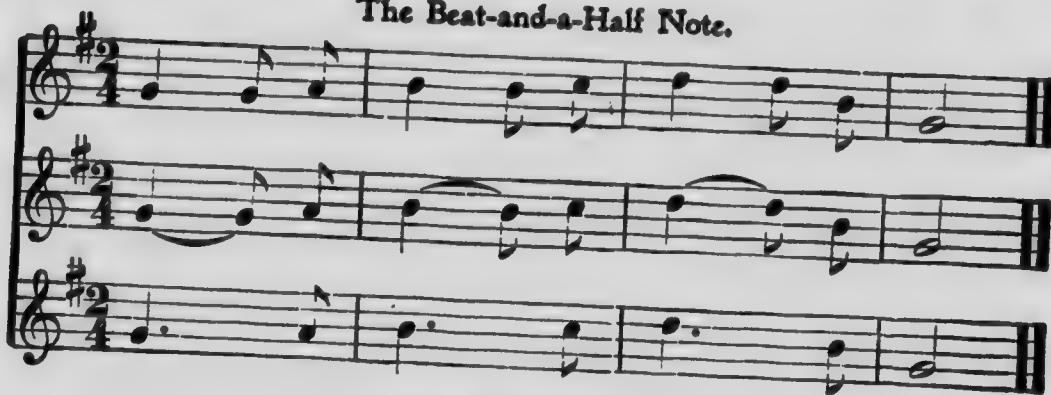
*Andante.**Methuselah.*

1. We love the he - roes of our land, Whose names shall live in sto - ry; The
 2. Brave hearts who conquer'd, tho' they died; Their lives they free-ly gave us; Who



wise of heart, the strong of hand, Whose life and death were glo - ry.
 mid the foes that round them rose, March'd, fought, and bled, to save us.

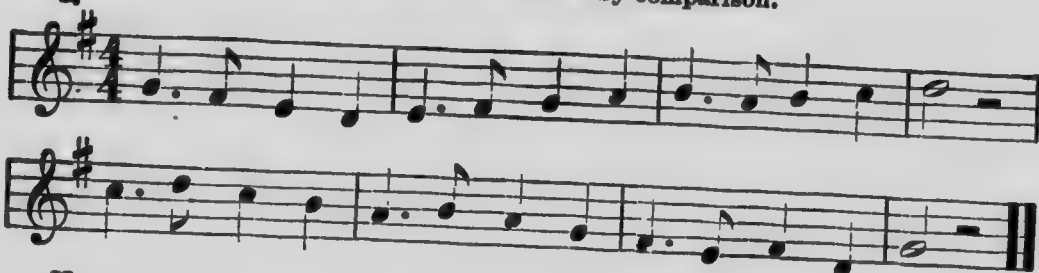
The Beat-and-a-Half Note.



Studies.

The Beat-and-a-Half Note by comparison.

I.



II.



THE CORN-SONG

JOHN G. WHITTIER

F. A. FRIEDBERG



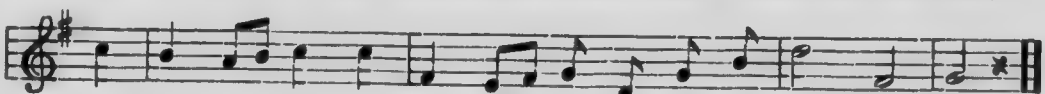
1. Heap high the farm-er's win - try hoard, Heap high the gold - en corn!
2. Thro' vales of grass and meads of flow'rs Our ploughs their furrows made,
3. All thro' the long, bright days of June Its leaves grew green and fair,



No rich - er gift has au-tumn pour'd From out her lav - ish horn!
 While on the hills the sun and show'rs Of change-ful A - pril played.
 And waved in hot mid-summer's noon Its soft and yel - low hair.



We bet - ter love the har - dy gift Our rug - ged vales be - stow,
 We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Be-neath the sun of May,
 And now with autumn's moon-light eyes, Its har - vest time has come,



To cheer us when the storm shall drift Our har-vest fields with snow.
 And fright-ened from our sprout-ing grain 'The rob-ber crows a - way.
 We pluck a - way the frost - ed leaves, And bear the treas-ure home.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

HARRIET H. PIERSON

HENRY R. GILLET




1. You'll think it strange, but real - ly, I al - ways used to think
2. Like milk I tho't the White Sea, Tho' not quite fit for use;
3. I thought the Or - ange Riv - er Was just like or - ange - ade;
4. But Un - cle Jack says: "Non-sense! They all look just the same;



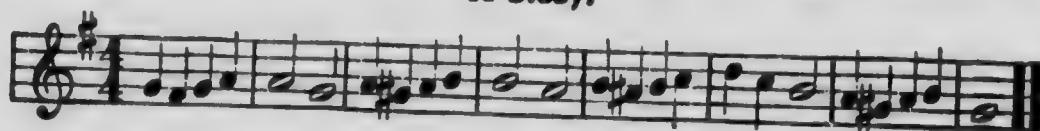
The wa - ter in the Black Sea Was just as black as ink.
 The Yel - low Sea like cus - tard, The Red like cher - ry juice.
 The Blue Nile just like blue - ing—The kind our laun-dress made.
 They're noth - ing but plain wa - ter, No mat - ter what the name!"

The Introduction of Intermediate Tones.



Do ti do, re di re, mi ri mi, fa mi fa,
sol fi sol, la si la, sol fa mi re do.

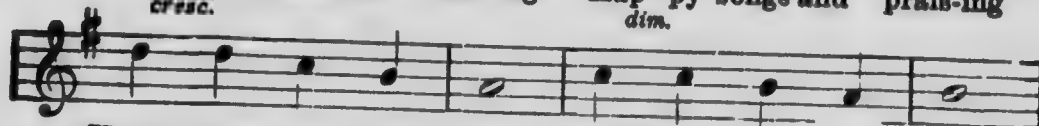
A Study.



Morning Song.

Andante. dolce.


1. Now the stars are pal - ing, Dusk - y night is fail - ing,
2. Glad-some birds are rais - ing Hap - py songs and prais - ing
- cresc.* *dim.*



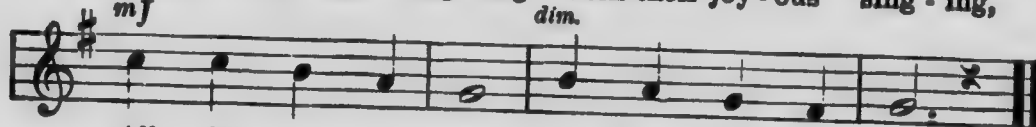
Hush'd the val - leys lie 'Neath the bright ~~and~~ sky.
Him who from a - bove Sends us life and love.

cresc.



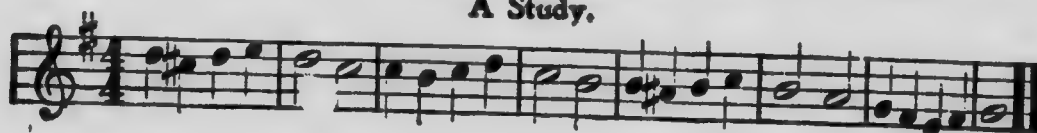
See the heav - ens glow - ing, Gold - en sun - light show - ing;
Let our voi - ces ring - ing Join their joy - ous sing - ing,

mf *dim.*



All the buds and flow'rs Greet the morn - ing hours.
Chant with one ac - cord, Praise the might - y Lord.

A Study.



Ring Around A Rosy.

43

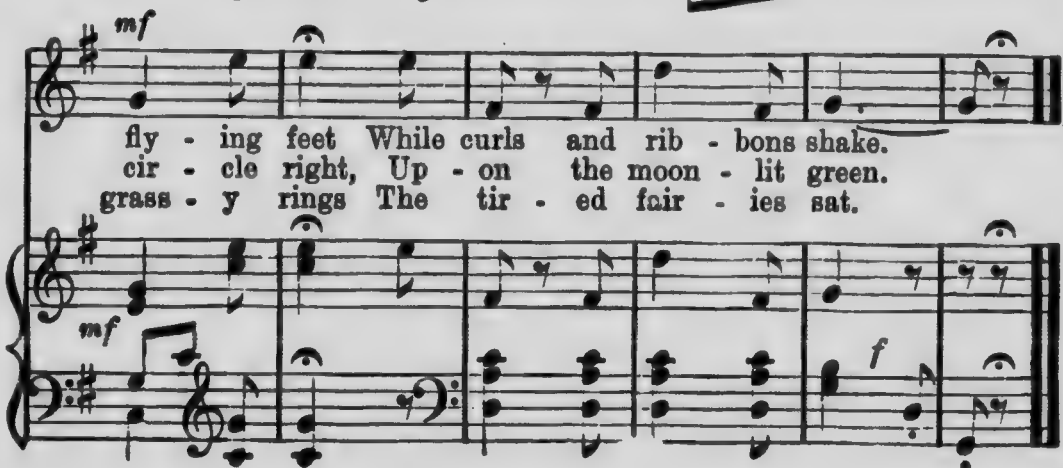
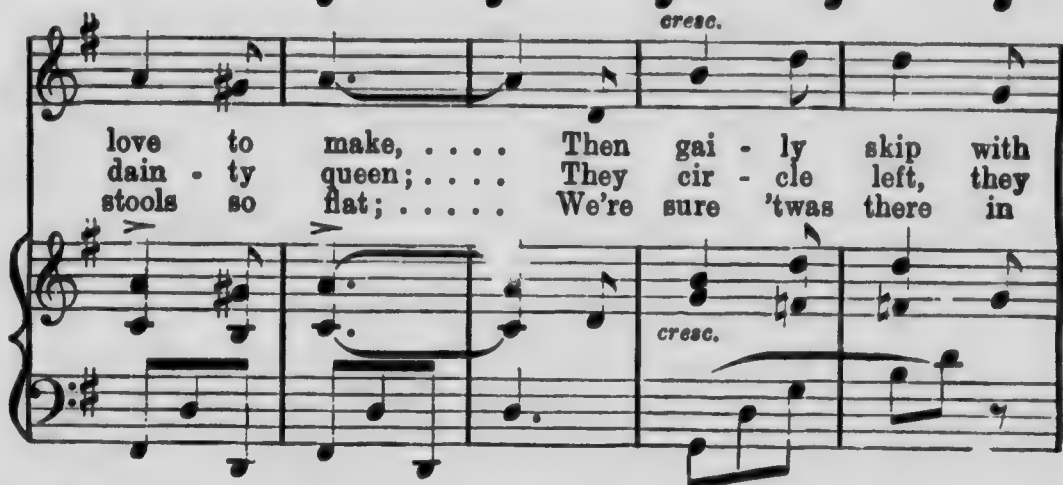
Translated from the German.

Allegro.

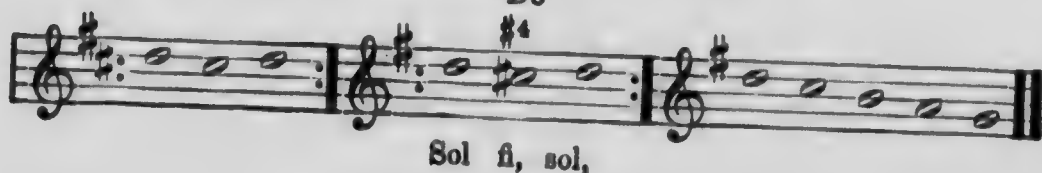
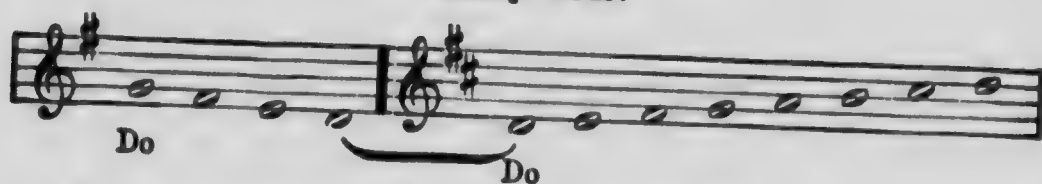


1. A ring a-round our Ro-sy sweet We dear-ly
2. So dance the ti-ny fair-ies light A-round their
3. We nev-er saw the pret-ty things But lit-tle

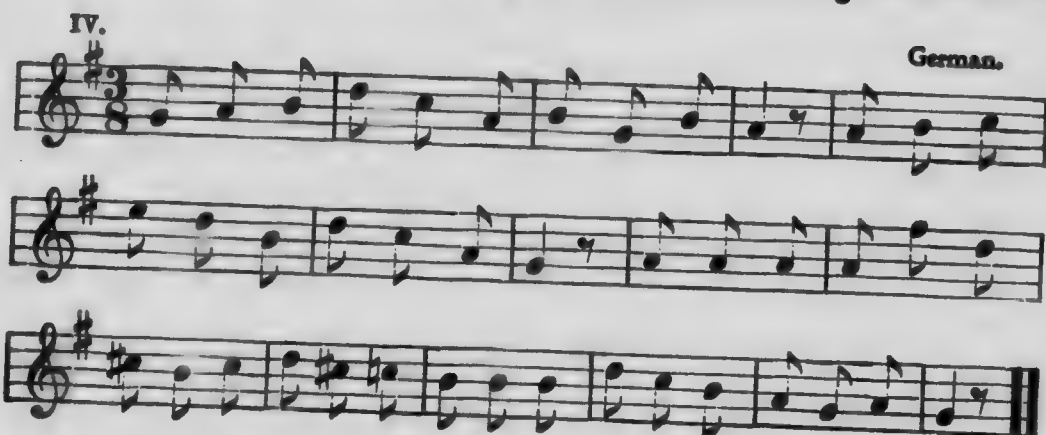
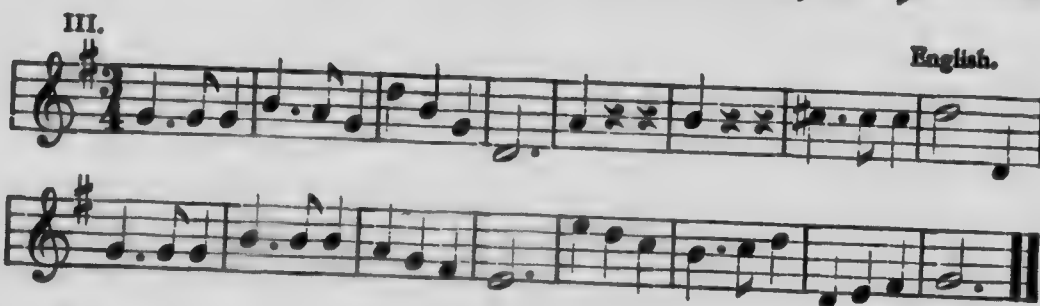
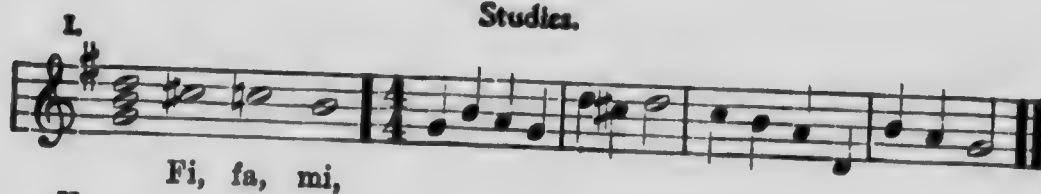
Allegro.



Sharp Four.



Studies.



Translated from the German.
Allegro.

Spring Rain

Opus. 45

p

1. Soft spring rain is light - ly fall - ing O'er the
 2. Breas - es blew, and sun - shine coax - ing Called the
 3. Wood and mead - ow, now re - joi - cing, Robes of
 4. Thou hast loosed the bonds of win - ter, Ah! so

Allegro.

dolce

wood - land, on the plain, Wak'ning flow'rs, and
 blos - soms, but in vain; For thy sil - v'ry
 gay - est em - 'rald wear, And with spring's de -
 gen - tly, soft spring rain; Now the free world

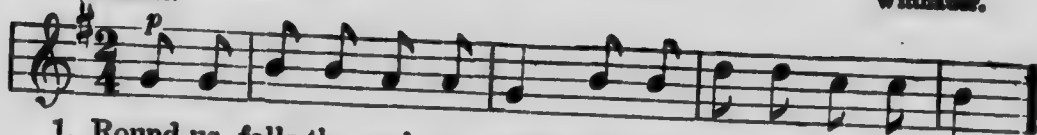
dolce

grass - es long - ing Stretch glad arms to you a - gain.
 voice they wait - ed, And thy tap - ping, soft spring rain.
 light - ful mu - sic Ti - ny war - blers fill the air.
 wak - eth, sing - eth, And the sun - shine smiles a - gain.

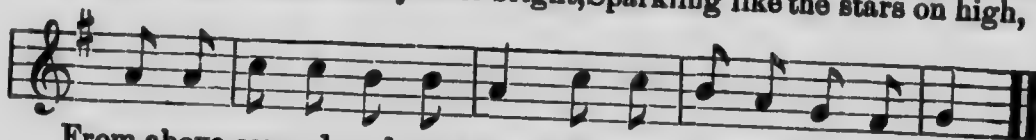
Stars and Dewdrops.

Tr. by Helen Goodrich.
Andante.

Witthauer.

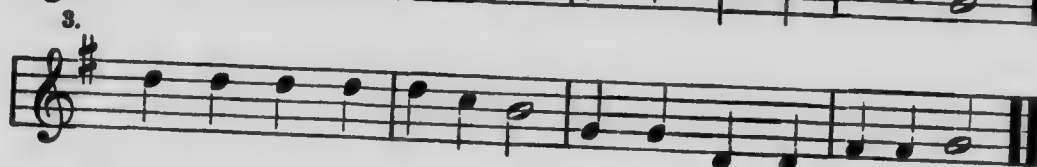
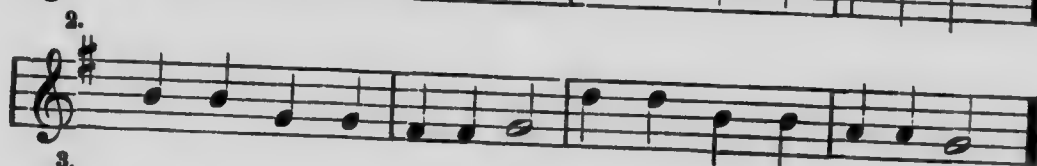
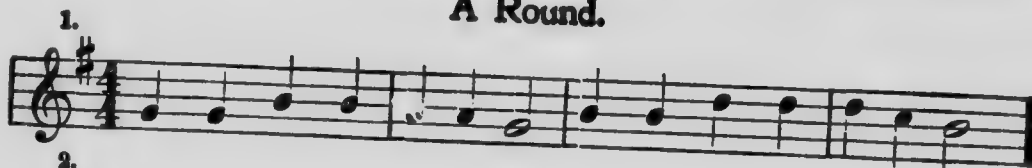


1. Round us falls the qui-et night, Star on star be-gins to peep;
2. All the bush-es and the trees, Lit-tle blades of grass, and flow'ra,
3. Now they shine with jewels bright, Sparkling like the stars on high,

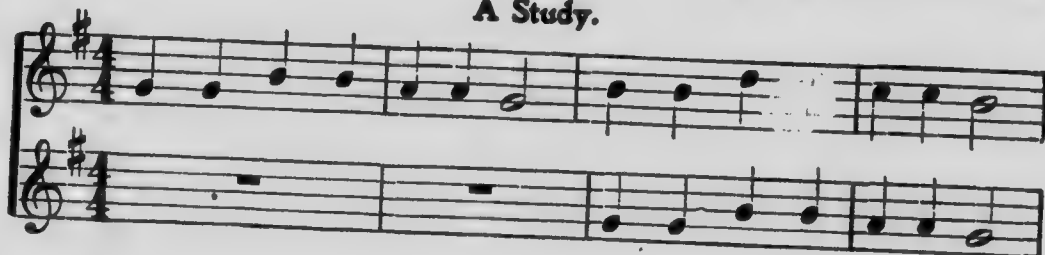


From above come dew-drops bright, While the sunbeams are a-sleep.
Wave their gladness in the breeze All the bu-sy day-time hours.
But when comes the morning light Stars and dewdrops say good-bye.

A Round.



A Study.



Dancing Song.

47

Folk Song.

Allegretto. mf



1. In the meadow's bright green Starry flow - ers are seen, And the
2. Hear! The gay birdlings' band, As we fly hand in hand, To our



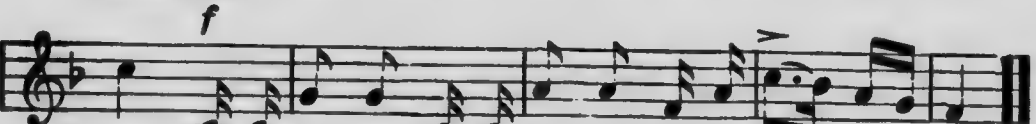
warm A - pril sun-shine glows bright - ly. On the shad - ow - y
dance lends har - mo - ni - ous meas - ure; And the breeze, as it



lea 'Neath the blossoming tree Let us skip it and trip it so
goes, On our reddened cheeks blows, And the grasshoppers join in our



light - ly. } Tra la la la tra la la la tra la la la
pleas - ure. }



la tra la la la tra la la la tra la la la la!

Now the Day is Over.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the darkness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep;
3. When the morn - ing wak - ens Then may I a - rise



Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds, and beasts, and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

R. J. Burnstead.
From St. Nicholas.
By permission of the Century Co.

A Summer Lullaby.

W. W. Gilchrist.

Andante. p

1. The sun has gone from the shining skies; Bye, ba-by, bye, The
2. The squirr'l is dressed in a coat of gray; Bye, ba-by, bye, He
3. The squirrel's nest is a hole in the tree; Bye, ba-by, bye, And

dan - de-lions have clos'd their eyes; Bye, ba-by, bye.... And the
wears it by night as well as by day; Bye, ba-by, bye.... The
there he sleeps as snug as can be; Bye, ba-by, bye.... The

stars are lighting their lamps, to see If the ba-bies and squirrels and
rob - in sleeps in his feathers and down With the warm, red breast and the
rob - in's nest is high o - ver head Where the leaf - y boughs of the

A Summer Lullaby.

49

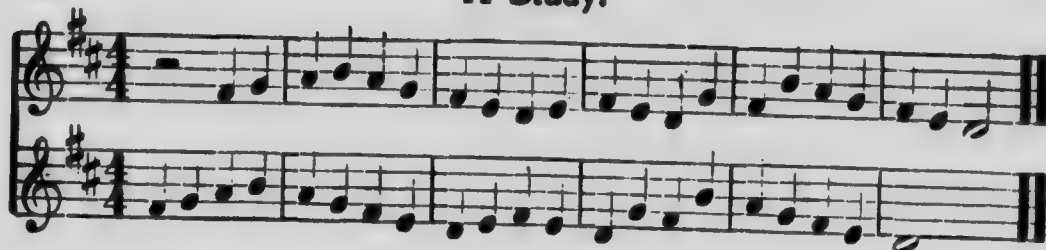
birds, all three, Are sound asleep, as they ought to be. Bye, ba-by, bye.
wings of brown, But the ba-by wears a lit-tle, white gown. Bye, ba-by, bye.
ma-plespread, But the baby's nest is a lit-tle, white bed. Bye, ba-by, bye.

Studies.

I.

II.

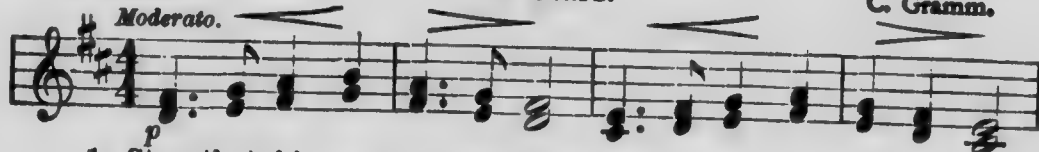
A Study.



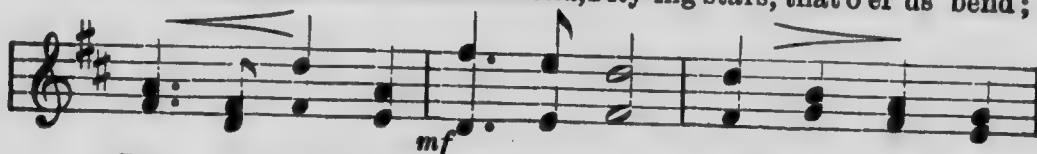
G. Berthold.

The Stars.

C. Gramm.

Moderato.

1. Stars that shine so sil-ver bright Thro' the long hours of the night,
 2. Peace is yours, and blessed calm, Sweet as ech-oes of that psalm
 8. Us that peace and calmness lend, Pity-ing stars, that o'er us bend;

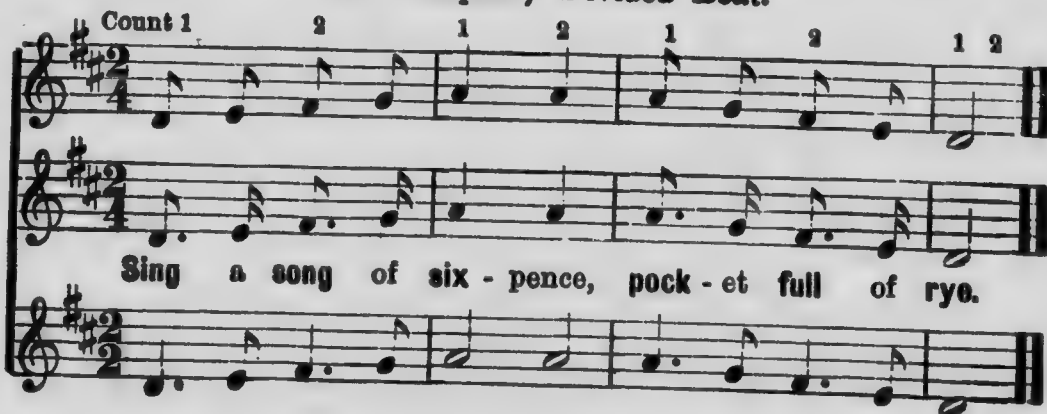


Lov-ing eyes you seem to be, Watch-ing o'er us
 Glimmering choirs of star-lets sung When the heav'ns and
 Stead-fast may we be and true, Our un-swer-v-ing



ten-der-ly, Watch-ing o'er us ten-der-ly.
 earth were young, When the heav'ns and earth were young.
 way pur-sue, Our un-swer-v-ing way pur-sue.

The Unequally Divided Beat.





October's Bright, Blue Weather.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

By per. of Roberts Bros.

Allegretto.

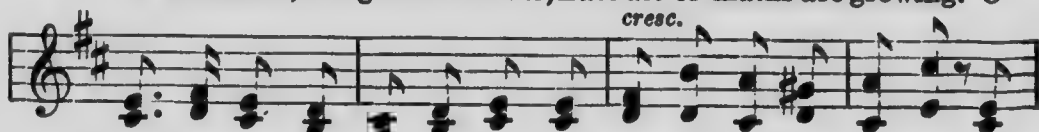
Gruenberg.



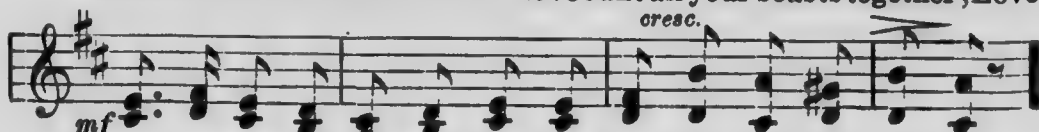
1. O suns and skies and clouds of June, And flow'rs of June, together Ye
2. When all the love-ly way-side Things, Their white-wing'd seeds are sowing, And



can - not ri - val for one hour Oc - tober's bright, blue weather ! When
in the fields, still green and fair, Late aft-er-maths are growing. O



on the ground red ap-ples lie In piles, like jew-els shin-ing, And
suns and skies and flow'rs of June ! Count all your boasts together ; Love

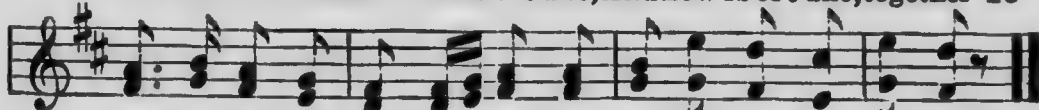


red - der still on old stone walls Are leaves of wood-bine twin-ing.
lov - eth best of all the year Oc - to-ber's bright, blue weather.

CHORUS. *a tempo*



O suns and skies and clouds of June, And flow'rs of June, together Ye



can - not ri - val for one hour Oc - to-ber's bright, blue weather !

The Swing.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
Con moto.

Ethelbert Nevin.

mf How do you like to go

Con moto. *mf* *dim.* *p*

up in a swing, Up in the air so blue?

Oh! I do think it's the pleas-ant-est thing Ev - er a child can

The Swing.

53

do. . . . Up in the air and o - ver the wall

cresc. 'Till I can see so wide, *f* Riv - ers and trees and

cresc. *mf*

cat - tle and all O - ver the coun - try side.

dim. & rall.

dim. & rall.

The Swing.

a tempo

mf
Till I look down on the gar-den green, Down on the roof so

p a tempo

cresc.

brown, Up in the air I go fly - ing a - gain,

cresc. *mf*

dim.

Up in the air and down, and down, Up in the air and down.

dim.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a wavy line indicating a tremolo. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with a crescendo marking in the piano part. The third system concludes the piece with a decrescendo marking. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'a tempo' at the beginning and 'a tempo' again in the piano part of the first system. Dynamics include mezzo-forte (mf), piano (p), crescendo (cresc.), mezzo-forte (mf), and decrescendo (dim.).

Christmas Bells.

55

Longfellow.
Allegretto.

W. W. Gilchrist.

1. I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old, fa-mil-iar
 2. And tho't how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all
 3. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep, God is not dead, nor

Allegretto.

car-ols play, And wild and sweet the words repeat Of "peace on earth, good
 Chris-ten-dom Had roll'd a-long th'unbroken song Of "peace on earth, good
 doth He sleep. The Wrong shall fail, the Right prevail With "peace on earth, good

will to men."

1, 2, v. 3, v.

Wind Song.

Mary E. Smith.

Eleanor Smith.

Andante.

1. The winds they blow from east or west, From north or south, which
2. They bring the snow, they come with rain; But let them blow, we'll

Andante.

This system contains the first two lines of the song. It features a vocal melody in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

way 'tis best For men on land, and men at sea, For
not com-plain, For round the world these wise winds go, And

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

chil-dren, too, like you and me, Just lis-ten to them,
what is best they sure-ly know: So lis-ten to them,

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the song. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for this section. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Wind Song.

57

lis - ten, do, Oo..... Oo.....

The musical score for 'Wind Song' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with the lyrics 'lis - ten, do, Oo..... Oo.....'. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests.

The Wind.

I.
Oo..... Oo.....

II.
Oo..... Oo..... Oo.....

The musical score for 'The Wind' features two parts, I and II, both written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. Part I begins with the notation 'Oo..... Oo.....'. Part II begins with the notation 'Oo..... Oo..... Oo.....'. Both parts consist of a single melodic line with various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests.

A Study.

The musical score for 'A Study' consists of two staves, both written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The first staff begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a series of quarter notes. The second staff begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a series of quarter notes. Both staves contain various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests.

Allegretto.

1. la - dy - bird, la - dy-bird! fly a - way home; The
 2. la - dy - bird, la - dy-bird! fly a - way home; The
 3. la - dy - bird, la - dy-bird! fly a - way home; To your

Allegretto.

simile

field-mouse has gone to her nest, The dai-sies have shut up their
 glow-worm is light-ing her lamp, The dew's falling fast, and your
 house in the old wil-low tree, Where your children so dear have in -

sleep - y, red eyes, And the bees and the birds are at rest.
 fine, spec-kl'd wings Will flag with the close-clinging damp. } So,
 vit - ed the ant And a few co - zy neighbors to tea.

Ladybird.

59

Ladybird, ladybird, fly a-way, fly a-way ladybird, fly a-way home.

The musical score for 'Ladybird' consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a grand staff bracket. The lyrics are: 'Ladybird, ladybird, fly a-way, fly a-way ladybird, fly a-way home.'

Studies.

The musical score for 'Studies' is divided into two parts, I and II. Each part consists of a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/4. Part I is marked with a '1.' and Part II with a 'II.'. The studies are short, melodic exercises.

Golden Sun of Evening.

Urner.
Andantino.

Naegeli.



1. Gold-en sun of ev-'ning, beau-ti-ful thou art;
 2. Soon the world thou leav-est, sink-ing 'neath the wave,
 3. Thou, on high that dwell-est, art more splen-did far
 4. Shine up-on our dark-ness with Thy per-fect light,



Ev-er when I view thee, joy doth fill my heart.
 Clouds of glo-ry hov-'ring round thy night-ly grave.
 Than the sun in heav-en, or the ev-'ning star.
 Sun that nev-er set-teth, drive a-way our night.

The Soldier's Morning Song.

Lento.

Folksong.

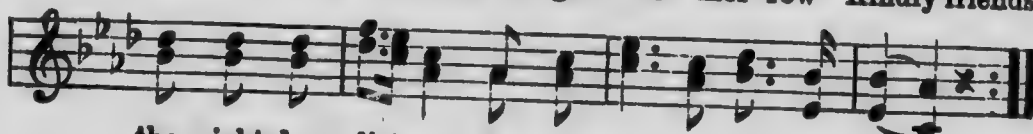


1. Loud and gay, loud and gay, War-trumps peal at break of
 2. Death will crave, death will crave Many a sol-dier young and
 3. Yet a-las! yet a-las! Youth and strength from all must
 4. Wherefore grieve? where-fore grieve? Is this life too sweet to
 5. Who would fear, who would fear Sud-den shot or sol-dier's



day;
 brave,
 pass,
 leave?
 bier

But the sol-dier, as he lis-tens, Knows that e'er
 All his dreams of hope and glo-ry End-ing, like
 And the fair-est blos-som glow-eth Ev-er where
 Should we sor-row to dis-cov-er That our toil-
 If a-round his grave to-mor-row Kindly friends



the night-dew glistens He may fall in dead-ly fray.
 a half told sto-ry, In a sol-dier's nameless grave.
 the reap-er mow-eth In the wav-ing sum-mer grass.
 some march is o-ver, Somewhat e'er the fall of eve?
 should say in sor-row: "He was brave, who li-eth here."

The Owl

61

Rebecca B. Foreman.
Moderato.

Ethelbert Nevin.

1. O round-faced owl, you look so wise, With
2. I won - der where you got your name For

mf marcato.

that large head and those big eyes; But still, I'm sure, you
wis - dom, tell me whence it came; He looked at me as

nev - er do A thing but say "To-whit, to-whoo."
if he knew, But sim-ply said "To-whit, to-whoo."

The Shell.

Rebecca B. Foreman.
Andante.

Julia M. Adam.

1. Up - on the shore I found a shell, I
2. And that a lit - tle shell could sing, At

Andante.

pp

held it to my ear;..... I lis - tened glad - ly,
first seemed strange to me,..... Un - til I thought that

while it sang A sea song, sweet and clear....
it had learned The mu - sic of the sea.....

pp

The Shell.

63

CHORUS. *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p*

Lo, ... loo, ... loo, ... loo, ... I
 Lo, ... loo, ... loo, ... loo, ... Un-

ppp *pp* *ppp* *pp*

lis-tened glad-ly, while it sang A sea song, sweet and clear.
 til I thought that it had learned The mu-sic of the sea.

8. I could but wish the song had words,
 For then my little shell
 The secrets of the deep blue sea
 To me would surely tell.
4. For I had wondered many times
 What 'twas the water said,
 When it came rushing to the shore
 In waves high as my head.

5. But never would the little shell
 Tell anything to me;
 Although it sang, fore'er it kept
 The secrets of the sea.

Flat Seven.

Songs.

L

F. L. Schubert.

Moderato.

Moderato.

II.

Hauptmann.

Three staves of musical notation in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 3/8 time. The notation includes various note values (eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes), rests, and repeat signs. The first staff ends with a double bar line and repeat dots. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff concludes the piece with a final double bar line.

III.

Rhenish Song.

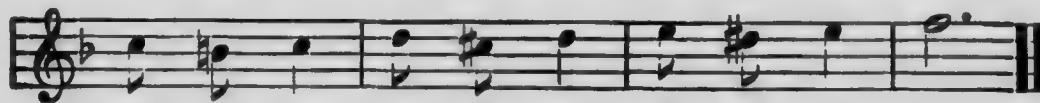
Intermediate Tones.

65

I.

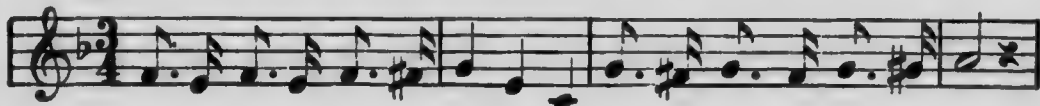


Do ti do re di re mi ri mi fa mi fa



Sol fi sol la ti la ti li ti do.

II.



To a Honey-Bee.

Alice Cary.
Allegretto.

Folk-song.



1. Bus - y - bod - y, Bus - y - bod - y, Al - ways on the wing,
2. Now the day is sink - ing to The gold - en - est of eves;



Wait a bit where you have lit, And tell me why you
She doth creep for qui - et sleep A - mong the lil - y



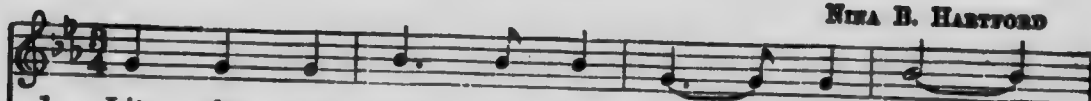
sing. Come just a min - ute, come From your rose so red,
leaves. Come just a mo - ment, come From your snow - y bed,



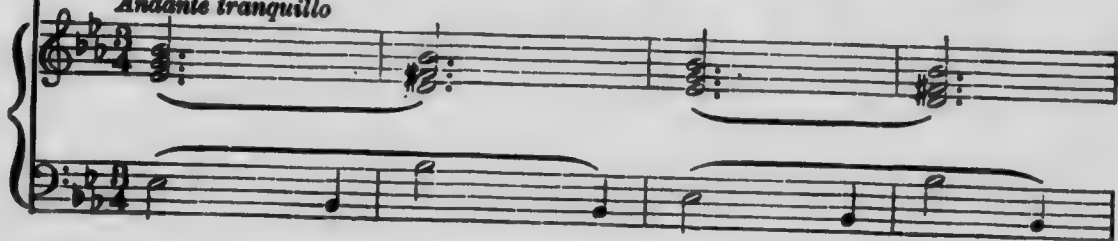
"Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum," That was all she said.
"Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum," That was all she said.

LITTLE PAPPOOSE

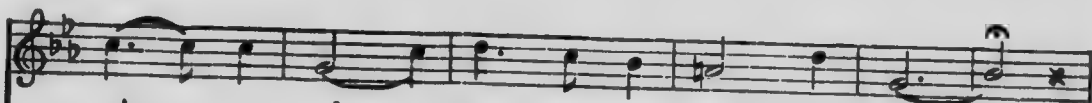
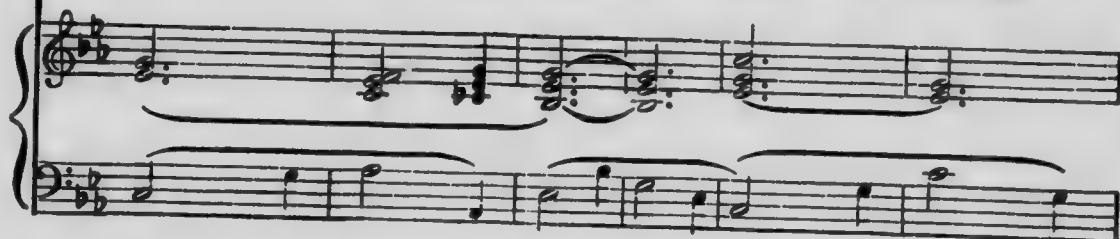
NINA B. HARTFORD



1. Lit - tle pap - poose in your cra - dle high, Swung
 2. Dream then, my lit - tle pap - poose in the tree,

Andante tranquillo

up on the danc - ing tree, . . Look - ing up at the
 Soft - ly your cra - dle swings. . Fa - ther is hunt - ing a



star - ry sky, Tell me, what do you see? . .
 rab - bit for thee, While moth - er is here and sings. .



LITTLE PAPPOOSE

67

Shin - ing moon with his face so bright, Watch - es with
Broth - er's mak - ing a lit - tle ca - noe Out in the

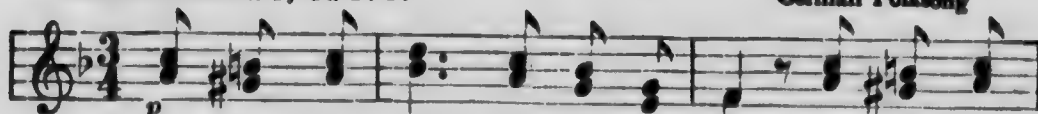
ten - der smile, . So close your eyes and sleep this
woods so wild, . . . Ev - 'ry-one think-ing, dear ba - by, of

night, Sleep, lit - tle In - dian child.
you; Sleep, lit - tle In - dian child.

A Farewell Song

From the German by R. B. F.

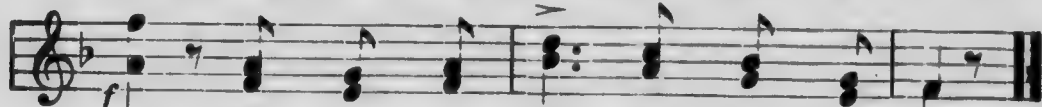
German Folksong



1. No mat - ter where I chance to roam, I can't for -
 2. O dear - est land, land of my birth, All oth - er
 3. Dear friends of mine, I can - not tell How hard it
 4. O home, O friends, O na - tive land, Those who have

cresc.

get thee, O my home, And could I choose, I would not
 lands are lit - tle worth Compared to thee, and if I
 is to bid fare - well To you who say you love me—
 left you un - der - stand How deep my grief if I but

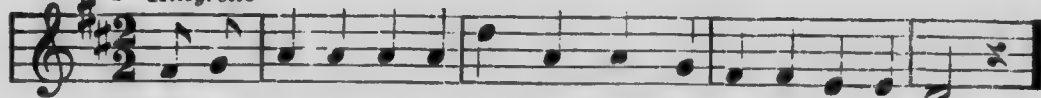


say Fare - well to thee, my home, to - day.
 say Fare - well, 'tis that I must to - day.
 I, In - deed, I can - not say good - bye.
 try To leave you, and to say good - bye.

The Spider and the Fly

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES

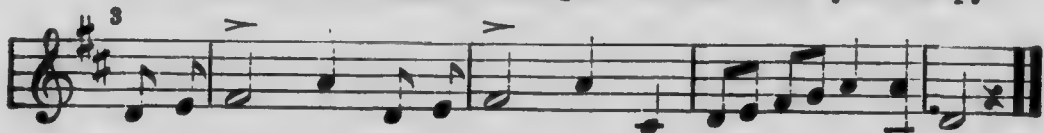
1 Allegretto



p "Will you come in-to my par - lor?" said the spi - der to the fly,



"'Tis the pret - ti - est, snuggest lit - tle par - lor that ev - er you did spy."



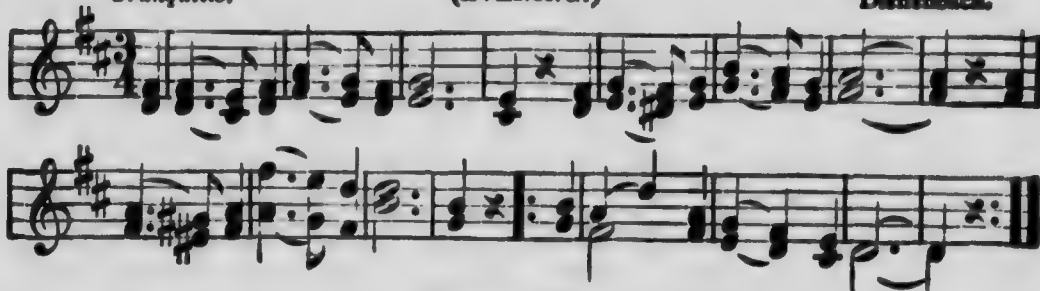
"Not to-day, thanks, Mister Long-shanks, I've oth - er fish to fry."

A Song. (EVENING.)

69

Tranquillo.

Diessenbach.



Celia Thaxter.
By permission of Houghton Mifflin & Co.

Sweet May.

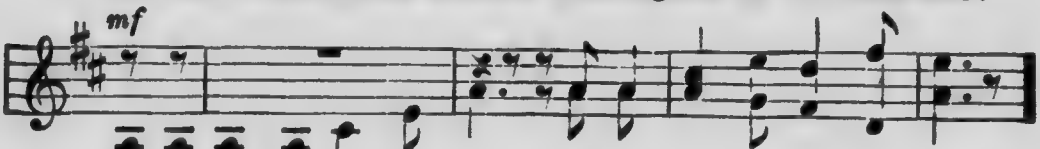
C. A. Kern.



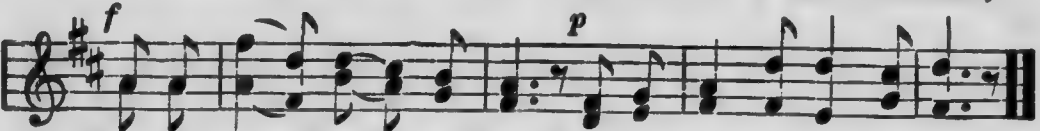
1. Oh! the fragrance of the air With the breathing of the flow'rs!
2. Oh! the mel-low dip of oars Thro' the dreamy aft - er - noon!



Oh! the isles of cloud-lets fair, Shining aft - er balm - y show'rs!
Oh! the waves that clasp the shores, Chanting one de - li - cious tune!



Oh! the freshly rip-pling notes! Oh! the warbling, loud and long,
Wear the warm, enchanted day To the last of its rich hours,



From a thousand gold - en throats! Oh! the southwind's tender song!
While my heart, in the sweet May, Buds and blossoms with the flow'rs.

A Study.



Morning Prayer.

Translated from the German.
Andante.

Rheinberger.

1. Fa - ther dear, I fain would thank Thee For my long, re-fresh-ing
 2. All that I to - day am do - ing, Help me, Lord, to do for

Andante.

sleep, And the watch that Thou didst keep, While I slumber'd soft and
 Thee, May I kind and help - ful be, On - ly good in oth - ers

deep, O'er Thy child so lov - ing - ly, So lov - ing - ly.
 see, Try to serve Thee faith - ful - ly, Serve Thee faith - ful - ly.

A Riddle.

71

Folksong.



1. { In deeps of gloom-y for-est he stands a-lone,
A man-i-kin with man-tle of crim-son on; }
2. { Up-on one leg he perch-es 'neath loft-y trees;
He wears a cap of black, nod-ding in the breeze. }



In his crim-son man-tle bright, Still he stands from
Read my rid-dle, all who can.— Say, who is this



morn till night, Stand-ing in the for-est still and lone.
ti-ny man, Stand-ing in the for-est still and lone?

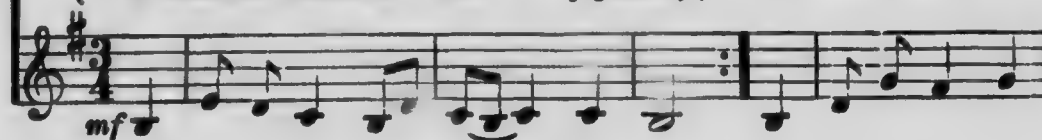
Spirit of the Summer-Time.

Old Irish Folksong.

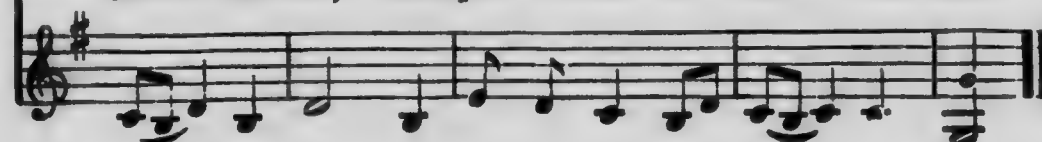
Andante.



1. { O spir-it sweet of sum-mer-time, } The swal-low from her
Bring back the ros-es to the dells, }
2. { Bring back the singing, bring the scent } Oh! bring a-gain my
Of mea-dow lands at dew-y prime; }



dis-tant clime, The hon-ey bee from drow-sy cells.
heart's con-tent, Thou spir-it sweet of sum-mer-time.



JACK AND JILL

HARRIET F. BLODGETT

MARGARET RUTHERFORD LANG

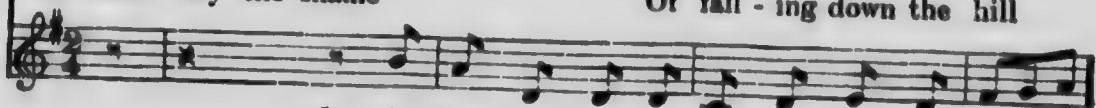


1. Poor lit - tle Jack!

He stum-bled on the hill,

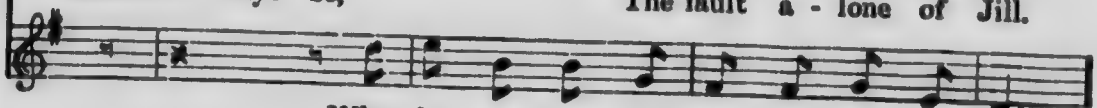
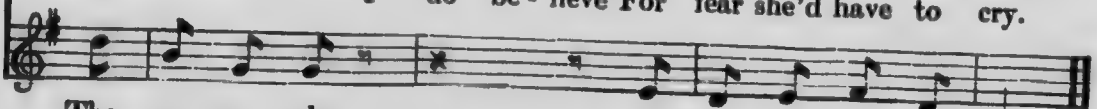
2. Just why the shame

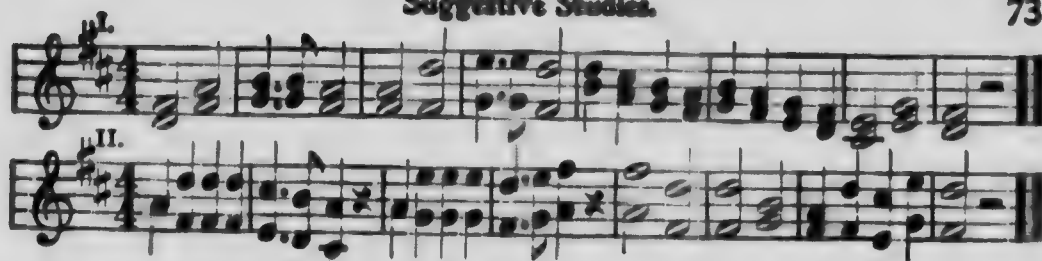
Of fall - ing down the hill



1. A - las, a - lack!

2. And why the blame

And hurt his crown
Should al - ways be,All thro' the fault of Jill.
The fault a - lone of Jill.When he came down,
E - ter - nal - ly,It must be so
The fall was said'That's how the old tale goes,
Jill laughed a-bout it,—why?Be-cause, you know,
To hurt his head.Nor you nor I Nor an - y - bod - y knows;
I do be - lieve For fear she'd have to cry.The rea - son why
Just to de - ceive,



In Spring.

*Allegretto.**Folk-song.*

1. Breez-es, soft-ly blow, Tell the flow'rs to wak-en; All the sky is
 2. Bloom, sweet vi - o - let, Warm spring air perfuming, Pur-ple pet-als
 3. Mur-mur, riv - u - let, Thro' the meadow glid - ing, Greet the flowers
 4. Leap, leap, heart of mine, Wake to spring's own gladness, Bloom like flowers

spot-less blue, Earth is fresh and green and new. Breezes, soft - ly blow,
 soft unfold, Gladden field and all our woods. Bloom, sweet vi - o - let,
 ev - 'ry one As thro' blooming fields and woods. Mur-mur, riv - u - let,
 fresh and sweet, Sing with cheer. Gladden hearts. Leap, leap, heart of mine,

Tell the flow'rs to wak-en.
 Warm spring air perfuming.
 Thro' the meadow gliding.
 Wake to spring's own gladness.

Fair Snowwhite.

*Presto.**mf*

1. Of Snow-white is my sto - ry. Be-yond the mountains hoary A -
 2. She ris - es with the sunbeams, No time has she for day-dreams, Sev'n
 6. Thus toils the princess Snow-white, To make her humble home bright Un-

*Presto.**mf*

lone with sev'n wee men she dwells And ne'er a soul her
 beds she makes with skill - ful hand And strews the chamber with
 til the king's own roy - al son Shall raise her to his

tale she tells, And ne'er a soul her tale she tells.
 yel - low sand, And strews the cham-ber with yel - low sand.
 gold - en throne, Shall raise her to his gold - en throne.

f *dim.**p**rall.**f* *dim.**p**rall.*

Fair Snowwhite.

75

mf

8. The fire she now must kin - dle, And sweep, and turn the spin - dle ; She
 4. The knives and forks she scours with care, From out the oaken cupboard rare Takes
 5. From carven shelf all brown and old She lifts sev'n ti - ny cups of gold, Sets

mf

stirs the soup, she fries the fish, And sets in its place each
 sev - en spoons, and morn and night She rubs their sil - ver
 neat - ly round the ta - ble there For ev - 'ry dwarf his

f *dim.* *p* *rall.*

dain - ty dish, And sets in its place each dain - ty dish.
 gleam - ing bright, She rubs their sil - ver gleam - ing bright.
 lit - tle chair, For ev - 'ry dwarf his lit - tle chair.

f *dim.* *p* *rall.*

Marching Song.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
*Allegro giocoso.*Reginald de Koven.
dim.

cresc.

mf

1. Bring the comb and play up-on it,
2. All in the most mar-tial man-ner

Allegro giocoso.

f

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

cresc.

Marching here we come; Wil - lie cocks his high-land bon-net,
Marching dou-ble quick; While the nap - kin li'e a ban - ner

cresc.

con spirito

John-nie, Johnnie beats the drum, Ma - ry Jane commands the par - ty,
waves, it waves up - on the stick, Here's e-nough of fame and pil - lage,

f

Marching Song.

77

Pe - ter leads the rear; Feet in time, a - lert and heart - y,
Great commander Jane, Now that we've been round the vil-lage,

Each a Gren - a - dier, Yes, each a Gren - a - dier.
Let's go home a

- gain, Oh! let's go home a - gain, Oh! let's go home a - gain.

dim. e rall.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

W. W. Gilest.

Con spirito. *mf*

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The
 2. Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring,
 3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For

Con spirito. *mf*

fly-ing cloud the frost-y light; The year is dy-ing in the night; Ring
 hap-py bells, a-cross the snow; The year is go-ing, let him go; Ring
 those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring

1 2

out, wild bells, and let him die.
 out the false, ring in the true.
 in re-dress to (Omit)..... all man - kind....

Summer is Here.

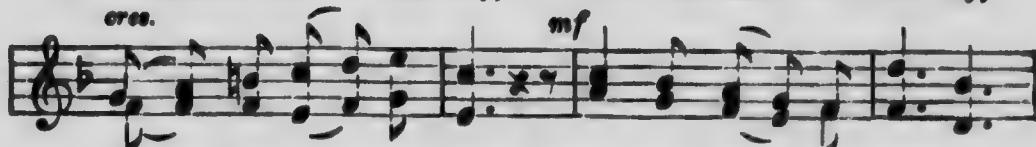
79

From the German by E. S.
Allegro.

J. A. P. Scholz.



1. Ev - 'ry gold-en morn-ing, Her looks with jewels a - dorn-ing,
2. Sum-mer sets a - dan-cing, Fills with joy en - tran-cing
3. Chil-dren, let's 'e mer - ry, To the mead - ow hur - ry,



Shows the glo - ry near; Thrush and lark pro-claim it,
Chil - dren, birds, and flowers; Skips the kid on the mountain,
Dancing and skipping like these. Orchards yield us their cherries,



Hap-py children name it, "Sum-mer, love - ly summer's here."
Darts the fish in fountain, Blos-soms spring thro' sun-ny hours.
Woodlands give us ber-ries, Rob - ins, mu - sic, and shade of trees.

Song of May.

J. A. P. Scholz.

Vivace.



1. Now, wel-come, wel-come, love - ly May, Make bright our fields, and
2. Thy com-ing hear the birdlings praise, The beechwoods ring with
3. The flow-ers, pur-ple, pink, and white, Put up their sig-nals
4. Come out, ye chil-dren, great and small, And dance, and gar-lands

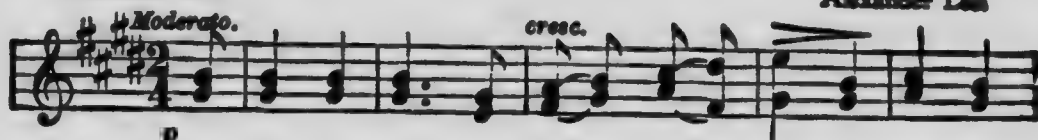


green, With blossoms fresh and blossoms gay And em'rald grass between.
song; In bloom-ing vale the brooklet plays And murm'ring slips along.
gay; And Rob - in sings with all his might, "Come out and greet the May."
wind, And here ... in Nature's boundless hall Spring's best of joys you'll find.

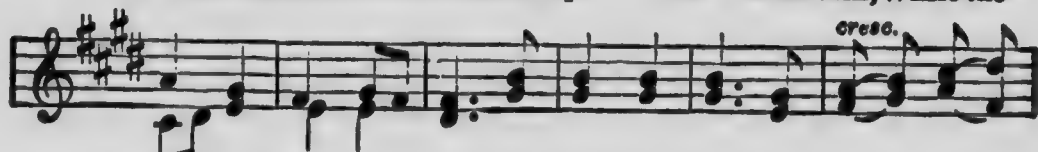
Oh! 'Twas Sweet to Hear Her.

Alexander Lee.

Alexander Lee



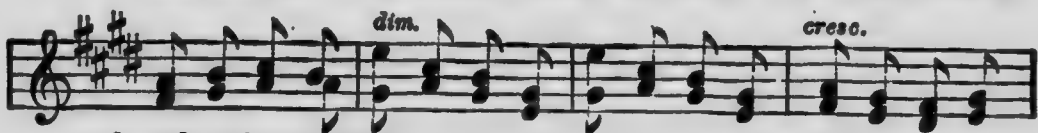
P
 1. The ves - per bells were soft-ly, soft-ly ring - ing O'er the
 2. And bright-est moon-beams tipt the moun-tain, While the



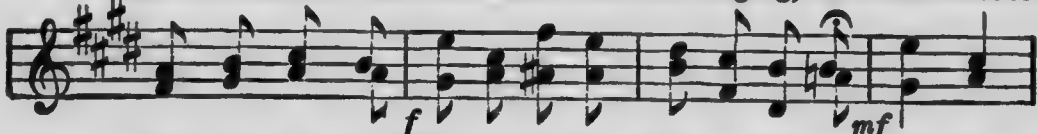
sil-ver'd stil - ly lake; The night-in - gale was sweetly, sweetly
 glow-worm crept a - long With lit - tle light near yon cool



sing - ing Thro' the wood and tan - gled brake. Oh! 'twas sweet to
 foun-tain, As she car-oll'd forth her song. Oh! 'twas sweet to



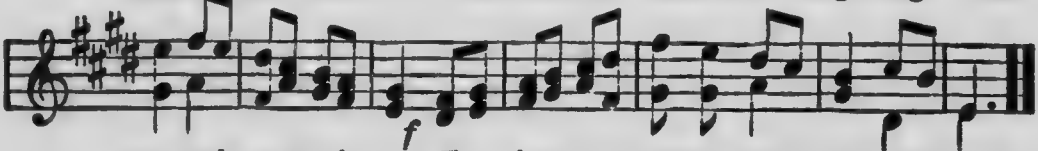
hear her singing While the vesper bells were ringing, Oh! 'twas sweet to
 hear her singing While the vesper bells were ringing, Oh! 'twas sweet to



hear her sing - ing While the vesper bells were ringing, Oh! 'twas
 hear her sing - ing While the vesper bells were ringing, Oh! 'twas



sweet to hear her, Oh! 'twas sweet to hear her sing - ing That
 sweet to hear her, Oh! 'twas sweet to hear her sing - ing That



ser - aph, ser-aph song, To hear her singing that sweet, sweet song.
 ser - aph, ser-aph song, To hear her singing that sweet, sweet song.

FOR MORE ADVANCED PUPILS.

A Review of Time Values.

Studies.

A. F. Beczwartowsky.

I.

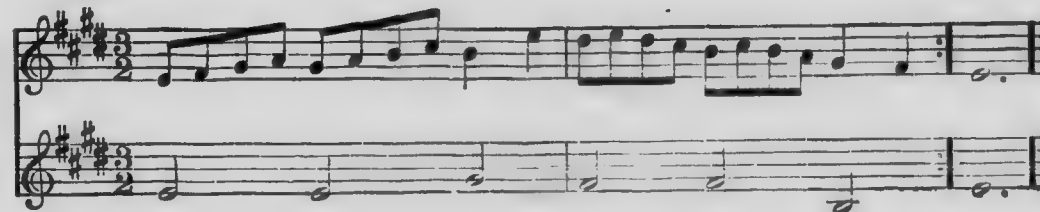
Moderato.



II.



III.



A Song of Praise.

Translated from the German.
Andante.

Greenberger.

mf

1. Thou hast built the glo-rious mountain, Shaped the riv - er's might-y bed,
 2. Thou dost lead the flight of swal-lows, Thou dost show the stars their way;
 3. All Thy creat-ures, Lord most ho - ly, Praise Thy name for - ev - er - more;

mf

Raised the hap - py leap - ing foun - tain, Made the flee - cy clouds o'er-head.
 Sea - son af - ter sea - son fol - lows; Thou didst or - der night and day.
 All Thy works, both high and low - ly, Tell Thy pow'r, Thy love a - dore.

Hush-a-by, Baby.

Andante.

F. L. Lorraine. Arranged.

p

Hush - a - by, ba - by, On the tree - top,

p

When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock, When the bough bends the

cra - dle will fall, And down comes ba - by, cra - dle and all.

Lullaby.*

83

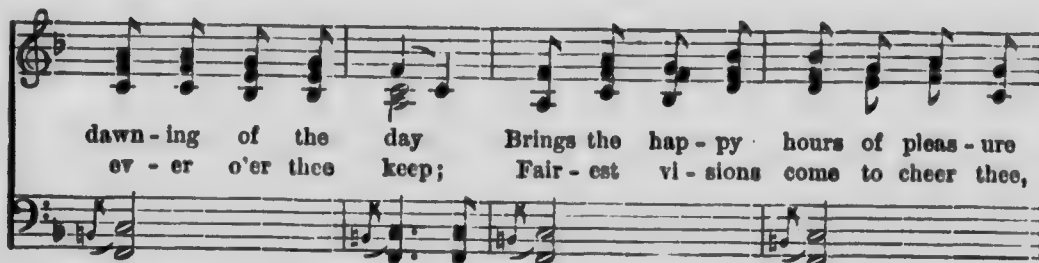
Andantino.

Lithuanian Folksong.

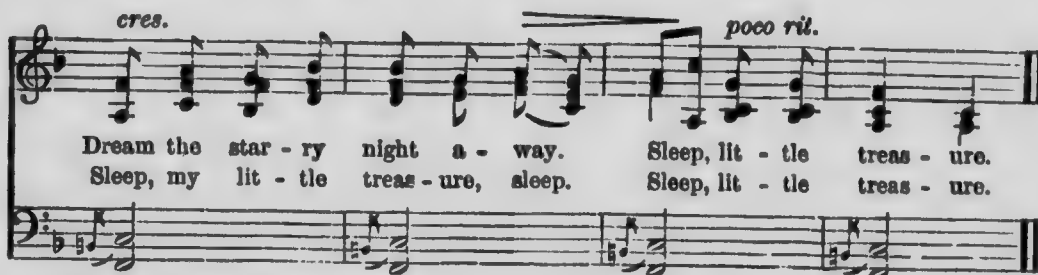


1. Sleep, my bon-ny blue-eyed lit-tle treas-ure, Sleep till the ro-sy
 2. May the an-gels hov-er ev-er near thee, Lov-ing watch for

Con Ped.



dawn-ing of the day Brings the hap-py hours of pleas-ure
 ev-er o'er thee keep; Fair-est vi-sions come to cheer thee,



cres. *poco rit.*
 Dream the star-ry night a-way. Sleep, lit-tle treas-ure.
 Sleep, my lit-tle treas-ure, sleep. Sleep, lit-tle treas-ure.

* This may be sung as a unison song.

Evening Song.

Moderato.

Zumsteeg.



Dancing Song

Hungarian Folksong

Rather slowly, increasing in speed.

1. Two . . . and two, the danc-ers sprightly, Turn . and poise and whirl so
 2. Life . . . is full of hope and pleas-ure; While . we tread this jo-cund

Allegro f

light - ly, Hair . . and rib - bons gal - ly fly - ing, Feet with swal - lows'
 meas - ure, Hap - py girl and jo - vial boy, . Let us all our

ff

wings . are vy - ing. Danc - ing, danc - ing, Gay ah! . so gay are we.
 youth . en - joy. . Danc - ing, danc - ing, Gay ah! . so gay are we.

The Banks of Dee.*

85

Allegretto.

Scotch Folksong.

1. O sweet and clear in the bright spring weather The song of birds ere the
 2. Sweet vi - o - lats there have spread their pur - ple, And dan - de - li - ons have

dawn a - wake, And soft the per - fume from bloom of hea - ther, When
 dropped their gold. Gay daf - fo - dil - lies the mea - dows gir - dle, And

wan - d'ring breez - es their cen - sors shake! And pleas - ant sounds then the
 wind-flowers hide in the sha - dy wold. O life seems rich - er and

sheep-bell's tin - kle, When herds are browsing so qui - et - ly On softest grass which the
 life seems fair - er When Spring sheds blessings o'er wood and lea. But ne'er her smil - ing is

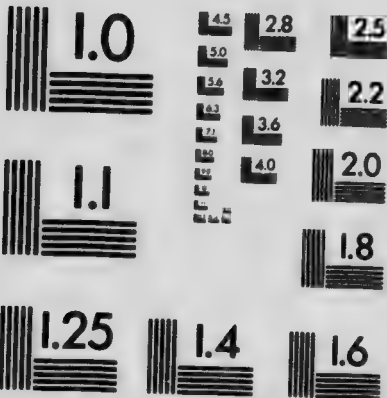
dai - sies sprin - kle With pink and white by the banks of Dee.
 bright - er, rar - er, Than on the banks of the pleas - ant Dee.

* May be sung as a unison song.



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Lullaby.

F. Hiller.

Andante. *cresc.*

p *dim.* *cresc.* *dim.* *pp*

rall.

Swinging the Hammock.

K. v. Winterfeld.

Moderato.
dolce

F

1. Light - ly swing - ing, Swing-ing and sing - ing! Flow'rs in
2. Light - ly swing - ing, Swing-ing and sing - ing! Sleep - y

Moderato.

pp

cresc.

sun - ny mead - ow Zeph - yr swing - ing
nods the flow - er, And I swing my

cresc.

Swinging the Hammock.

87

to and fro, Cuck - oo sings in shad - ow,
drow - sy dear Till cuck - oo in his bow - er

cresc. *dim.*
Sway'd by wil - low branch-es low. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo!
Calls no more, and sleep is near. Cuck - oo! cuck - oo!

cuck - oo! cuck - oo!
cuck - oo! cuck - oo!

Translated from the German.

Bohemian Folksong.

Andante sostenuto, con tenerezza.

1. Ei - a - po - pei - a, my ba - by, sleep on, Moth - er is
 2. Rest thee, my ba - by, to slum - ber be - guiled, Peace - ful - ly

rock - ing her dar - ling a - lone. Ei - a - hei - a, . .
 rest thee, my beau - ti - ful child! Ei - a - hei - a, . .

ba - by, sleep on, Moth - er will rock thee a - lone, pre - cious one!
 dar - ling, sleep on, Shut fast thine eye - lids, my own pre - cious one!

* Pronounce i-ah-po-pi-ah.

A Song.

Folksong.

mf *f* *f* *mf* *p* *mf*

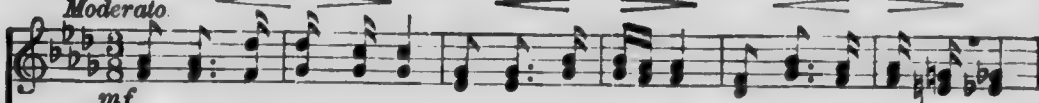
Santa Lucia.

89

Translated from the Italian.

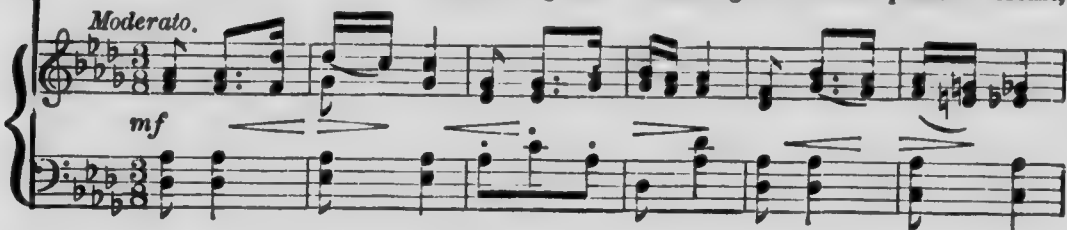
Neapolitan Boat-Song.

Moderato.

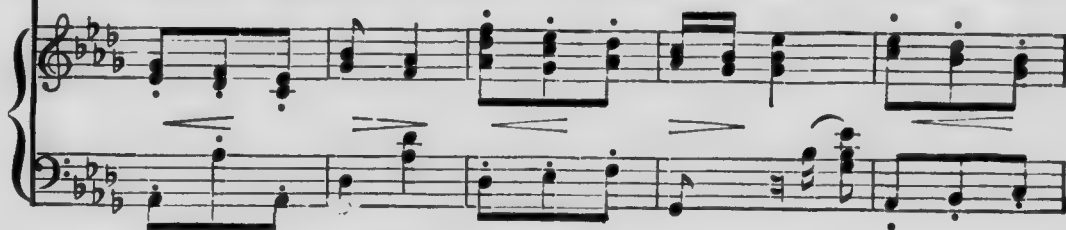


1. Moon-light, so sweet and pale, From hea-ven fall-ing; Wave-lets that mur-mur low,
2. Soft winds that come and go, Cool-ness are bringing, Bear-ing on gen-tle wings
3. O joy! to lie at rest, Drift-ing and dreaming On o-cean's peace-ful breast,

Moderato.



To us are call-ing. White is the sum-mer night; Sum-mer sea,
Ech-oes of sing-ing. Waits the light boat for thee, Float o'er the
'Neath moon-light gleam-ing! Bride of the sum-mer sea, Na-ples, thy



sil-ver bright. San-ta Lu-ci-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!
waves with me. San-ta Lu-ci-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!
child to be! San-ta Lu-ci-a! San-ta Lu-ci-a!



The House in the Wood.

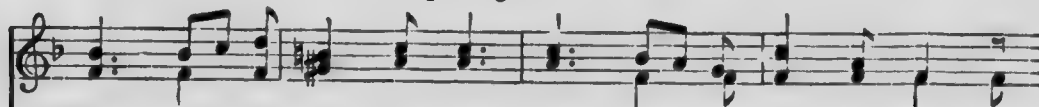
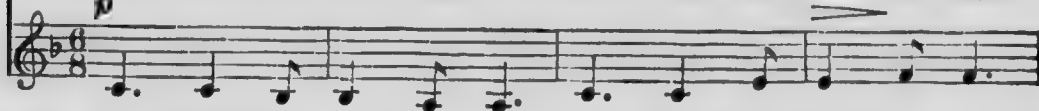
Max Hünzler.

Moderato.

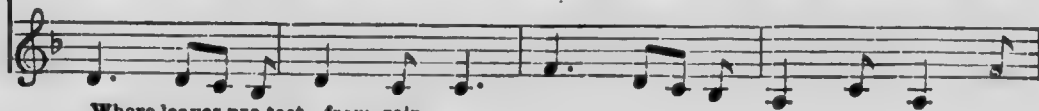
E. Hermes.



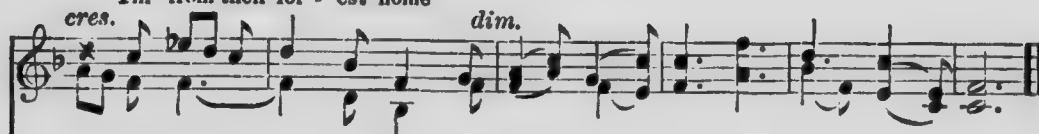
1. Tread soft - ly, light - ly here, Birds build their nests a - near;
 2. Winds mur - mur lul - la - bies, Boughs, rock - ing fall and rise;
 3. Here first will nest - lings fly While yet the nest is nigh;



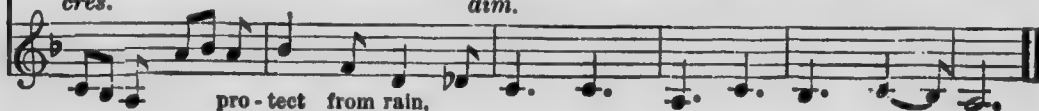
Where boughs of oak and beech Wave high and out of reach, Where
 Leaves, rust - ling, whis - per low What on - ly birds may know; All
 Here first will learn to trill Such songs as love doth thrill; Till.



Where leaves pro-tect from rain,
 All here is safe, se-cure
 Till from their for-est home



leaves pro-tect . . . from rain, From sun and rain, From sun and rain.
 here is safe, . . . se-cure From hawk and lure, From hawk and lure.
 from their for - - est home They long to roam, They long to roam.

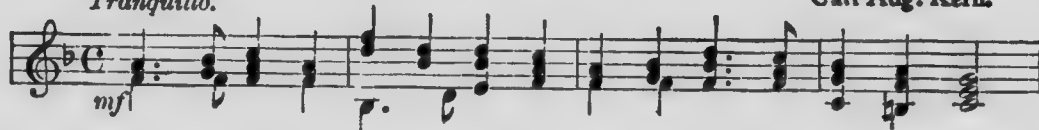


pro-tect from rain,
 is safe, se-cure
 for-est home, their home,

A Hymn.

Tranquillo.

Carl Aug. Kern.



O Summer Morning.

91

E. Fitzball.

C. A. Kern.

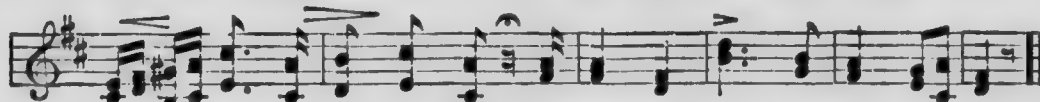
Allegretto.



- mf*
1. O Sum - mer morn - ing, fresh and bright, When in the hedge wild
 2. When skies look blue and birds sing sweet, And dew-drops glit - ter



ros - es blow, And per - fum'd breez - es pure and light Scarce
on the thorn, And dai - sied car - pets tempt the feet, — Oh!

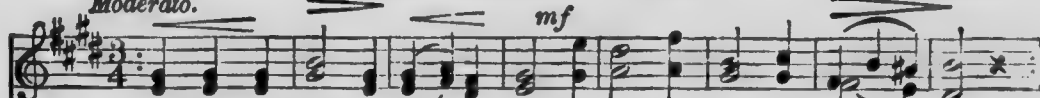


wave the green boughs to and fro, Scarce wave the green boughs to and fro.
love - ly, love - ly then art thou, Oh! love - ly, love - ly, then art thou.

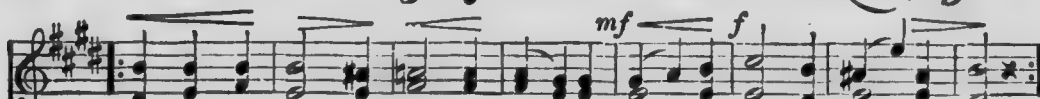
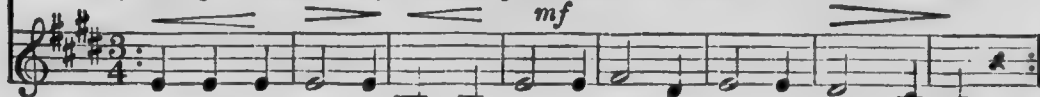
The Goodness of God.

Edward Grell.

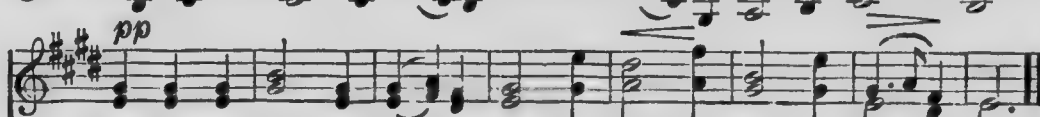
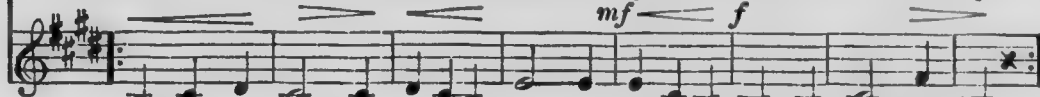
Moderato.



- mf*
1. { Thy goodness, Lord, is meas - ure - less As skies that lie a - bove . . us.
No man may know Thy righteous - ness, Thou ten - der - ly dost love . . us.
 2. { Thy scept - er, Lord, is Mer - cy sweet, Thy crown is Truth un - spot - ted.
An - gel - ic hosts Thy praise re - peat, Who all our sins out - blot - ted.



{ Thy ben - e - fits out - num - ber far The sis - ters of the eve - ning star.
{ Thou art our sol - ace and our stay When trou - bles crowd life's de - vious way.
{ Help us to love Thee as we ought, Help us to serve Thee in each tho't.
{ Bring us at last to dwell with thee Throughout a blest e - ter - ni - ty.



pp Thy goodness, Lord, is meas - ure - less As skies that lie a - bove us.



The Hardy Norseman.

Mrs. Hemans.

Norse Song.

Risolute. f

1. The har - dy Norseman's house of yore Was on the foaming wave! And there he gather'd
2. What tho' our pow'r be weak-er now Than it was wont to be, When bold - ly forth our



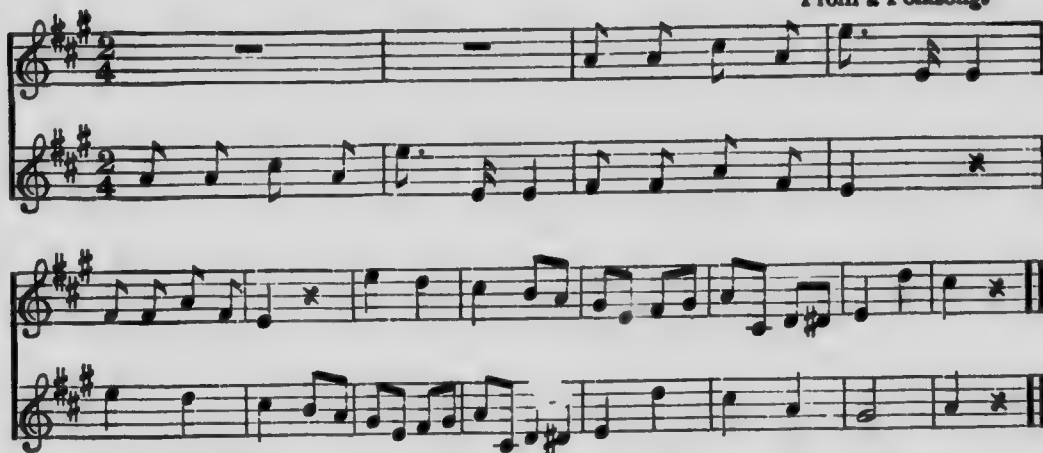
bright re-nown, The brav - est of the brave. Oh! ne'er should we for-get our sires. Whar -
fa - thers sail'd, And conquer'd Normandle! We still may sing their deeds of fame In



ev - er we may be; They brave - ly won a gal-lant name, And rul'd the stormy sea.
thrill - ing harmo - ny; For they did win a gal-lant name, And rul'd the stormy sea.

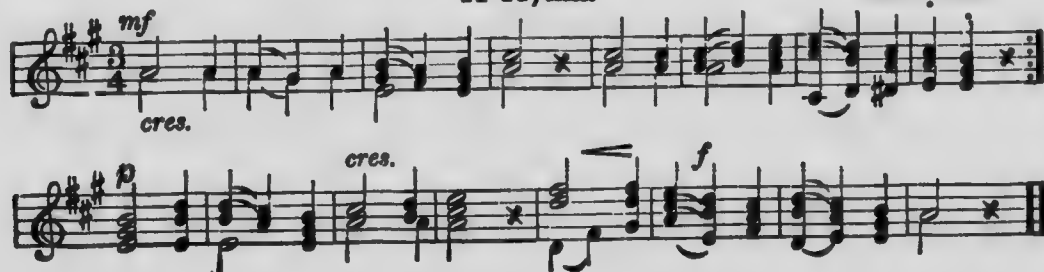
A Study in Imitation.

From a Folksong.



A Hymn.

Peter Ritter.



May Song.

93

Joyfully.

1. Lo, May is on the ver-dant hill ! But May-time quick-ly pass-es; Come

2. We'll raise the May - pole on the green And crown it with fair flow - ers, For

sing her song, ere reap - ers lay The sic - kle to her grass - es ; For
spring-time comes but once a year From sun - ny south - ern bow - ers. Ah !

May is sweet, And May is fair, And May will soon be go - ing. Then

sing and shout, And trip a - bout, For May will soon be go - ing.

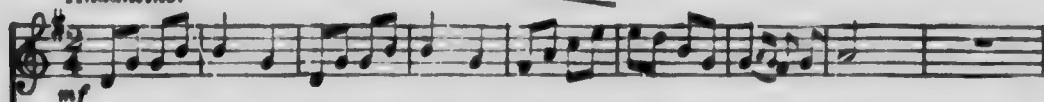
Joys of Spring.

Translated from the German.

1st. SOPRANO.

Andantino.

M. Vogl.



1. Birds are singing, flow'rs are blooming, Spring's bright flags are all unfurl'd.

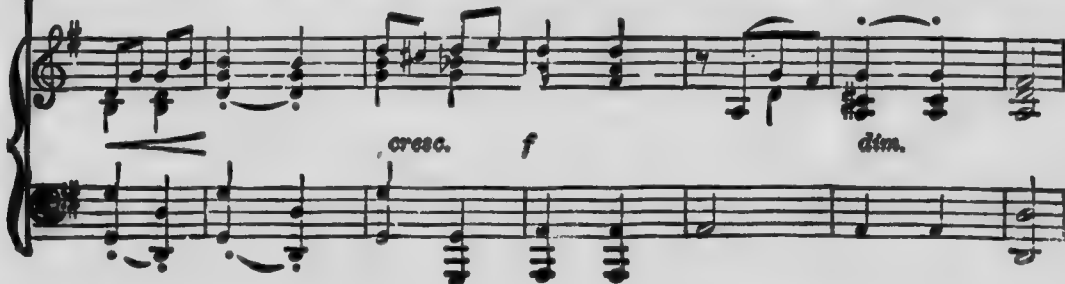
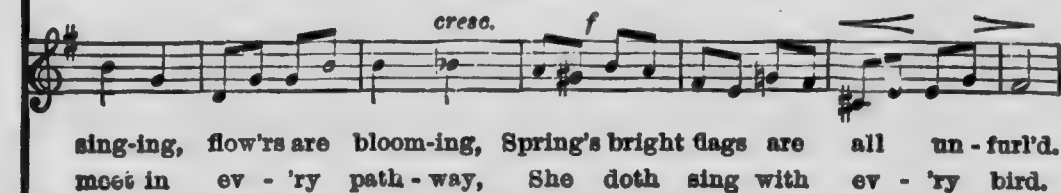
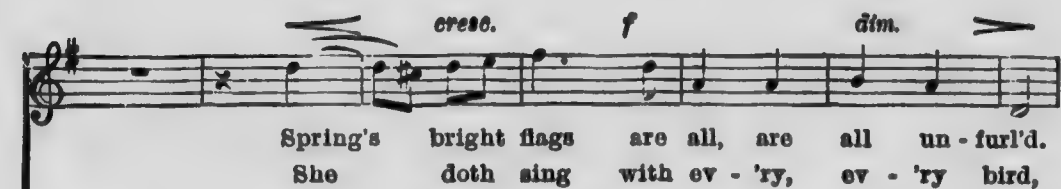
2. Joy we'll meet in ev - 'ry path - way, She doth sing with ev - 'ry bird,

2nd. SOPRANO.



1. Birds are

2. Joy we'll

Andantino.

Joys of Spring.

95

animato

Come, oh come then, let us wan-der, Thro' the sha-dy wood-land y-n-der
Soft in flow-er-heart she's bedded, Hid in grass with dew be-threaded

animato

mf

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

Far in God's wide sun-ny world, Far in God's wide sun-ny world,
Murm'-ring where a stream-let's heard, Murm'-ring where a stream-let's heard.

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

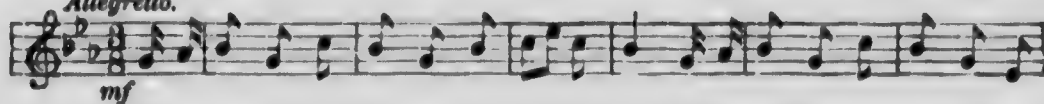
p *cresc.* *sf marcato* *sf* *sf* *dim.*

A Study.

In the Woods.

From the German of K. H. Stram.

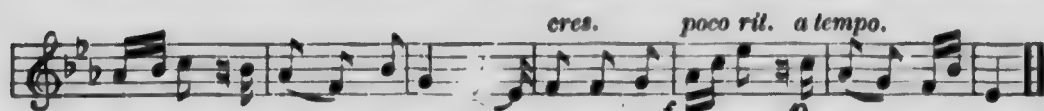
M. Hauptmann.

Allegretto.

1. On the grass in the for-est I love to lie, On the knoll green and shad-y, the
 2. When the wind in the branches doth moan and cry, And the ea-gle darts down from his

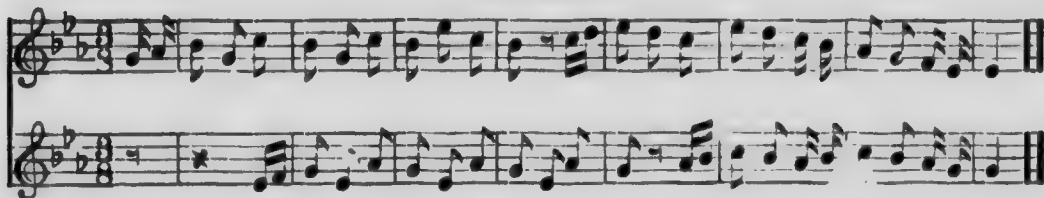


brooklet near by ; While the trees whisper sto-ries so sad and wild, And the owl sits in
 nest on high, Oh! then I love in the wood to lie And see the black



twi-ght by strange dreams beguiled, And the owl sits in twilight by strange dreams beguiled.
 storm-clouds go whirl - ing by, And see the black storm-clouds go whirl - ing by.

A Study.

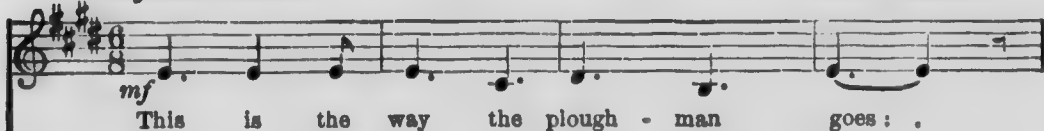


The Ploughboy.

ROUND.

1 *Allegretto moderato.*

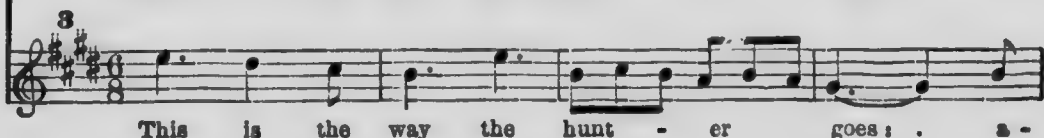
W. W. Pearson.



This is the way the plough - man goes : .



This is the way the farm - er goes : .



This is the way the hunt - er goes : . a -

The Plou Boy.

97

jog - trot, jog - trot, jog - trot a - long.

can - ter, can - ter, can - ter, can - ter, can - ter, can - ter, so.

gal - l op, a - gal - lop, a - gal - lop, a - gal - lop, a - gal - lop, a - gal - lop, a - way.

Darling.

From the Gaelic by L. McBean.
Andantino.

Ancient Lochaber Lullaby, arranged.

1. Hush - a - by, dar - ling, and hush - a - by, dear, O, Hush - a - by!

2. Sleep, lit - tle lamb - kin, Ah! sleep, moth - er's bless - ing, Gen - tly she's

3. Pla - cid - ly, peace - ful - ly, slum - ber has bound him; An - gels are

ba - by'll some day be a he - ro. None will be big - ger, or
sooth - ing thee, soft - ly ca - ress - ing! See! now he's rest - ing, by
lov - ing - ly watch - ing a - round him. Beau - ti - ful spir - its his

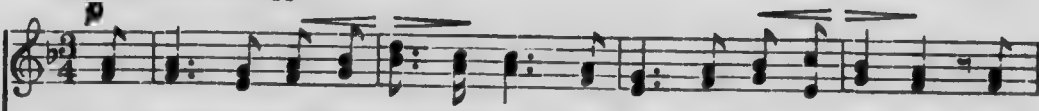
bra - ver, or stron - ger, Lul - la - by, lit - tle one! Weep then, no lon - ger!
slum - ber o'er - tak - en, Sweet - ly he's sleep - ing, and hap - py he'll wak - en.
fears are be - guil - ing; Sweet - ly they whis - per, and ba - by is smil - ing.

Pussy Willow

Tranquillo ma non troppo


Folksong

p

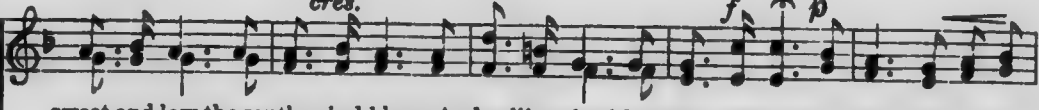


1. A close green bud the may-flower lies Up - on the mos-sy pil - low ; And
2. But you must come the first of all, "Come, Pus - sy! Pus - sy Wil - low !" A

p




cres. *f* *p*




sweet and low the south-wind blows And calling thro' the brow fields goes, "Come Pussy, Pussy
fai - ry gift to chil-dren dear The down-y first- lings of the year, "Come Pussy, Pussy

cres. *f* *p*

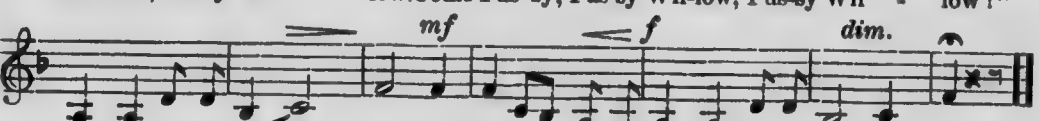


mf *f* *dim.*



Wil - low, Pus-sy Wil - low. Come Pus-sy, Pus-sy Wil-low, Pus-sy Wil - low !"

mf *f* *dim.*



Crusaders' Hymn

Andante sostenuto

12th century






A Summer Morning.

99

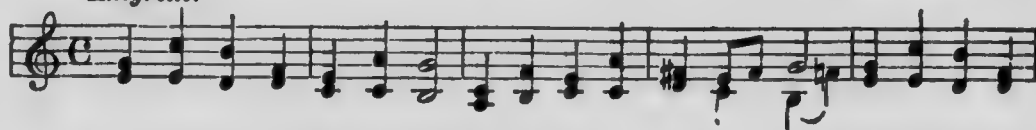
Con moto.

M. Hauptmann.



From the French of Rémi Belleau by F. Manley.

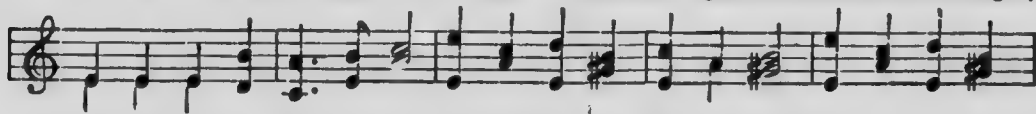
Eleanor Smith.

Allegretto.

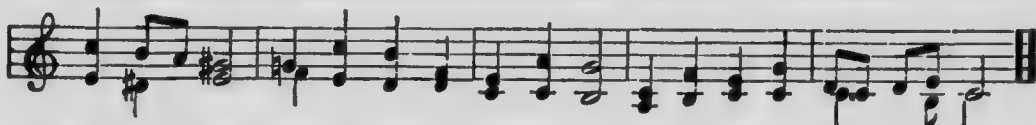
1. A - pril, sea - son blest and dear, Hope of the re - viv - ing year, Promise bright of
 2. 'Tis thy courteous hand doth bring Back the messenger of spring, And, his te - dious



fruits that lie In their down-y can - o - py, Till the nipping winds are past,
 ex - ile o'er, Hail 'st the swallow's wing once more. Eglantine and hawthorne bright,



And their veils a - side are cast. A - pril, who de - lights to speed O'er the em - 'rald,
 Thyme, and pink, and jasmine white, Don their purest robes to be Guests, fair A - pril,

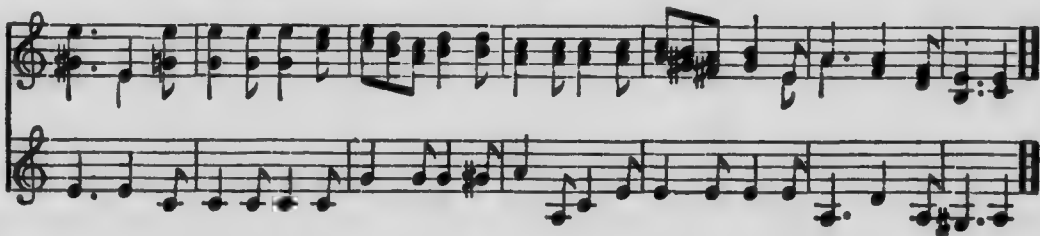


laugh - ing mead, Flow'rs of fresh and brilliant dyes, Rich in wild em - broi - der - ies.
 wor - thy thee, And the earth and air are rife With de - light, and hope and life.

A Study.

Andante.

Folk song.

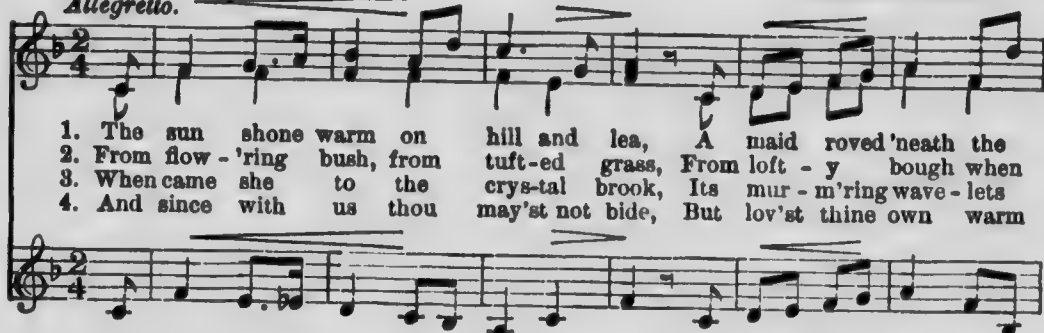


In the Woodland.

101

From the German.
Allegretto.

Adalbert Aberke.



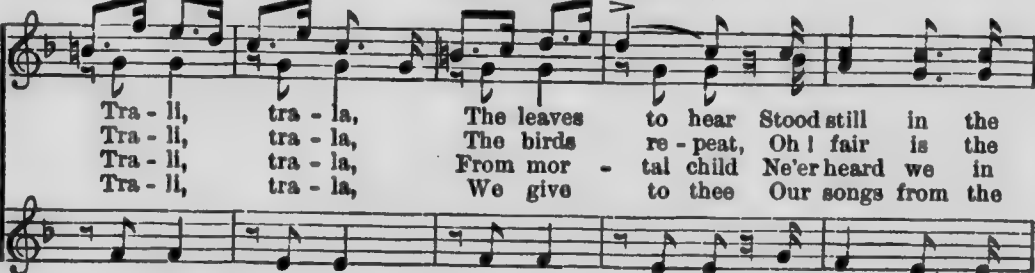
1. The sun shone warm on hill and lea, A maid roved 'neath the
2. From flow - 'ring bush, from tuft-ed grass, From loft - y bough when
3. When came she to the crys-tal brook, Its mur - m'ring wave - lets
4. And since with us thou may'st not bide, But lov'st thine own warm

Tra - li, tra - la, She sang so clear, . . Tra -
Tra - li, tra - la, An an - swer sweet, . . Tra -
Tra - li, tra - la, A voice so mild, . . Tra -
Tra - li, tra - la, Bird, wave, and tree, . . Tra -

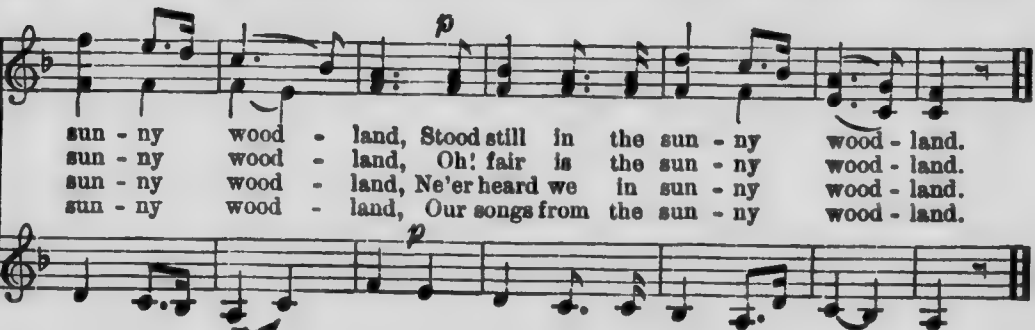


wood-land tree. Tra-li, tra-la, She sang so clear,
she did pass, Tra-li, tra-la, An an - swer sweet,
came to look. Tra-li, tra-la, A voice so mild,
in - gle - side, Tra-li, tra-la, Bird, wave, and tree,

li, tra - la, The leaves to hear . .
li, tra - la, The birds re - peat, . .
li, tra - la, I - mor - tal child . .
li, tra - la, give to thee . .



Tra - li, tra - la, The leaves to hear Stood still in the
Tra - li, tra - la, The birds re - peat, Oh! fair is the
Tra - li, tra - la, From mor - tal child Ne'er heard we in
Tra - li, tra - la, We give to thee Our songs from the



sun - ny wood - land, Stood still in the sun - ny wood - land.
sun - ny wood - land, Oh! fair is the sun - ny wood - land.
sun - ny wood - land, Ne'er heard we in sun - ny wood - land.
sun - ny wood - land, Our songs from the sun - ny wood - land.

The Spring.

Translated from Des Knaben Wunderhorn.

H. Müller.

Andante con moto.

1. The Spring is hith - er far - ing, Her garb of green a - wear-ing; The
 2. She trips a - bove the grass - es, And thro' the wood-land pass - es; The
 3. The flow'rs bloom by the hedg - es, The lambs skip thro' the sedg - es; New

hap - py news all bird-lings know, And ev - 'ry bud will tell you so, The
 cuck - oo knows the tid - ings, too, The finch for joy sings it a - new, The
 lilt in song, new joy in hearts, When win - ter, with his chill, de - parts, The

Spring is hith - er far - ing, The Spring is hith - er far - ing.

New Year's Eve.

Oxenford.

UNISON SONG.

Welsh Folksong.

mf Vivace.

1. { Soon the hoar old year will leave us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 But the part - ing must not grieve us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 2. { He our pleas - ures may re - dou - ble, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 He may bring us stores of trou - ble, Fa la la la la la la la la.

When the New Year comes to - mor - row, Fa la la la la la la la la,
 Hope the best, and gai - ly meet him, Fa la la la la la la la la,

Let him find no trace of sor - row, Fa la la la la la la la la.
 With a jo - vial cho - rus greet him, Fa la la la la la la la la.

PART II.

FAMILIAR SONGS.

Isle of Beauty.*

Thomas Haynes Bayly.
Andante.

Irish Folksong.

p

1. { Shades of eve - ning, close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a - while !
Morn, a - las ! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant Isle :

2. { 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light;
Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces ? Who will sing our songs to - night ?

3. { When the waves are round us breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone,
And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green leaf to rest up - on ;

p

p *cres.* *rit.*

Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell ;
Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell, .
What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell ?

p *cres.* *rit.*

a tempo.

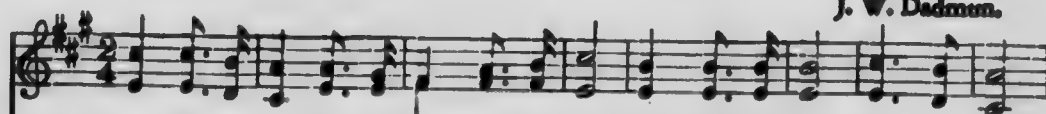
Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er, Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well !
Like a voice from those who love us, Breathing fond - ly, "Fare thee well !"
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er — Isle of Beau - ty, Fare thee well !

a tempo.

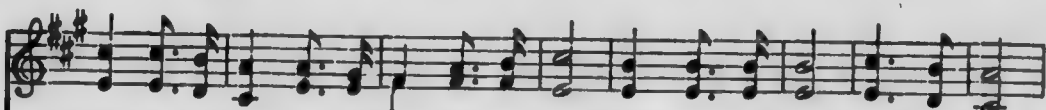
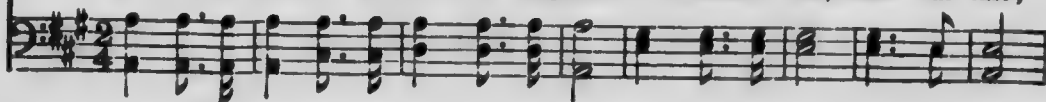
* May be sung as a unison song.

Homeward Bound.

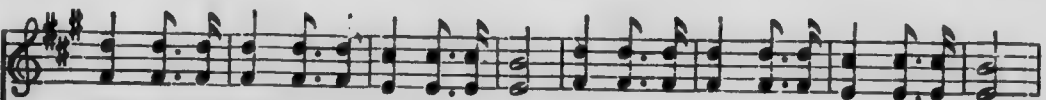
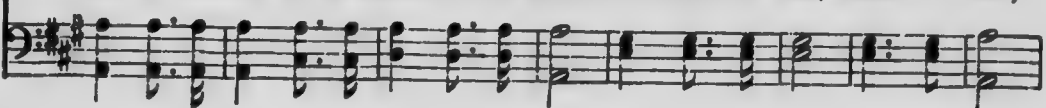
J. W. Dedmon.



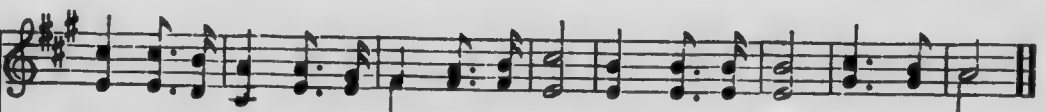
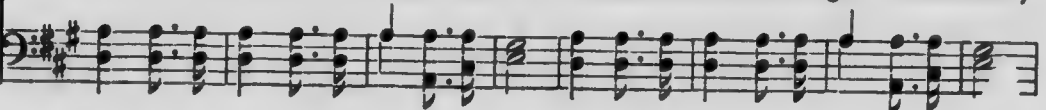
1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound ;
2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound ;
3. We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a - long, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound ;
4. In - to the har - bor of Heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, home at last ;



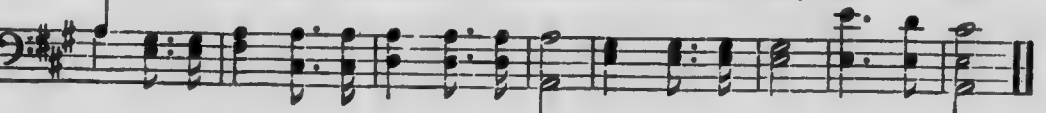
Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
 Look ! yonder lie the bright heav-en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
 Try to persuade them to en - ter our throng, We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
 Soft-ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last ;



Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we rode, Seek-ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode ;
 Stea - dy ! O pi - lot ! stand firm at the wheel, Stea - dy, we soon shall out-weather the gale ;
 Come, trembling sin-ner, for-lorn and oppressed, Join in our number, O come and be blest ;
 Glo - ry to God ! all our dangers are o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri-fied shore ;



Prom-ise of which on us each He bestowed, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound.
 Oh, how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound.
 Jour-ney with us to the man-sions of rest, We're homeward bound, home-ward bound.
 Glo - ry to God ! we will shout ev - er-more, We're home at last, home at last !

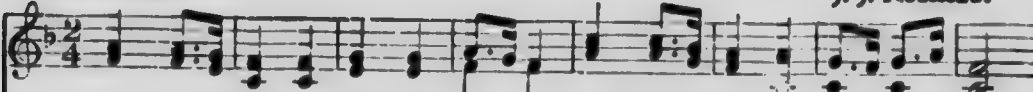


Cradle Hymn.



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Isaac Watts.


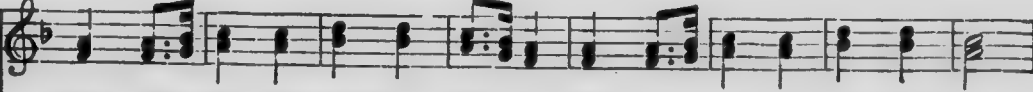
J. J. Rousseau.





1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slum-ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.
 2. Soft and ea - sy is thy cra - dle, Coarse and hard thy Sav - iour lay :
 3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Tho' my song may seem so hard :


Heav'n - ly bless - ings with - out num - ber, Gent - ly fall - ing on thy head,
 When His birth - place was a sta - ble, And His soft - est bed was hay.
 'Tis thy moth - er sits be - side thee, And her arms shall be thy guard ;

How much bet - ter thou'rt at - tend - ed, Than the Son of God could be ;
 Oh, to tell the won - drous sto - ry, How to earth came our great King ;
 May'st thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days ;


Wher from heav - en He de - scend - ed, And be - came a child like thee .
 How be - came the Lord of glo - ry, Makes me love Him while I sing.
 Then to dwell for - ev - er near Him, Tell His love and sing His praise.





Jerusalem the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny.

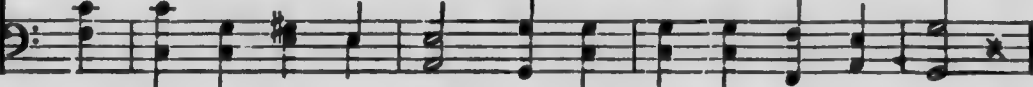

Alexander Ewing.





1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased,


Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
 And bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene,
 And they, who with their Lead - er Have con - quered in the fight,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.



The Campbells Are Coming.*

107

Scotch Folksong.

Moderato. *cres.*

The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing, O

p *cres.*

ho, O ho! The Campbells are com-ing to bon-nie Loch-le-ven, The

f

Camp-bells are com-ing, O ho, O ho! 1. Up-on the Lo-monds I
2. Great Ar-gyle he goes, he
3. The Camp-bells they are

p

lay, I lay, Up-on the Lomonds I lay, I lay; I look'd down to
gees be-fore; He makes his can-nons loud-ly roar; Wi' sound of trum-pet,
a' in arms, Their loy-al faith and truth to show! Wi' ban-ners rat-tling

f

cres. *dim.*

bon-nie Loch-le-ven, And heard the bon-nie Pi-brochs play.
pipe, and drum, The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho!
in the wind, The Campbells are com-ing, O ho, O ho!


cres. *dim.*

* May be sung without the tenor.

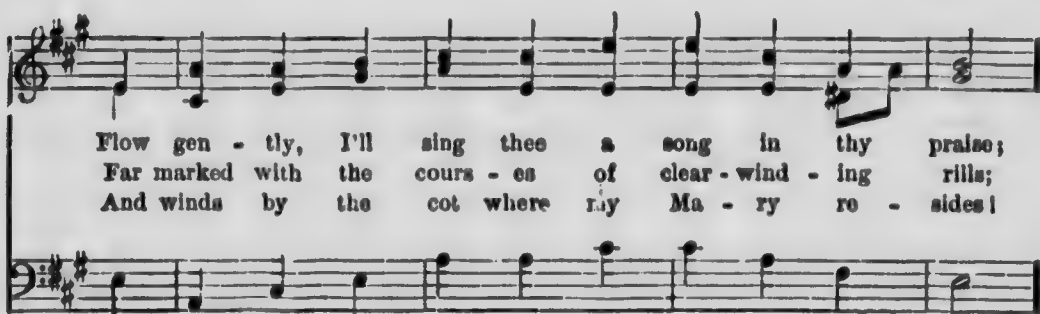
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

Robert Burns.

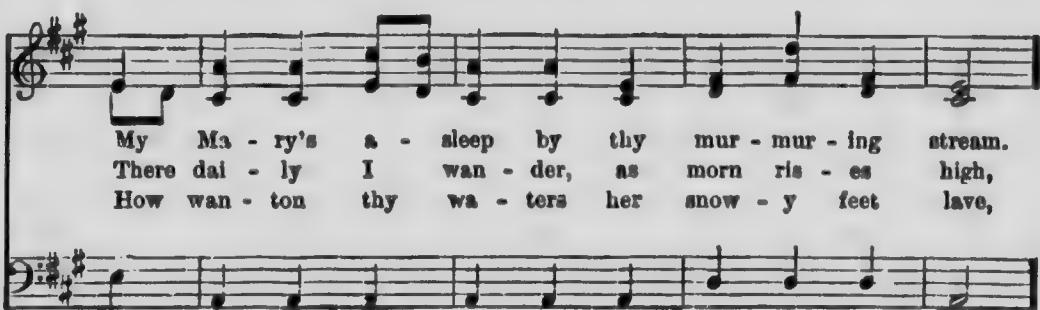
J. E. Spilman.

Andante.


1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes;
 2. How lof - ty, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills,
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides,



Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 Far marked with the cours - es of clear - wind - ing rills;
 And winds by the cot where thy Ma - ry re - sides!



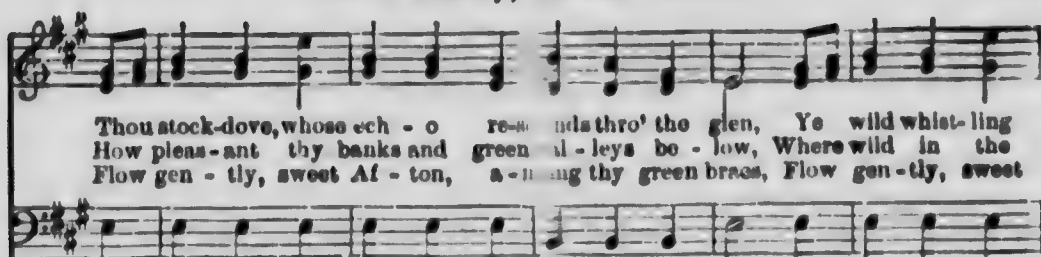
My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy mur - mur - ing stream.
 There dai - ly I wan - der, as morn ris - es high,
 How wan - ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave,



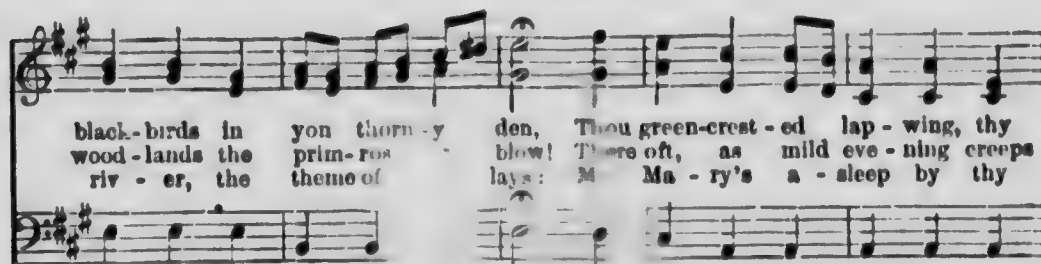
Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
 My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.
 As gath - 'ring sweet flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave!

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

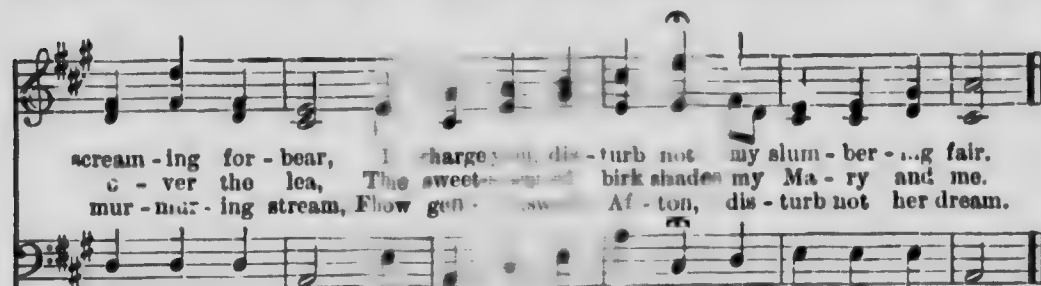
109



Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist - ling
How pleas - ant thy banks and green al - leys be - low, Where wild in the
Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet




black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest - ed lap - wing, thy
wood-lands the prim-ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps
riv - er, the theme of lays: M - Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy



stream - ing for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
c - ver the lea, The sweet - voiced birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

A Song.

L. van Beethoven.



With spirit.

f *mf* *f* *mf*
f *mf* *f* *mf*
p *mf* *f*
p *mf* *f*

Home Again.

Marshall S. Pils.

1. Home a - gain, home a - gain, . From a for - eign shore! And
 2. Hap - py hearts, hap - py hearts, With mine have laughed in glee, And
 3. Mu - sic sweet, mu - sic soft, . Lin - gers round the place, And

oh, it fills my soul with joy, To meet my friends once more.
 oh, the friends I loved in youth, Seem hap - pi - er to me;
 oh, I feel the child-hood charm That time can - not ef - face.

pp
 Here I dropped the part - ing tear, To cross the o - cean's foam,
 And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me lon - ger roam,
 Then give me but my home - stead roof, I'll ask no pal - ace dome,

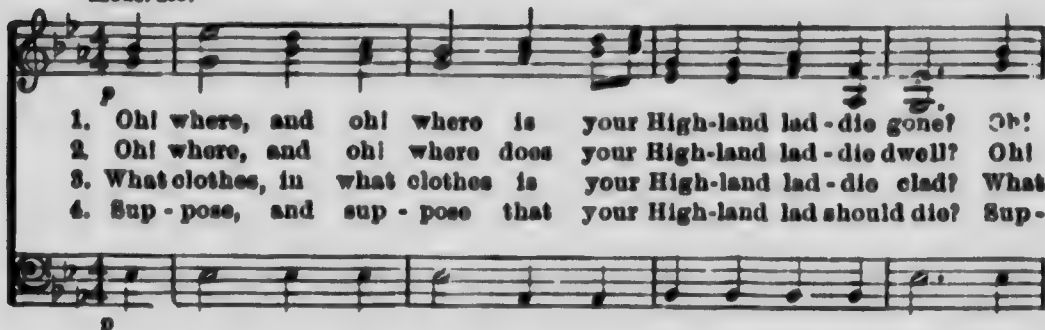
1st stanza in D.C.
 But now I'm once a - gain with those Who kind - ly greet me home.
 But death a - lone can break the tie That binds my heart to home.
 For I can live a hap - py life With those I love at home.

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

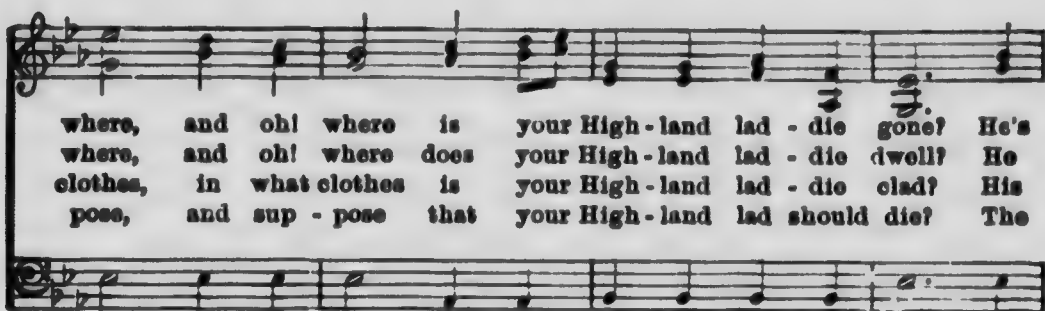
111

Mrs. Jordan.

Moderato.

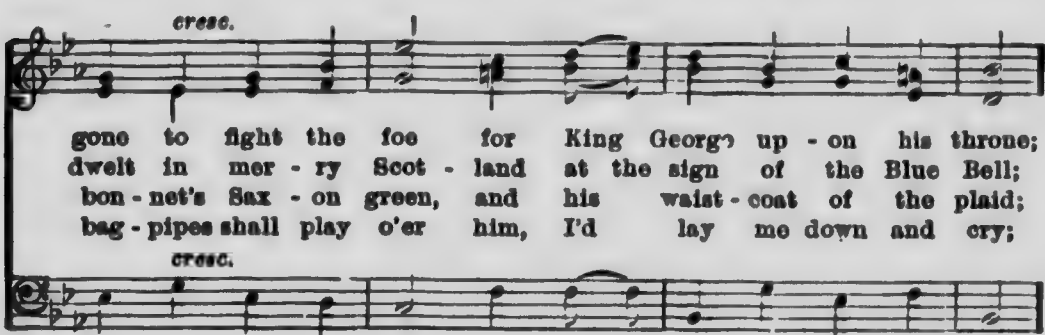


1. Oh! where, and oh! where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh!
 2. Oh! where, and oh! where does your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh!
 3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? What
 4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup -



where, and oh! where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's
 where, and oh! where does your High-land lad - die dwell? He
 clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? His
 pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? The

cresc.



gone to fight the foe for King George up - on his throne;
 dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell;
 bon - net's Sax - on green, and his waist - coat of the plaid;
 bag - pipes shall play o'er him, I'd lay me down and cry;

cresc.



mf
 And it's oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
 And it's oh! in my heart that I love my High-land lad.
 And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

Abide with Me!

EVENTIDE.

Henry Francis Lyte.

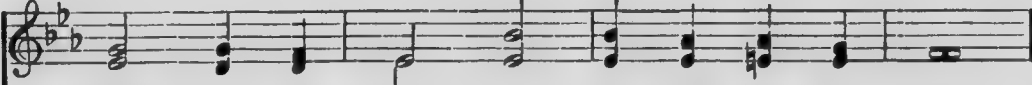
William Henry Monk.




1. A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour,
 4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;



The dark - ness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bid;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glo - ries pass a - way:
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness:



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see;
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 Where is death's sting? where, grave thy vic - to - ry?



Help of the help - less, oh, a - bid with me!
 O Thou, who chang - est not, a - bid with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bid with me!
 I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bid with me!

Austrian National Hymn.

113

A. J. Foxwell.
Maestoso.

Francis Joseph Haydn.

1. Land of great-ness! Home of glo - ry! Might - y birth-place of the
 2. No - ble deeds of old in - spir - ing, Ev - 'ry heart with loft - y
 3. Homes by safe de - fence sur - round-ed, Rights which make our free - dom

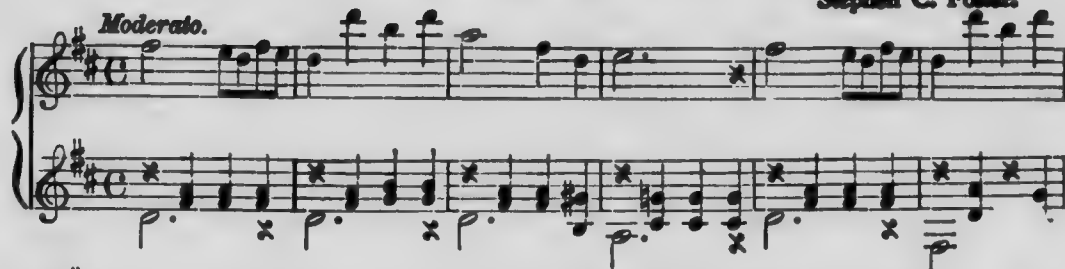
free! Famed a - like in song and sto - ry! All thy sons shall hon - or thee.
 aim, Now our em - u - la - tion fir - ing, Lead us on to great - er fame.
 sure, Laws on e - qual jus - tice found-ed, These will loy - al - ty se - cure.

North and South are firm - ly band - ed, East and West as one u - nite;
 So shall love and truth un - shak - en, Stur - dy cour - age, hon - est worth,
 While with love and zeal un - ceas - ing We are join - ing heart and hand,

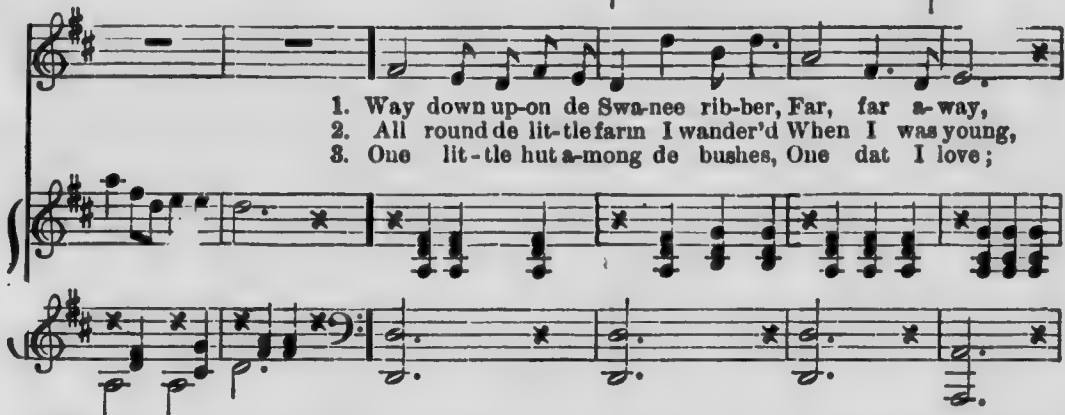
All by hon - or well com - mand - ed, Strong in striv - ing for the
 Might - y ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of
 Shine, in bright-ness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, O dear - est Fa - ther -

right, All by hon - or well com - manded, Strong in striv - ing for the right.
 earth, Might - y ech - oes still a - wak - en, To the far - thest bounds of earth.
 land, Shine, in bright-ness yet in - creas - ing, Shine, O dear - est Fa - ther - land!

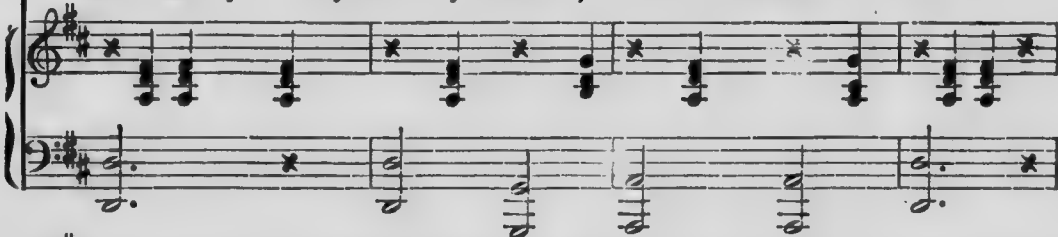
Stephen C. Foster.

Moderato.

1. Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
2. All round de lit-tle farin I wander'd When I was young,
3. One lit-tle hut-a-mong de bushes, One dat I love;



Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 Den ma - ny hap - py days I squander'd, Ma - ny de songs I sung.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.



All up and down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
 When I was play - ing wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,
 When will I see de bees a humming, All rouud de comb?



Old Folks at Home.

115

Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
 When will I hear de ban-jo tumming, Down in my good old home?

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb-'ry-where I roam,

The chorus begins with the word 'CHORUS.' in all caps. It continues with the same vocal and piano arrangement as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

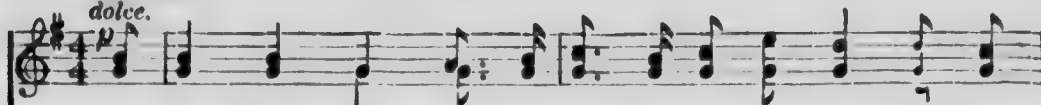
Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far fr-om de old folks at home.

The final system of the song concludes with the same vocal and piano arrangement. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

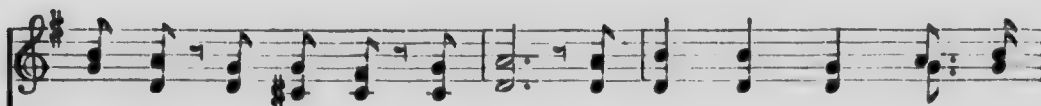
My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night.

Stephen C. Foster.


Stephen C. Foster.

*Moderato.**dolce.*


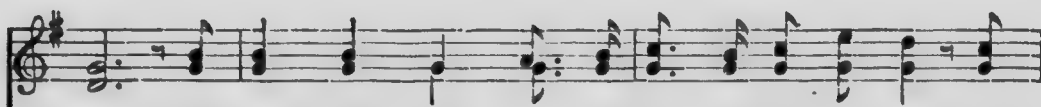
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-



sum-mer, the dark-ies are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the
 mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the
 ev-er the dark-y may go; A few more days and the



mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
 trou-ble all will c'd In the field where the su-gar canes



day; The young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 door; The day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With
 grow; A few more days for to tote the wea-ry load,—No

My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night.

117

ner - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n - by Hard Times comes a -
 sor - row where all was de - light; The time has come when the
 mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we

knock-ing at the door, Then, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night.
 dark - ies have to part, Then, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night.
 tot - ter on the road, Then, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, good-night.

CHORUS.

mf Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day, We will sing one song for the

mf

old Ken-tuck - y Home, For the old Ken-tuck - y Home far a - way.

Home, Sweet Home!

Payna.

Moderato.
dolce.

Irish.

cres. *dim.* *cres.*

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my
3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa - ther's smile, And the cares of a
4. To thee I'll re - turn, o - ver - bur - den'd with care; The heart's dear - est

dolce. *cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

dim. *dim.*

hum - ble, there's no place like home. A charin from the skies seems to
low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that
moth - er to soothe and be - guile! Let oth - ers de - light 'mid new
sol - ace will smile on me there; No more from that cot - tage a -

dim. *mf* *dim.*

dim.

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is not met with else - where;
come at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind dear - er than all.
pleasures to roam, But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
gain will I roam, — Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

p *f* *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home!

p *cres.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

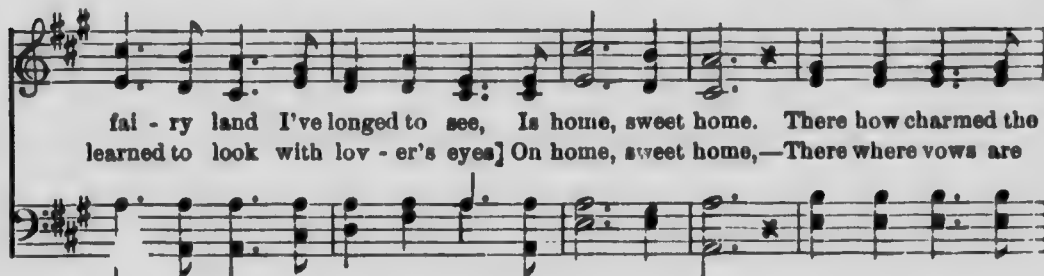
The Dearest Spot.

119

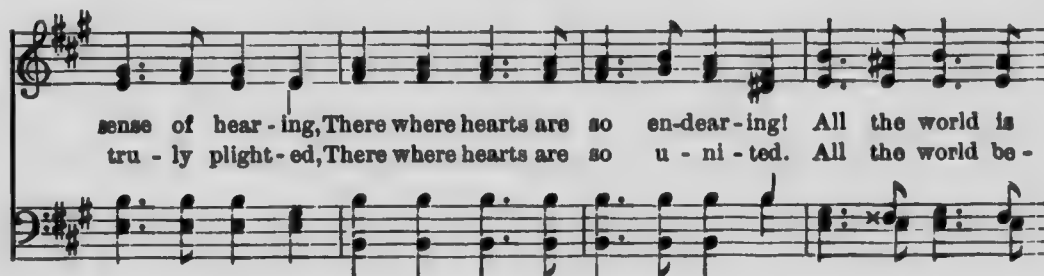
W. T. Wrighton.



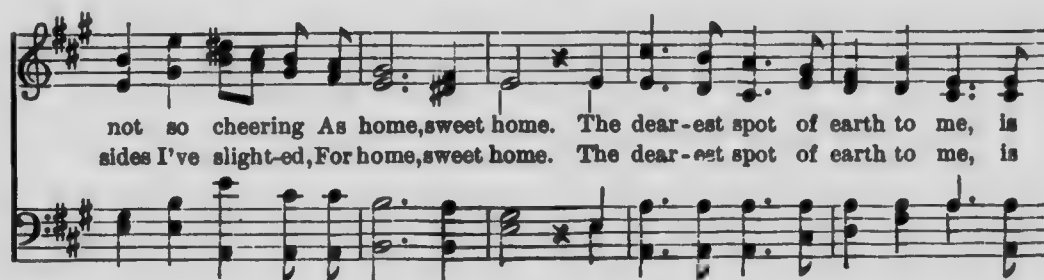
1. The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is home, sweet home; The
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize My home, sweet home; I've



fai - ry land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charmed the
learned to look with lov - er's eyes] On home, sweet home,—There where vows are



sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are so en - dear - ing! All the world is
tru - ly plight - ed, There where hearts are so u - ni - ted. All the world be -



not so cheering As home, sweet home. The dear - est spot of earth to me, is
sides I've slight - ed, For home, sweet home. The dear - est spot of earth to me, is



home, sweet home; The fai - ry land I've longed to see, Is home, sweet home.

Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.

1. Max-wel-ton's braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her
 3. Like dew on th'go-wan ly-ing is th' fa' o' her fai-ry feet, And like

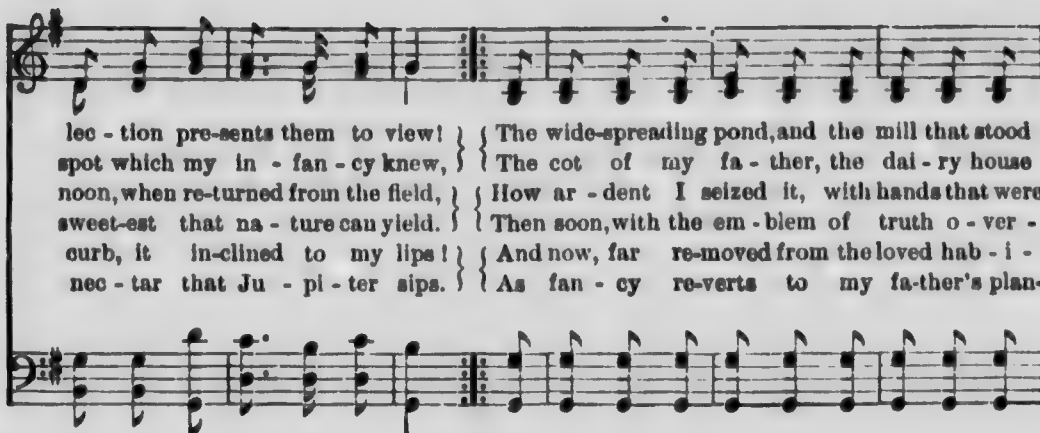
there that An-nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom-ise true, Gave me her promise true, Which
 face it is the fair-est That e'er the sun shone on, That e'er the sun shone on, And
 winds in sum-mer sigh-i'-g, Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

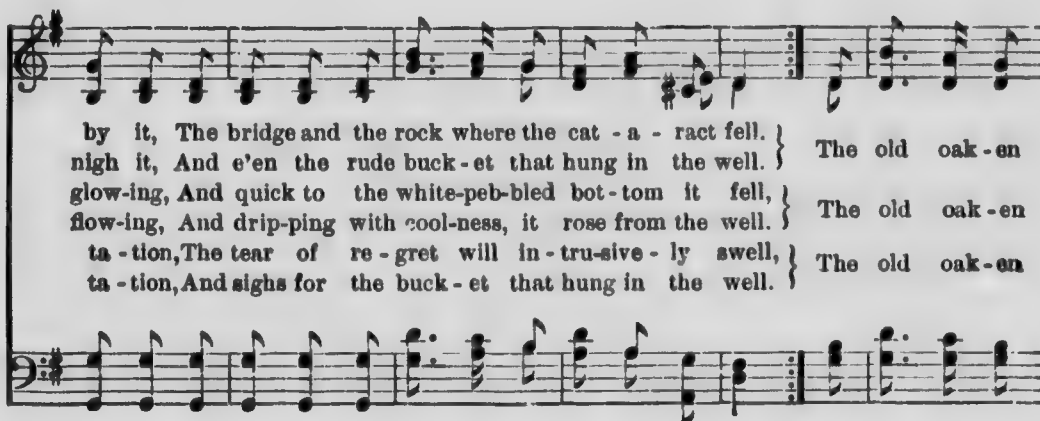
The Old Oaken Bucket.

Samuel Woodworth.

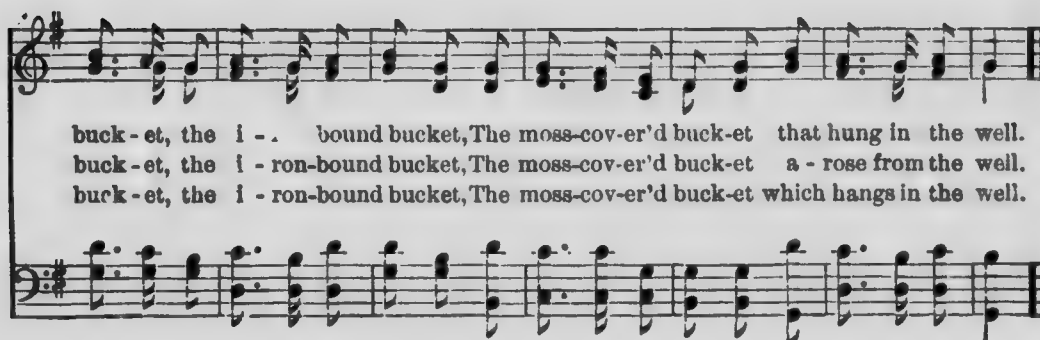
1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-
 { The or- chard, the mead-ow, the deep-tan-gled wild-wood, And ev-'ry loved
 2. { That moss-cov-ered buck-et I hailed as a treas-ure, For oft-en at
 { I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleas-ure, The pur-est and
 3. { How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re-ceive it, As, poised on the
 { No full-blush-ing gob-let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the



lec - tion pre - sents them to view! } { The wide - spreading pond, and the mill that stood
 spot which my in - fan - cy knew, } { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house
 noon, when re - turned from the field, } { How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were
 sweet - est that na - ture can yield. } { Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver -
 curb, it in - clined to my lips! } { And now, far re - moved from the loved hab - i -
 nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. } { As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan -



by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell. } The old oak - en
 nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. } The old oak - en
 glow - ing, And quick to the white - peb - bled bot - tom it fell, } The old oak - en
 flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. } The old oak - en
 ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, } The old oak - en
 ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. }



buck - et, the i - bound bucket, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et that hung in the well.
 buck - et, the i - ron - bound bucket, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et a - rose from the well.
 buck - et, the i - ron - bound bucket, The moss - cov - er'd buck - et which hangs in the well.

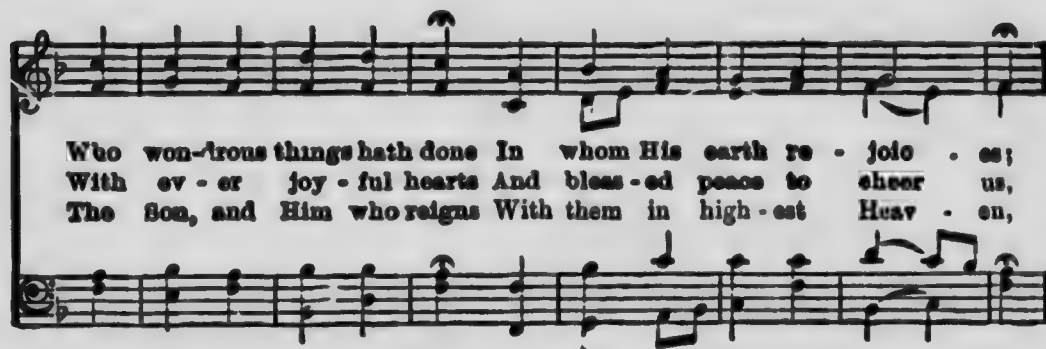
Now Thank We All Our God

Crazer-Winkworth

Martin Rinkart



1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice,
 2. Oh! may this bounteous God, Thro' all our life be near us,
 3. All praise and thanks to God, The Fa-ther, now be giv-en.



Who won-drous things hath done In whom His earth re-joice;
 With ev-er joy-ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us,
 The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high-est Heav-en,



Who from our moth-ers' arms Hath blessed us on our way
 And keep us in His grace And guide us when per-plexed,
 The one e-ter-nal God Whom earth and Heav'n a-dore,



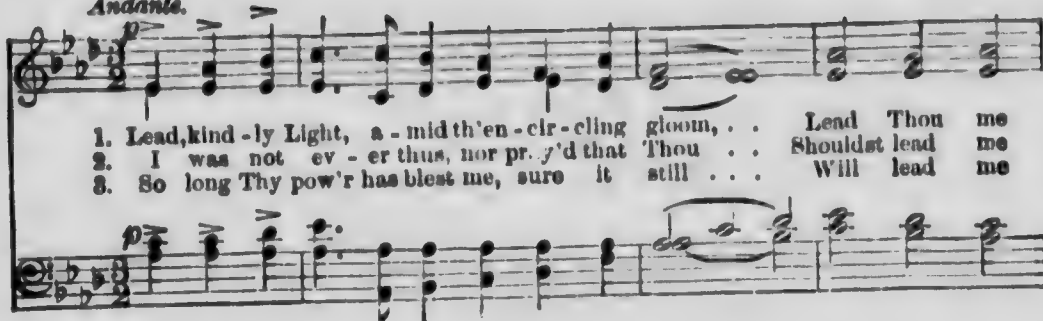
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.
 And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
 For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-a-re.

Lead, Kindly Light.

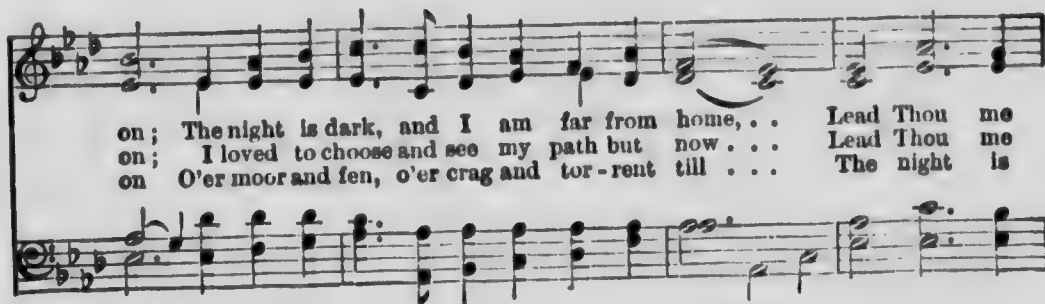
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Newman.
Andante.

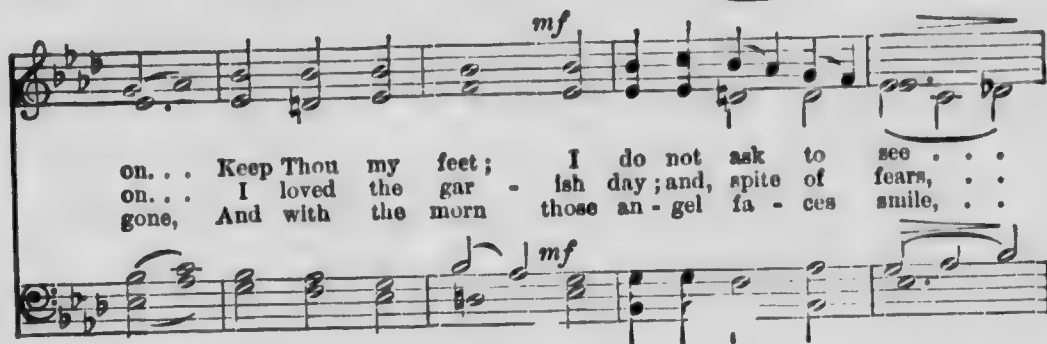
Dylan.



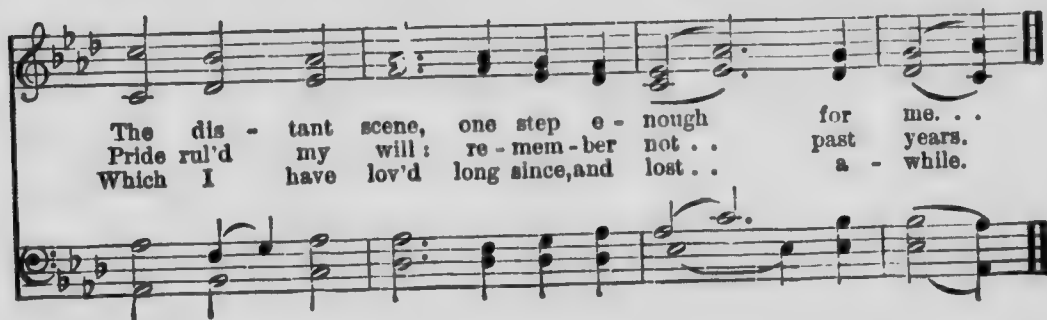
1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, . . . Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pr. y'd that Thou . . . Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still . . . Will lead me



on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, . . . Lead Thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path but now . . . Lead Thou me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent till . . . The night is

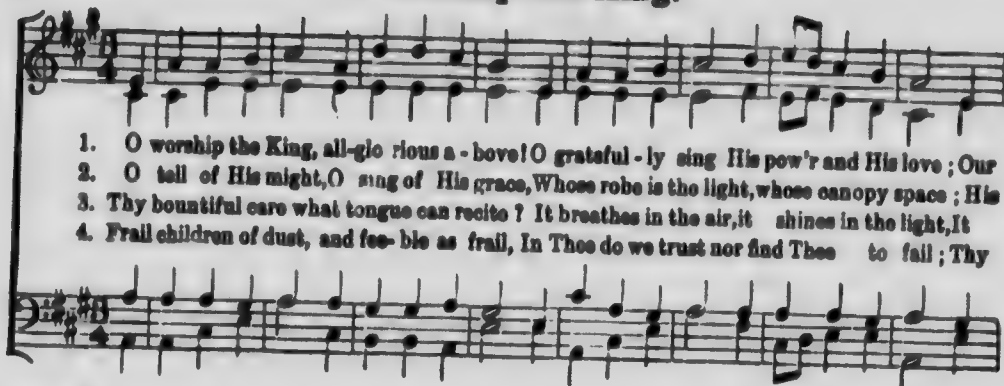


on . . . Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
on . . . I loved the gar - ish day; and, spite of fears, . . .
gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . . .

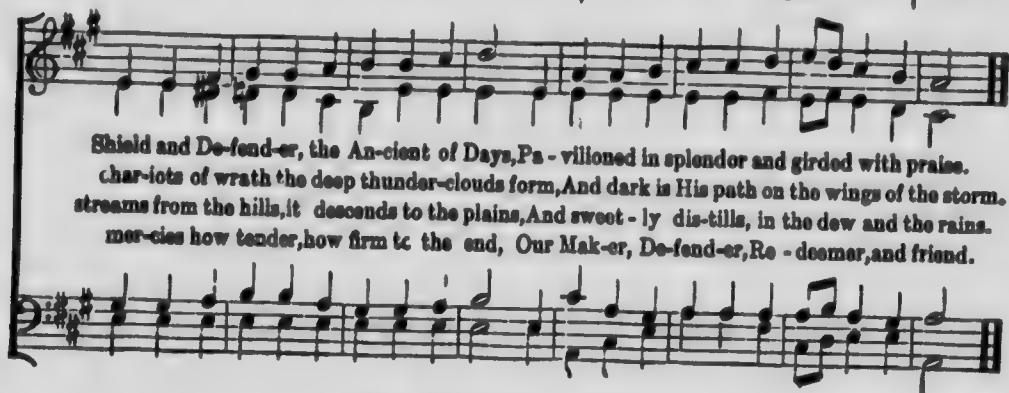


The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me . . .
Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not . . . past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost . . . a - while.

O Worship the King.

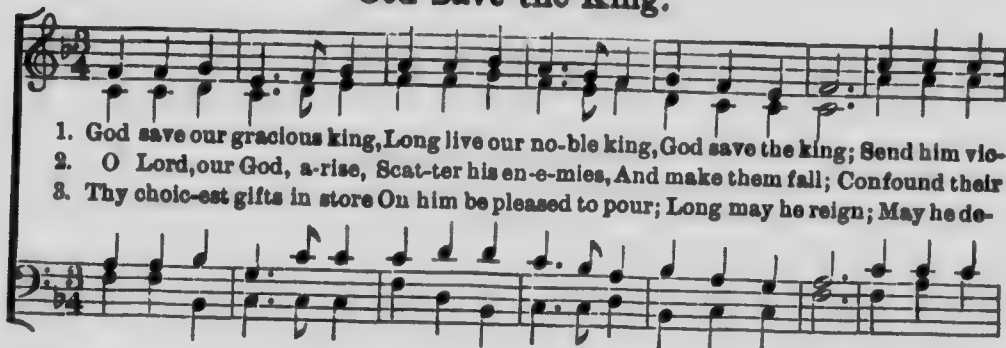


1. O worship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove! O grateful-ly sing His pow'r and His love; Our
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space; His
 3. Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It
 4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we trust nor find Thee to fail; Thy

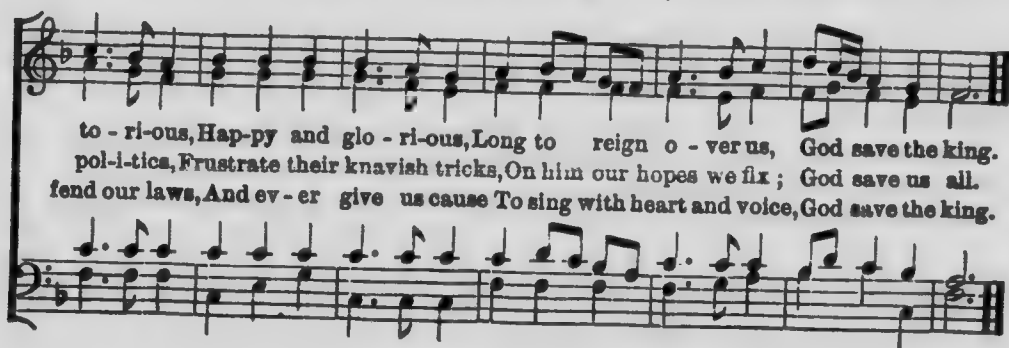


Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of Days, Pa-vilions in splendor and girded with praise.
 char-iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 streams from the hills, it descends to the plains, And sweet-ly dis-tills, in the dew and the rains.
 mer-cies how tender, how firm to the end, Our Mak-er, De-fend-er, Re-deemer, and friend.

God Save the King.



1. God save our gracious king, Long live our no-ble king, God save the king; Send him vio-
 2. O Lord, our God, a-rise, Scat-ter his en-e-mies, And make them fall; Confound their
 3. Thy choic-est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour; Long may he reign; May he de-



to-ri-ous, Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o-ver us, God save the king.
 pol-i-tics, Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our hopes we fix; God save us all.
 fend our laws, And ev-er give us cause To sing with heart and voice, God save the king.

God Ever Glorious.

125

1. God, ev - er glo - ri - ous Sov - reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the ban - ner of peace o'er the land
2. Still may Thy blessings rest, — Fa - ther most ho - ly, O - ver each mountain, rock, river, and shore -

Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er, Own we Thine hand.
Sing hal - le - lu - jah, Shout in ho - san - nas, God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more.

Old Hundred.

Isaac Watts.

in G. G. Franc.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
2. E - ter - nal are Thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends Thy word;
3. In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song; To ev - 'ry land the strains be - long;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
In cheer - ful sounds all voi - ces raise; And fill the world with lou - est praise.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ; Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him, above, ye heavenly host ; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

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Andante, owners of the copyright.

Walter Kittredge.

mf

1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone
3. We are tired of war on the old camp ground; Ma-ny are dead and
4. We've been fighting to-night on the old camp ground; Ma-ny are ly-ing

mf

cheer Our wea-ry hearts, a song of home And
by, Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the
gone Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
near, Some are dead, and some are dy-ing,

CHORUS.

mf

friends we love so dear.
tear that said "good-bye!"
Oth-ers been wounded long. } Ma-ny are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night,
Ma-ny are in tears.

mf

Wish-ing for the war to cease, Ma-ny are the hearts looking for the right,

To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night,

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.

127

Last time ppp

Tent-ing on the old campground.
(Omit.....) Dy-ing on the old camp ground

Pibroch of Donnel Dhu.*

Walter Scott.

Scotch Folk-song.

1. Pi - broch of Don - nel Dhu, Pi - broch of Don - nel, Wake thy wild voice a - new,
2. Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rock - y, War pipe and pen - non Are

Sum-mon Clan Con - nell. Come a - way, come a - way, Hark to the sum-mons!
at In - ver - loch - y; Come ev - 'ry hill-plaid, and True heart that wears one,

Come in your war ar - ray, gen-tles and com-mons. Come a-way, come a-way,
Come ev - 'ry steel blade, and Strong hand that bears one. Come a-way, come a-way,

Hark to the sum-mons, Come in your war ar - ray, Gen-tles and com-mons.

* Melody in the bass. The portion preceding the chorus may be sung as a unison song.

The Watch on the Rhine.

Max Schneckenburger.

Wilhelm.

Allegro maestoso.

1. A peal like thun-der calls the brave, With clash of sword and sound of wave,
 2. A hundred thousand hearts beat high, The an - swer flames from ev - 'ry eye;
 3. So long as blood shall warm our veins, While f - sword one hand remains,
 4. The oath resounds, the waver rolls by, The ban - ners wave, advanced on high;

The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who now will guard the riv - er's line?
 The Ger-man youth de-vot-ed stand To shield the ho - ly bor - der-land.
 One arm to bear a gun, no more Shall foot of foe-man tread thy shore!
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! We all will guard the riv - er's line!

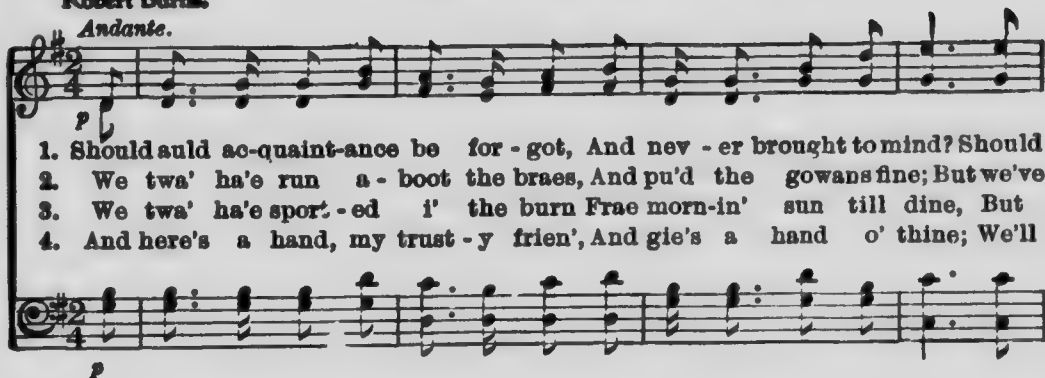
Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine, Dear Fa-ther-land, no fear be thine, Firm stands the

guard a - long, a - long the Rhine, Firm stands the guard along the Ger-man Rhine!

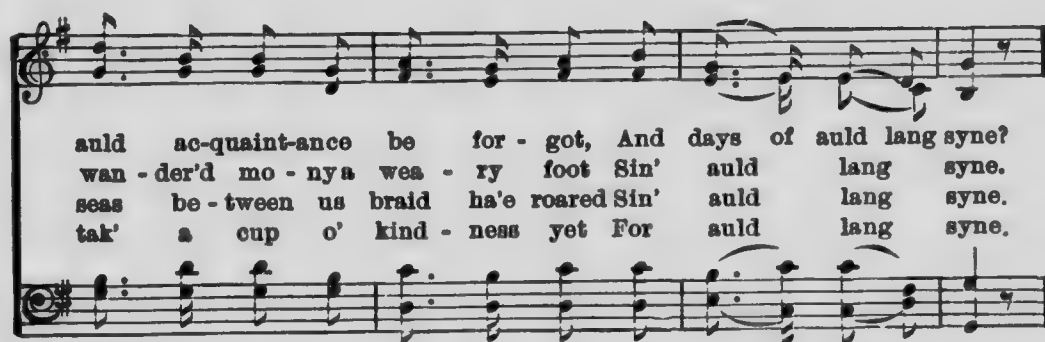
Auld Lang Syne.

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Robert Burns.
Andante.

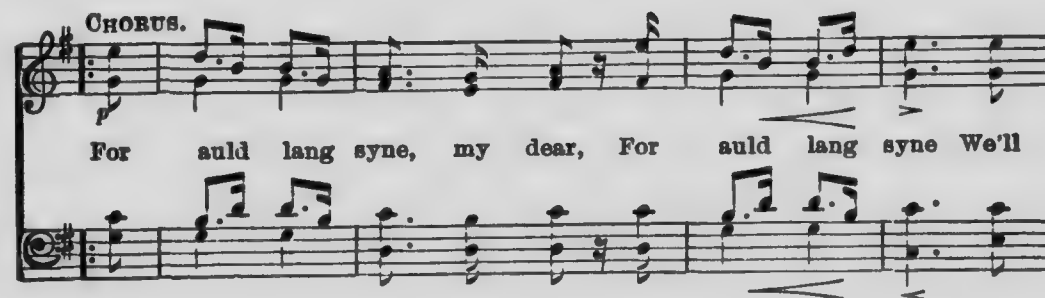


1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
 2. We twa' ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine; But we've
 3. We twa' ha'e sport-ed i' the burn Frae morn-in' sun till dine, But
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll



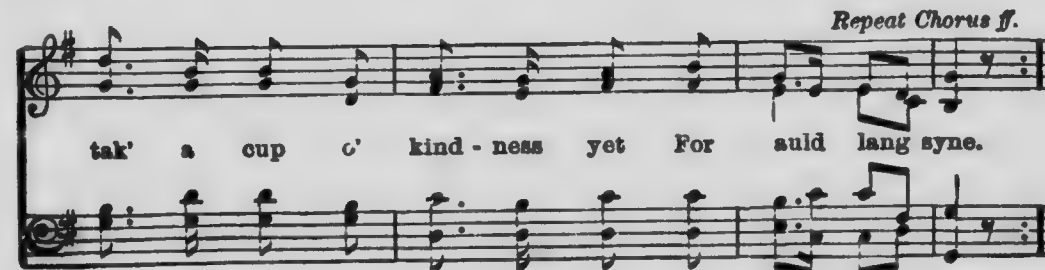
auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wan-der'd mo-nya wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 seas be-tween us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne We'll

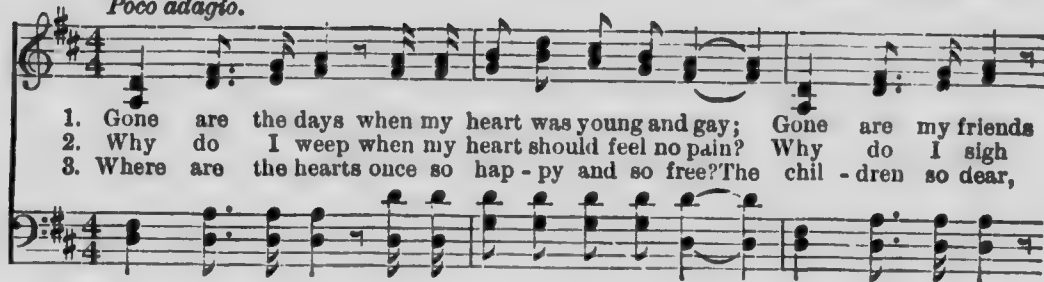
Repeat Chorus ff.



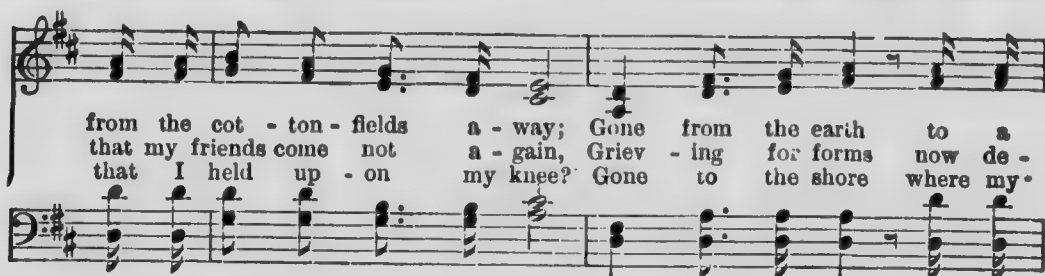
tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

Old Black Joe.

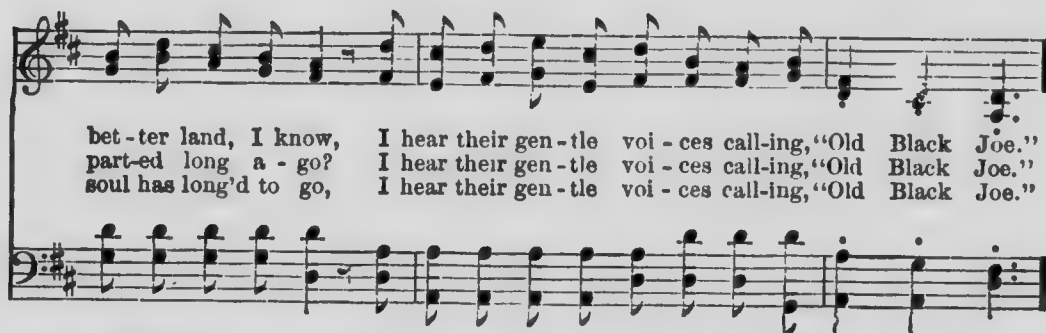
Stephen C. Foster.

Poco adagio.


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear,



from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
 that my friends come not a - gain, Grief - ing for forms now de -
 that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my -

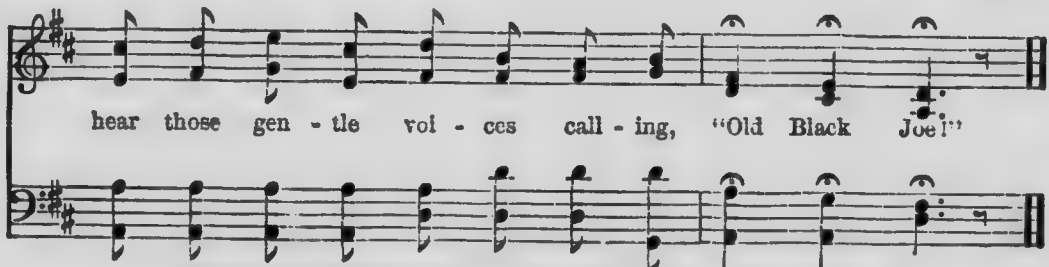


bet - ter land, I know, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
 part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."
 soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low; I



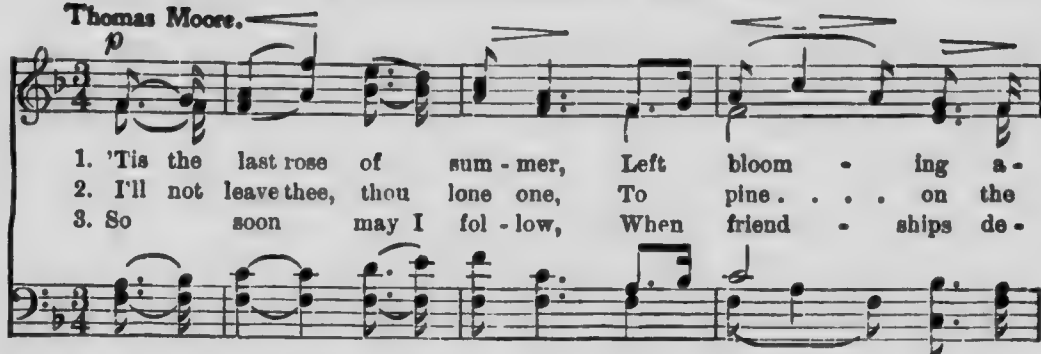
hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

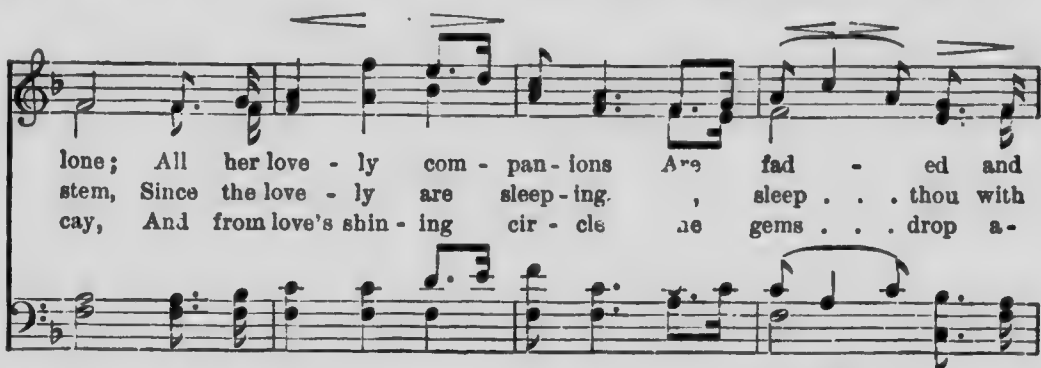
131

Thomas Moore.

p

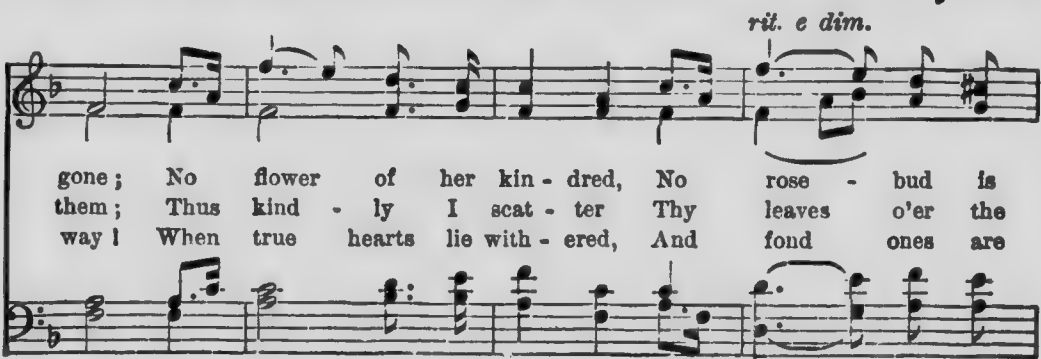


1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . on the
 3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de -



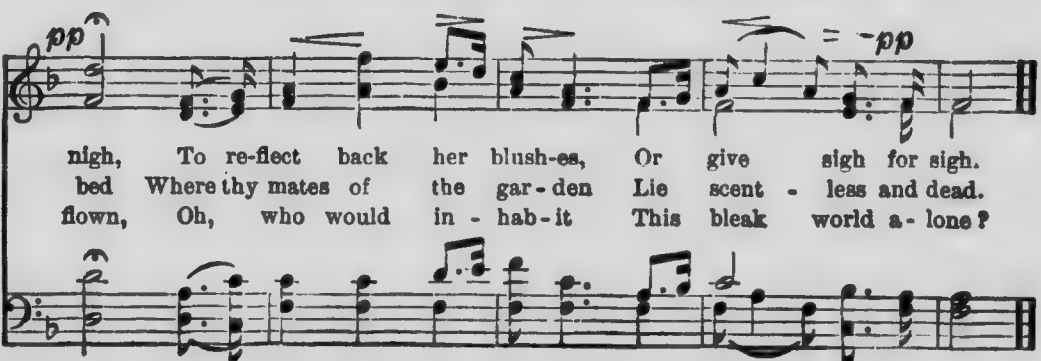
lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and
 stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, sleep . . . thou with
 cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle as gems . . . drop a -

rit. e dim.



gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
 them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
 way! When true hearts lie with - ered, And fond ones are

pp



nigh, To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 bed Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
 flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah Flower Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' a cross it be,
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me,
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho't's Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

D. S. Near - er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. D. S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee;
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee,
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my songs shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

Reginald Heber.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows, How
 2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose
 3. De - pen - dent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone, In

sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.
 se - cret heart with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 child-hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean.

133

HENRY RUSSELL

The first four measures may be played as a prelude

1. Bri-tan-nia, the pride of the o-cean, The land of the brave and the free, The
 2. When war with its wide des-o-la-tion, Now threatened the land to de-form, The

shrine of the sailor's de-v-o-tion, There's none can com-pare un-to thee! Thy
 ark then of free-dom's foun-da-tion, Bri-tan-nia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her

man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, With the garlands of glo-ry in view, Thy
 lau-rels of vic-to-ry round her, When so nobly she bore her brave crew, With her

ban-ners make ty-ran - ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue! When
 flag float-ing proud - ly be-fore her, The . boast of the Red, White and Blue! The

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

borne by the Red, White and Blue! When borne by the Red, White and Blue! Thy
 boast of the Red, White and Blue! The boast of the Red, White and Blue! With her

The second system continues the musical piece. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble, When . borne by the Red, White and Blue.
 flag floating proud-ly be-fore her, The . . boast of the Red, White and Blue.

The third system concludes the musical piece. It features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

A cup of good wine then bring hith-er, And fill it right full to the brim,

mf *fz* *fz*

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *fz* (forzando).

May the glo-ry of Nel-son ne'er with-er, Nor the star of our na-tion grow dim ;

fz

This system contains the second line of music. The piano accompaniment features a *fz* (forzando) marking.

May the Ser-vice u-ni-ted ne'er sev-er, And both to their col-ours prove true,

fz *fz*

This system contains the third line of music. The piano accompaniment features two *fz* (forzando) markings.

The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !

'The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

cres. *fz* *fz*

f *fz* *ff*

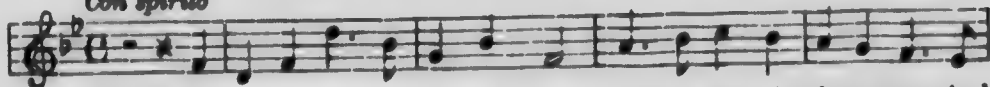
Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean." The page number is 136. The score is written for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line consists of three staves. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The first system of music includes the lyrics "The Ar-my and Na-vy for ev-er! Three . . cheers for the Red, White, and Blue !". The second system includes the lyrics "Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue ! Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue !". The third system includes the lyrics "'The Army and Na-vy for ev-er ! Three . . cheers for the Red, White and Blue.". The piano part features various dynamic markings: *fz* (forzando), *mp* (mezzo-piano), *f* (forte), *cres.* (crescendo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The score ends with a double bar line.

The Maple Leaf for Ever.

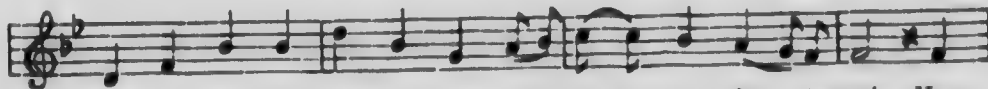
137

ALEXANDER MUIR

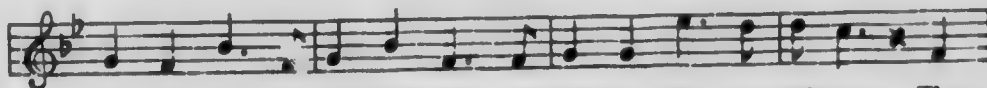
Con spirito



1. In days of yore, from Bri-tain's shore, Wolfe the daunt-less he-ro came, And
2. At Queenston Heights, and Len-dy's Lane, Our brave fa-thers side by side, For



plant-ed firm Bri - tan-nia's flag, On Ca - na-da's fair do-main; Here
free-dom, homes, and loved ones dear, Firm-ly stood and no - bly died; And

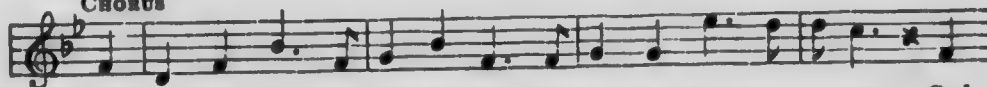


may it wave our boast and pride, And join in love to-geth-er, The
those dear rights which they maintained, We swear to yield them nev-er, Our

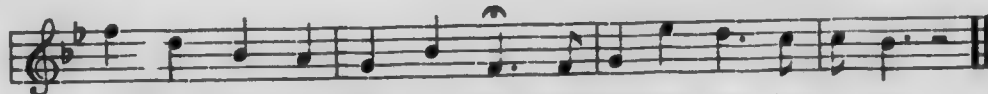


This - tle, Sham-rock, Rose en - twine, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.
watch-word ev - er more shall be, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

CHORUS



The Ma - ple Leaf our em-blem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for ev-er, God



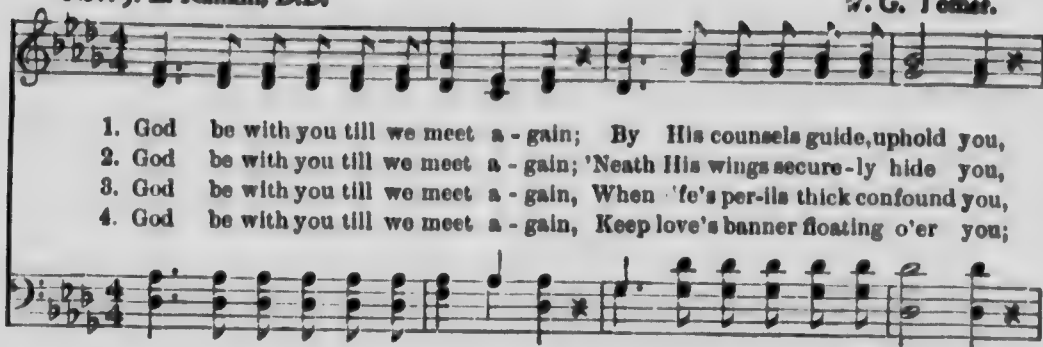
save our King and Hea - ven bless The Ma - ple Leaf for ev - er.

- 3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound,
And may those ties of love be ours,
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever.

- 4 On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle;
Then swell the song both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D.

W. G. Thomas.

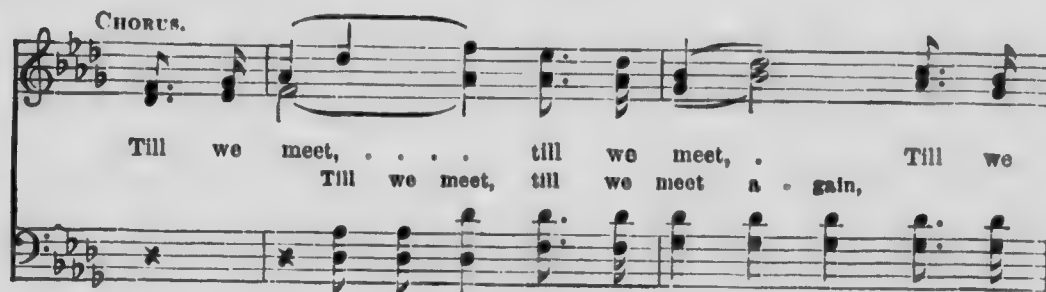


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath His wings secure-ly hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When 'fe's per-ils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;



With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Dai - ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.

CHORUS.



Till we meet, till we meet, . Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,



meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet, till we
 till we meet; Till we meet, till we

By permission.

God be with You.

139

musical score for 'God be with You.' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef and the bass line is on a bass clef. The lyrics are: meet, . . . God be with you till we meet a - gain.

Polish May Song.

Translated.

Polish Air.

musical score for 'Polish May Song.' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef and the bass line is on a bass clef. The lyrics are: 1. May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her; 2. Birds thro' ev - 'ry thick-et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness; 3. Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er;

musical score for 'Polish May Song.' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef and the bass line is on a bass clef. The lyrics are: Grov - and field lift up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her! Hark! the long drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness. With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the giv - er.

musical score for 'Polish May Song.' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef and the bass line is on a bass clef. The lyrics are: Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

musical score for 'Polish May Song.' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on a treble clef and the bass line is on a bass clef. The lyrics are: Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

J. THOMSON

Dr. ARNE



1. When Britain first . . at Heav'n's command, A-rose from out the
2. The nations not . . so bless'd as thee Must in their turns to
3. Still more ma-jes - tic shalt thou rise, More dread - - ful from each
4. Thee, haughty ty - rants ne'er shall tame; All their attempts to



as - ure main, A - rose, a - rose from out the as - ure main,
 ty - rants fall, Must in their turns, their turns to ty - rants fall;
 for - eign stroke, More dreadful, dread-ful from each for - eign stroke;
 hurl thee down, All their at-tempts, at - tempts to hurl thee down,



This was the char - ter, the char - ter of the land. And
 While thou shalt flour - ish, shalt flour - ish, great and free, The
 As the loud blast that, blast that tears the skies, Serves
 Will but a - rouse, a - rouse thy gen - 'rous flame, And

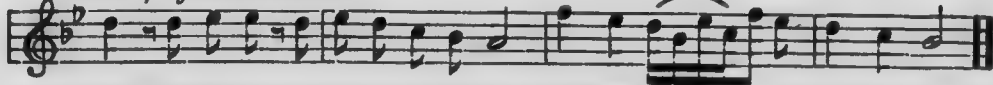


guar - dian An - gels sung the strain: Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 dread and en - vy of them all. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 but to root thy na - tive oak. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -
 work their woe and thy re - nown. Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -



tan - nia rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - - er shall be slaves.

CHORUS, *After each verse*



Rule, Bri-tan-nia, Bri-tan-nia rule the waves; Bri-tons nev - er shall be slaves.

5 To thee belongs the rural reign;

1: Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; :||

All thine shall be the subject main,

And ev'ry shore encircles thine. Cho. :

6 The muses still, with freedom crown'd,

||: Shall to thy happy coasts repair ; :||

Blest Isle ! with matchless beauty crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair. Cho

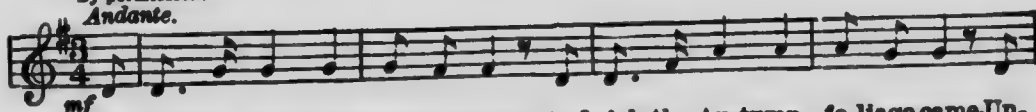
PART III.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE BASS CLF.

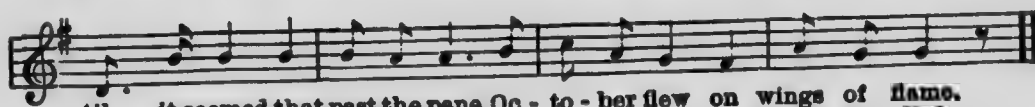
October.

German Air.

C. H. Crandall.
By permission.
Andante.

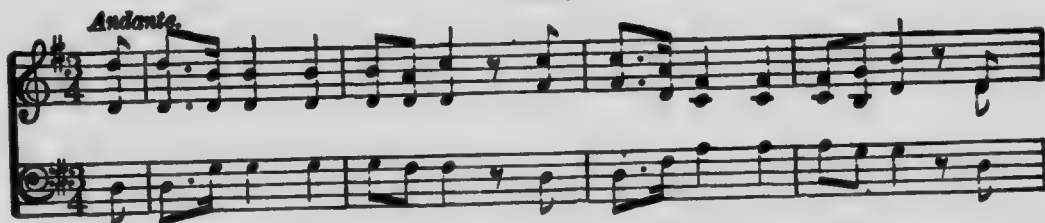


- mf*
1. Oh! swift-ly forward flashed the train And rich the Au-tumn fo-liage came, Un-
2. It was a joy to watch the gleam Of ten-der sky and tint-ed leaf; The

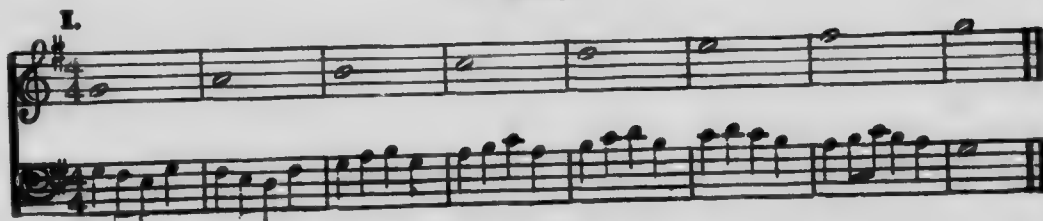


til it seemed that past the pane Oc-to-ber flew on wings of flame.
wind ca-ressed the pla-cid stream, It was a day of sweet be-lief.

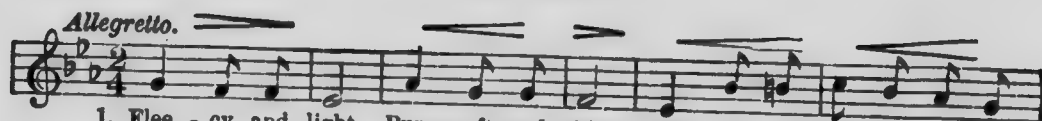
A Study.



A Study.



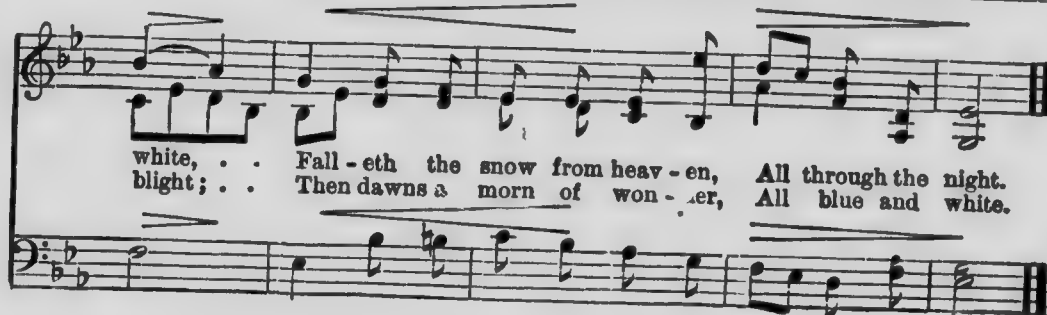
The Snow.



1. Flee - cy and light, Pure, soft and white, Fall - eth the snow from heaven,
2. Hid - den from sight Are stain and blight; Then dawns a morn of won - der,



All through the night. Flee - cy and light, Pure, soft and
All blue and white. Hid - den from sight Are stain and



white, . . Fall - eth the snow from heav - en, All through the night.
blight; . . Then dawns a morn of won - der, All blue and white.

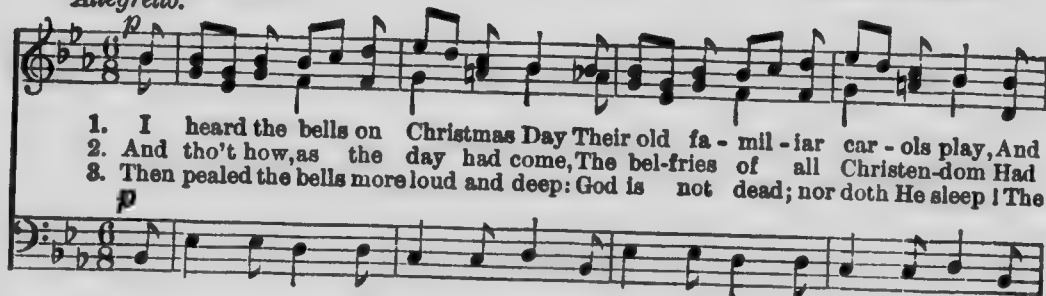
Christmas Bells.

(Melody in the Bass.)

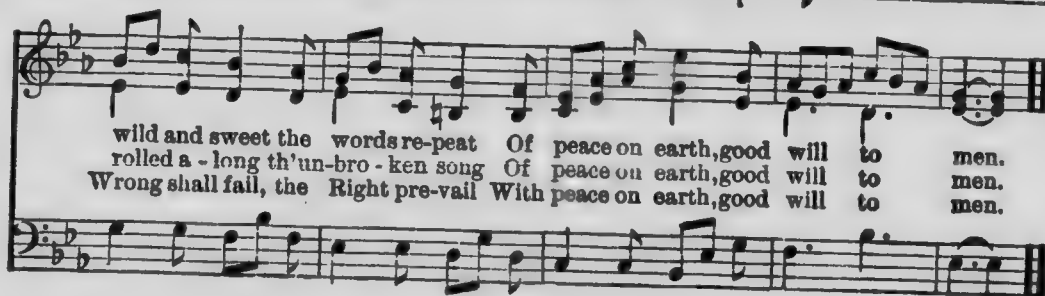
H. W. Longfellow.
By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Allegretto.

Mueller-Gilchrist.



1. I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old fa - mil - iar car - ols play, And
2. And tho't how, as the day had come, The bel-fries of all Christen-dom Had
3. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: God is not dead; nor doth He sleep! The



wild and sweet the words re-peat Of peace on earth, good will to men.
rolled a - long th'un-bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Wrong shall fail, the Right pre-vail With peace on earth, good will to men.

elcome to May.

143

M. L. T.

Fr. Abt.

Allegro.

1. The mer - ry bells are ring - ing, To welcome in the May ; Our hap - py hearts are
2. We bring the sweet May flow - ers, To twine with garlands green, And make a wreath of

bound - ing, With joy to greet the day. Come where the forest shad - ows Flit o'er the mossy
beau - ty, To crown our chosen queen. We'll fill the day with pleasure, With dance and laughter

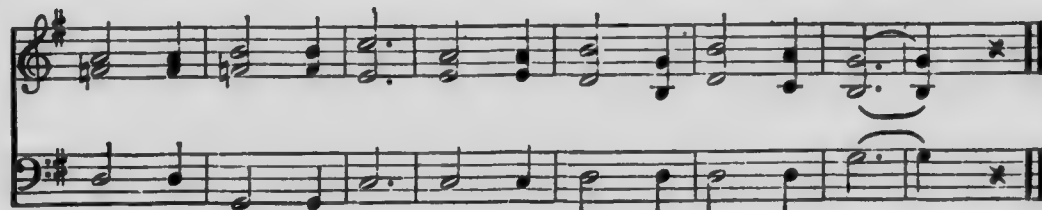
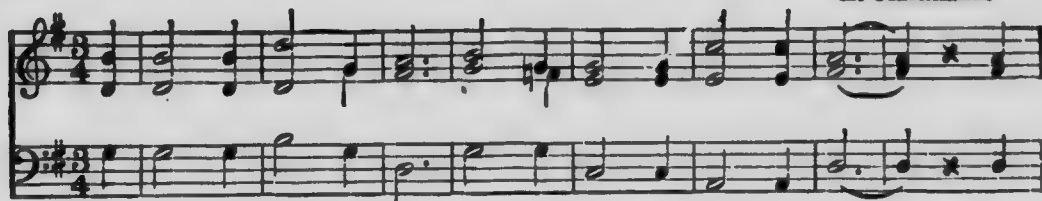
ground, And all u - nite in sing - ing The mer - ry May - day round, round.
g - y ; Come bring your flow'ry treasure, And crown the Queen of May, May.

Studies.

I.

II.

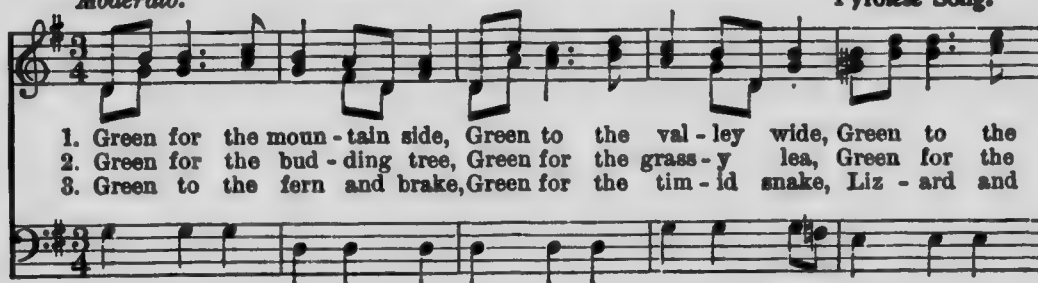
E. Hartmann.



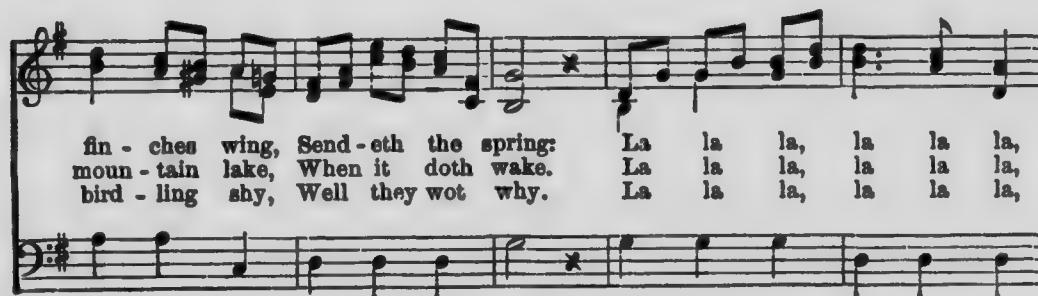
Green for the Mountain-side.

Moderato.

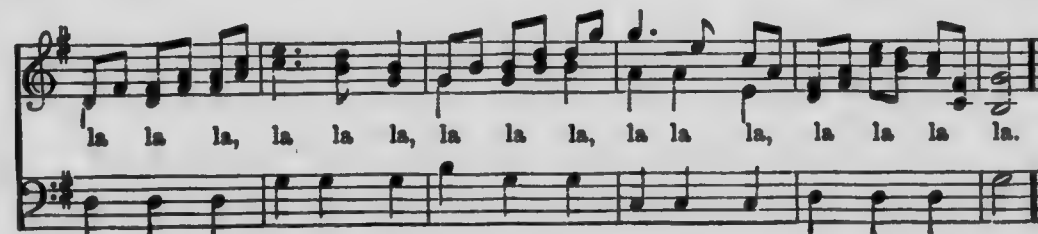
Tyrolean Song.



1. Green for the moun - tain side, Green to the val - ley wide, Green to the
 2. Green for the bud - ding tree, Green for the grass - y lea, Green for the
 3. Green to the fern and brake, Green for the tim - id snake, Liz - ard and



fin - ches wing, Send - eth the spring: La la la, la la la,
 moun - tain lake, When it doth wake. La la la, la la la,
 bird - ling shy, Well they wot why. La la la, la la la,



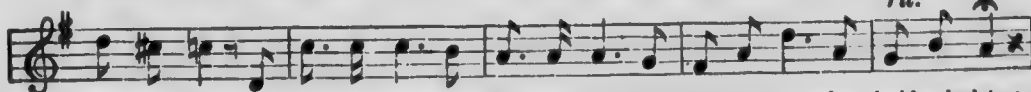
la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la, la la la la.

The Hills of Tyrol.

145



1. Thy hills, Ty-rol, are pass-ing fair, And fair thy moun-tain
2. O vel-vet soft the mead-ows lie Thy hem-lock-skirt-ed
3. Oh, man-ya hap-py, hap-py time I lay be-neath the
4. But hill and vale are van-ished quite, Here stretch-es sand, here
ril.

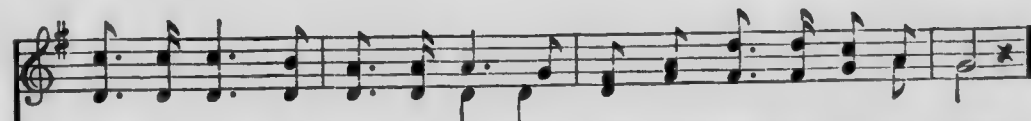
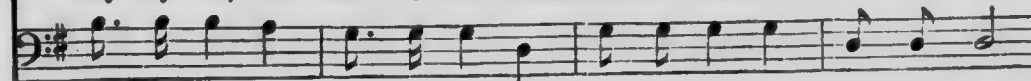


snows to see, And strong as wine the fragrant air Where grows the sweet-breathed hemlock tree.
heights between, And there I sport-ed wild and free Up-on their cro-cus-dot-ted green.
lin-den tree, Or led by goat-bells tinkling chime, A-loft I clambered lus-ti-ly.
moans the sea, And waves com-plain the livelong night, And sul-len skies, they threaten me.

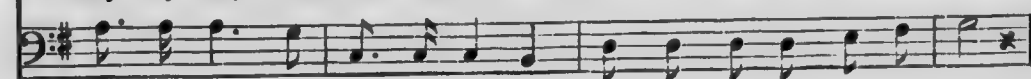
CHORUS.



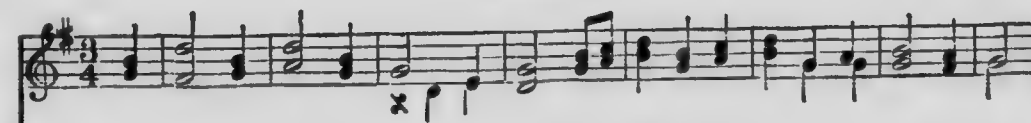
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing;
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing;
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy chil-dren laugh, thy chil-dren sing,
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Though seas are deep, and drear, and wide,



Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy glad-ness shines in ev-'ry-thing.
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy glad-ness shines in ev-'ry-thing.
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, Thy glad-ness shines in ev-'ry-thing.
Gay Ty-rol, ah! dear Ty-rol, I'll see a-gain thy mountain-side.



A Study.



The Wild Huntsman.

From an old German Legend.

Adapted from the German.

Vivace.

1. Through many a bleak and haun-ted wood, O'er moor and val - ley deep,
 2. The ant - lered stag in wild af-fright O'er splin-tered chasm doth leap;
 3. Not oft a mor - tal eye hath seen Our swift train for-ward sweep

Melody in the Bass.

While hol - lo ho! the hunts-men cry, My spec-tral train doth sweep;
 The no - ble prey we fol - low fast O'er vale and crag - gy steep;
 O'er blast - ed heath, o'er rag - ing flood, Thro' gloom-y for - est deep.

Now hol - lo ho! the hunts-men cry, The wood-horn answers mild,
 Through midnight mirk or mid-night gray, In tem - pest, sleet and rain,
 Ah! woe be - tide that luck - less wight; His mor - tal race is run!

And horse and hound and ri - de bold Dash on with tu - mult wild.
 When hol - lo ho! the hunts-men cry, Till day - light comes a - gain.
 Who views our chase, he nev - er-more Shall look up - on the sun.

May be sung first as Bass Unison Song.

A Study.

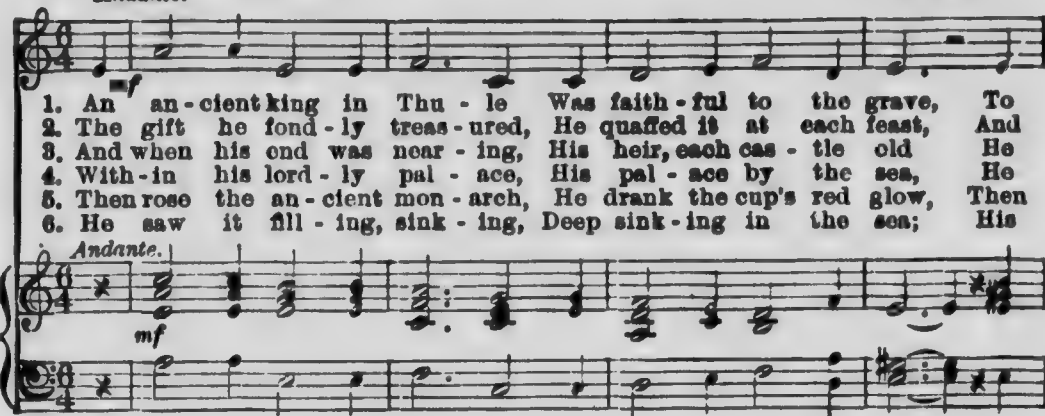
For unchanged voices.

The King in Thule.

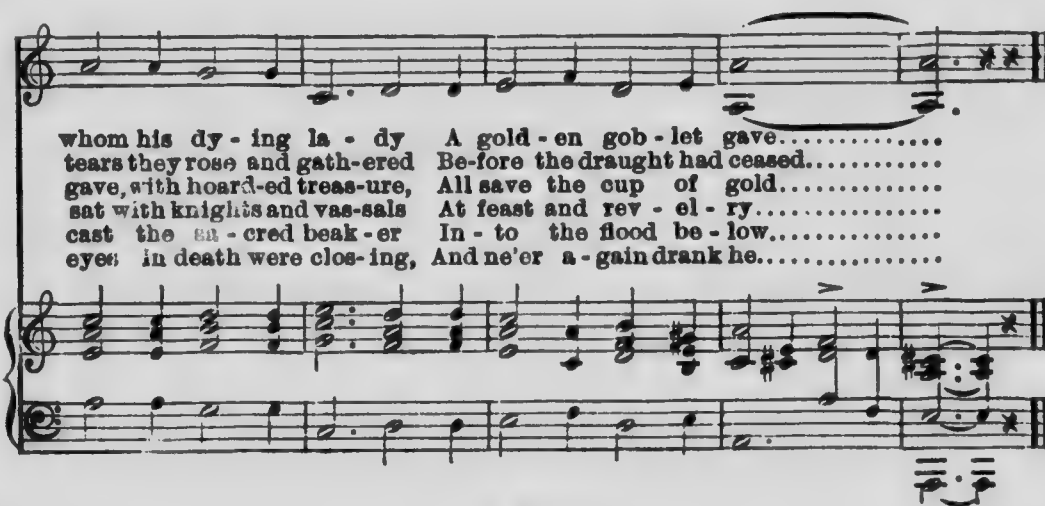
147

Translated from Goethe.
Andante.

K. F. Zehn.

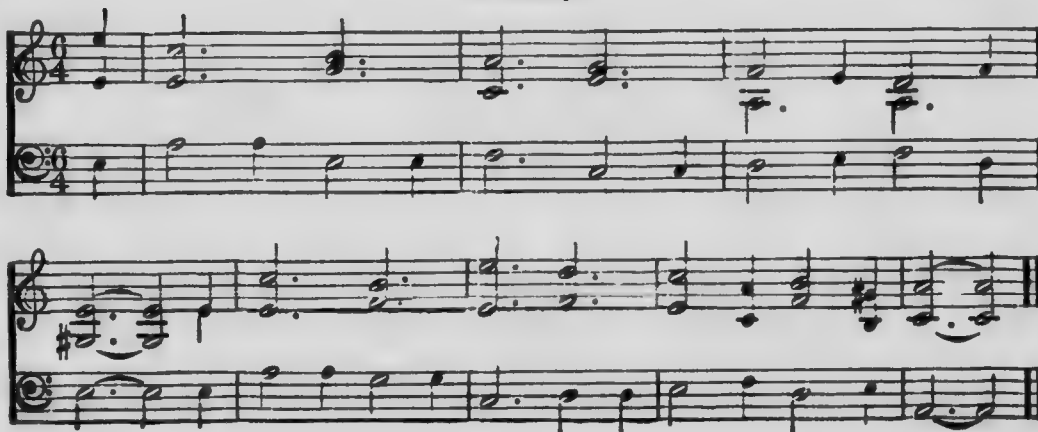


1. An an-cient king in Thu-le Was faith-ful to the grave, To
2. The gift he fond-ly treas-ured, He quaffed it at each feast, And
3. And when his end was near-ing, His heir, each cas-tle old He
4. With-in his lord-ly pal-ace, His pal-ace by the sea, He
5. Then rose the an-cient mon-arch, He drank the cup's red glow, Then
6. He saw it fill-ing, sink-ing, Deep sink-ing in the sea; His



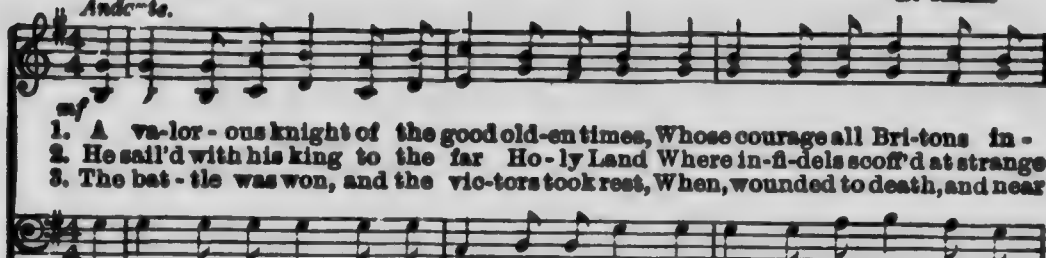
whom his dy-ing la-dy A gold-en gob-let gave.....
tears they rose and gath-ered Be-fore the draught had ceased.....
gave, with hoard-ed treas-ure, All save the cup of gold.....
sat with knights and vas-sals At feast and rev-el-ry.....
cast the sa-cred beak-er In-to the flood be-low.....
eyes in death were clos-ing, And ne'er a-gain drank he.....

A Study.



Sir Hugh de Bray.

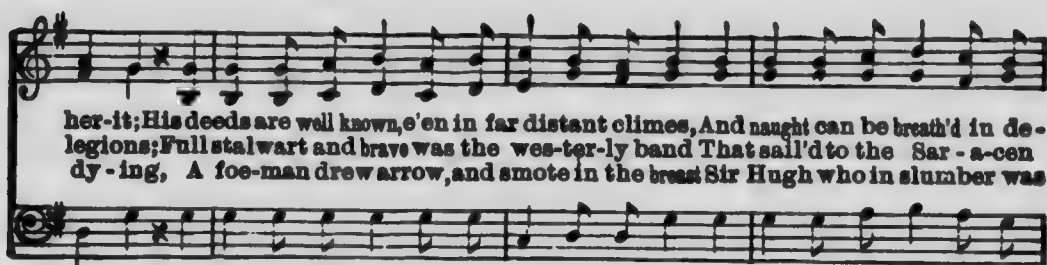
B. Klein.

Andante.


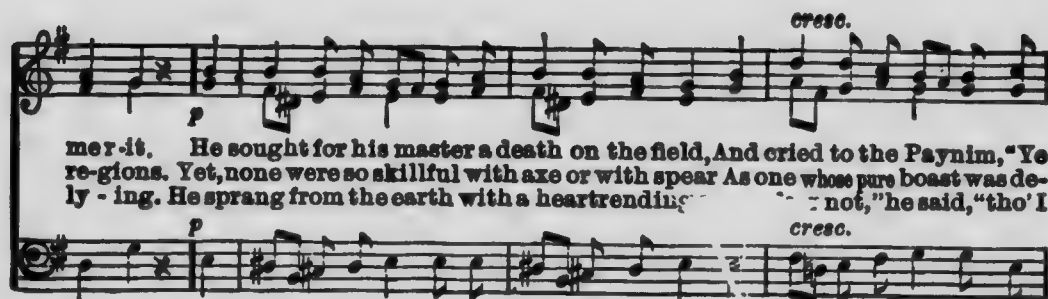
mf

1. A va-lor-ous knight of the good old-en-times, Whose courage all Bri-tons in-
2. He sail'd with his king to the far Ho-ly Land Where in-fi-dels scoff'd at strange
3. The bat-tle was won, and the vic-tors took rest, When, wounded to death, and near

mf



her-it; His deeds are well known, e'en in far distant climes, And naught can be breath'd in de-
legions; Full stalwart and brave was the wes-ter-ly band That sail'd to the Sar-a-cen
dy-ing, A foe-man drew arrow, and smote in the breast Sir Hugh who in slumber was



cresc.

p

mer-it. He sought for his master a death on the field, And cried to the Paynim, "Ye
re-gions. Yet, none were so skillful with axe or with spear As one whose pure boast was de-
ly-ing. He sprang from the earth with a heartrending - not," he said, "tho' I

p

cresc.



f

dim.

mf

die or ye yield! I fight for the faith of my fa - thers!" And none knew so
void of all fear: He fought for the faith of his fa - thers. The fore-most and
know I must die, I fought for the faith of my fa - thers!" He sank to the

f


dim.

mf

Sir Hugh de Bray.


149

cresc. *f*



well dar-ing skill to dis-play As he who was known as Sir Hugh de Bray.
strong-est in joust or in fray Was he who was known as Sir Hugh de Bray.
ground, and his soul pass'd a-way, So died, full of glo-ry, Sir Hugh de Bray.

cresc. *f*



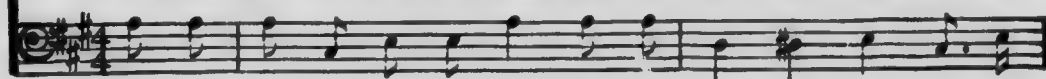
Kelvin Grove.

Scotch.


Con spirito.



1. Let us haste to Kel-vin Grove, bon-ny las-sie, O; Thro' its
2. We will wan-der by the mill, bon-ny las-sie, O; To the
3. Ah! I soon must bid a - dieu, bon-ny las-sie, O; To this
4. And when on a dis-tant shore, bon-ny las-sie, O; Should I




cresc. *mf*




ma-zes let us rove, bon-ny las-sie, O; Where the rose in all its pride Paints the
cot be-side the rill, bon-ny las-sie, O; Where the glens rebound the call Of the
fair-yscene and you, bon-ny las-sie, O; To the streamlet winding clear, To the
fall 'midst battle's roar, bon-ny las-sie, O; Wilt thou, fairest, when you hear Of thy

cresc. *mf*




dim. *p*



in a low dingle side, Where the mid-night fairies glide, bon-ny las-sie, O.
lovely wa-ter fall, Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bon-ny las-sie, O.
fragrant scented brier, And to thee of all most dear, bon-ny las-sie, O.
lo-ver on his bier, To his mem'ry drop a tear, bon-ny las-sie, O?

dim. *p*



A Norse Lullaby.

Eugene Field.

W. W. Gilchrist.

By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.
Andante.

Melody in Bass.

The sky is dark, The hills are white,

f The sky is dark and the hills are white As the

The storm-king speeds from the North to-night, And this the song that the

storm-king speeds from the North to-night, And this is the song that the

storm-king sings As o-ver the world his cloak he swings:

storm-king sings As o-ver the world his cloak he swings:

"Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,

"Sleep, sleep, sleep, lit-tle one, sleep," He rus-tles his wings and

dim. e rall.

sleep, lit-tle one, lit-tle one, lit-tle one, sleep."

dim. e rall.

gruff-ly sings: "Sleep, sleep, lit-tle one, sleep."

O Lord, Another Day is Flown.

151

Henry Kirke White.

Isaac Smith.

Moderato.

mf

1. O Lord, an - oth - er day is flown, And we, a low - ly band,
 2. Oh! let Thy grace per - form its part, And let con - ten - tion cease,
 3. And Thou wilt turn our wan-d'ring feet, And Thou wilt bless our way

mf

Are met once more be - fore Thy throne, To bless Thy fos - t'ring hand.
 And shed a - broad in ev - 'ry heart Thine ev - er - last - ing peace.
 Till world shall fade, and faith shall greet The dawn of last - ing day.

O Lord, Our God, Thy Light and Truth.

Montgomery.

Jeremiah Clark.

Moderato.

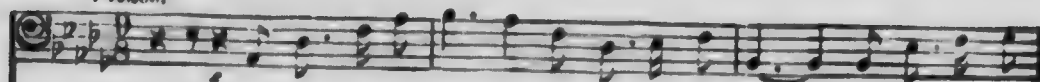
mf

1. O Lord, our God, Thy light and truth To us, Thy chil - dren, send,
 2. By na - ture sin - ful, weak, and blind, The down-ward path we trod;
 3. But friends and guar - dians now thro' grace Our heed - less steps re - strain,
 4. Hence to the hills we lift our eyes, From which sal - va - tion springs:

mf

That we may serve Thee in our youth, And love Thee to the end.
 Our wan-d'ring heart and way-ward mind Were en - e - mies to God;
 They teach us, Lord, to seek Thy face, Which none shall seek in vain.
 O Sun of right - eous - ness, a - rise, With heal - ing in Thy wings.

My Heart's in the Highlands.

Robert Burns.
Vivace.

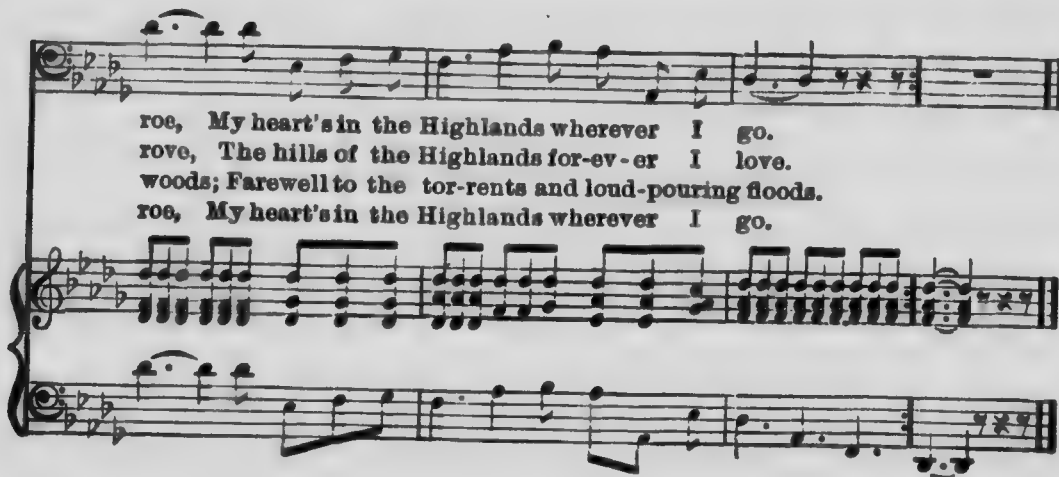
1. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the
2. Fare-well to the Highlands, farewell to the North, The birthplace of
3. Fare-well to the mountains, high-covered with snow; Farewell to the
4. My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the

Vivace.

High-lands a-chas-ing the deer, A-chas-ing the wild deer and toll'wing the
val - or, the country of worth; Wher-ev - er I wan-der, wher-ev - er I
straths and green val-leys be-low; Fare-well to the for-ests and wild-hanging
High-lands a-chas-ing the deer, A-chas-ing the wild deer and toll'wing the



roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
rove, The hills of the Highlands for-ev - er I love.
woods; Farewell to the tor-rents and loud-pouring floods.
roe, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.




Decoration Day.

153

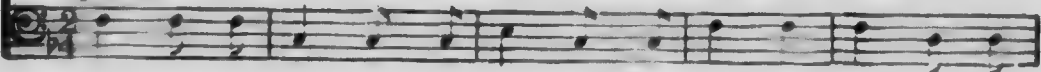

Andantino.
p dolce

Flemish Folk-song.



1. Ten - der - ly bring - ing our flo - ral ob - la - tion, Strew we the
Free - ly their lives for the life of the na - tion, Gal - lant - ly
2. Scorning their coun - try's true birth-right to bar - ter, Life in the
Wor - thi - er shrine than the grave of the mar - tyr, Free - dom seeks
3. Where o'er their dust nev - er foe - man shall tri - umph, Safe in earth's
Leav - ing be - hind them a death - less ex - am - ple; Peace - ful - ly

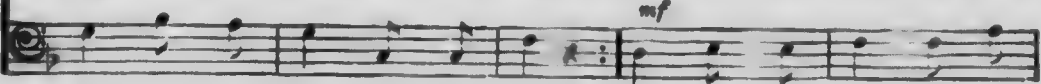

p dolce

graves of the dear ones who gave
dy - ing the death of the brave
bal - ance they grudg'd not to lay.
not where her hom - age to pay.
bo - som en - fold - ed they rest,
sleep they the sleep of the bless



Hal - lowed the ground where the
Faith in the right, at no
Let us, then, true to their

mf





loved ones are sleep - ing, Sacred the hour when a - bove them we tread, While in our
dan - ger to fal - ter, Precious in her - it - ance thus to bequeath; Where find re -
mem - o - ries meet - ing, Rich in the free - dom they died to make ours, O - ver their

dim.

hearts their sweet mem - o - ries keeping, Come we to hon - or the glo - ri - ous dead.
li - gion a ho - li - er altar Than the green graves, with her garlands to wreath -
graves while their virtues re - peat - ing, Ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly strew them with flow -
ers



Old Winter.

FOR BASS VOICES.

Frederick Manley.
f Moderate.

Pleaser Smith

1. Old Win - ter is a rob - ber bold; He leads a band both fierce and cold; He
2. He comes with spears of smit-ing hail; He rides the tempest, clad in mail Of
3. But when his sis- ter Spring ap-pears With sunshine smiles and silver tears, He

Moderato.

f marcato

comes with frost-y blust'ring hordes, With piercing winds and chill-ing gales, To
flash - ing ice, with plumes of snow; And o'er the earth his bands pre-vail; The
leads his ruf- fian crew a- way; Then seeds re- joice in buds; the whirl Of


plun-der all the fields and vales, And strike the woods with keen-edged swords.
leaves and flow-ers, cold and pale, Where'er he rides are strick-en low.
ma - ny wings stir all the air, And babes and lambs come out to play.

A Hunting Song.

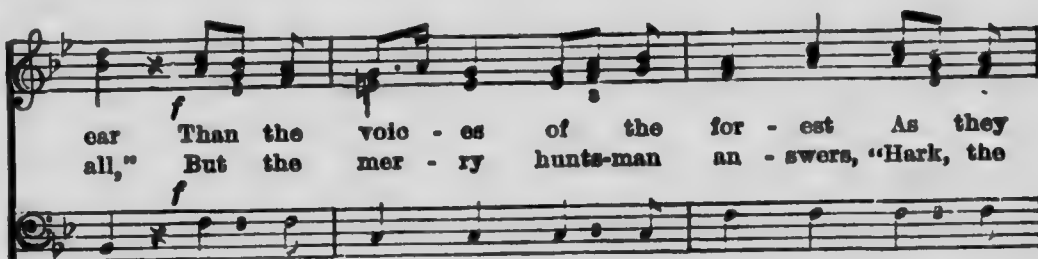
155

Translated from the German.
Allegretto.

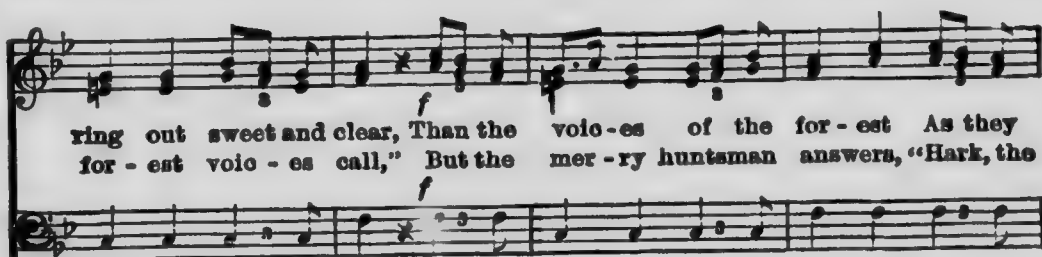
C. Kreutzer.



1. There can be no sweet-er mu - sic To the mer - ry huntsman's
2. Oth - ers say, "The breez-es rust - le In the for - est, that is



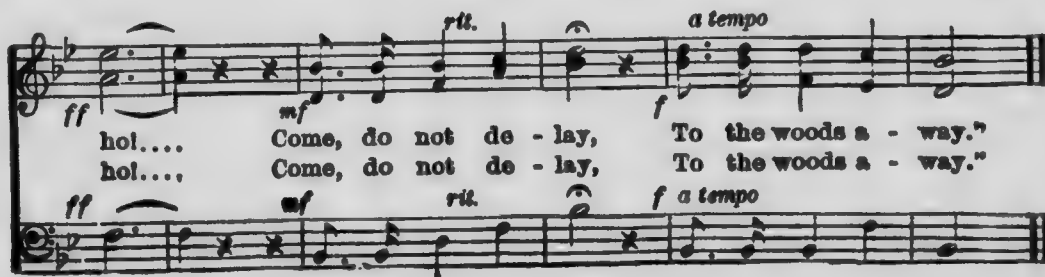
ear Than the voic - es of the for - est As they
all," But the mer - ry hunts-man an - swers, "Hark, the



ring out sweet and clear, Than the voic-es of the for-est As they
for - est voic - es call," But the mer-ry huntsman answers, "Hark, the



ring out sweet and clear. "Hol - la hol hol - la hol hol - la
for - est voic - es call." "Hol - la hol hol - la hol hol - la



hol.... Come, do not de - lay, To the woods a - way."
hol.... Come, do not de - lay, To the woods a - way."

O Hemlock Tree.

From the German.
Moderato.

Folk-song.

mf

1. O hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, How faith-ful are thy branches! Thou'rt
 2. C hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, In truth I dear-ly love thee. How
 3. O hem-lock tree, O hem-lock tree, A les-son thou dost teach me, That

mf

green when sum-mer breez-es blow, And green 'mid win-ter's drift-ing snow, O
 oft at mer-ry Christmas tide Hast filled my heart with joy and pride! O
 ev-er hope and con-stant-ly Will strength and comfort give to me; O

hem - lock tree, O hem - lock tree, How faith-ful are thy branch-es!
 hem - lock tree, O hem - lock tree, In truth I dear - ly love thee.
 hem - lock tree, O hem - lock tree, A les - son thou dost teach me.

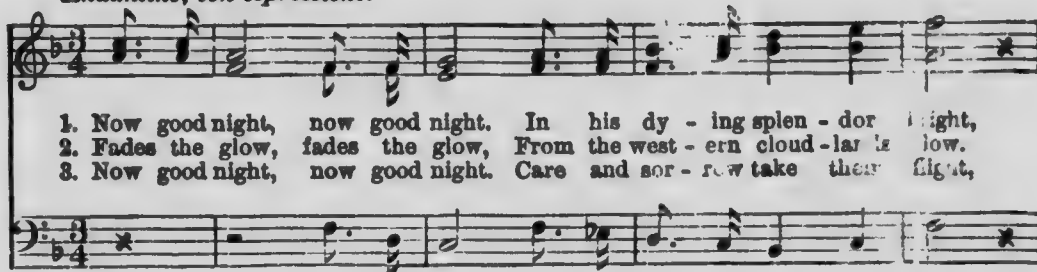
A Study.

Good Night.

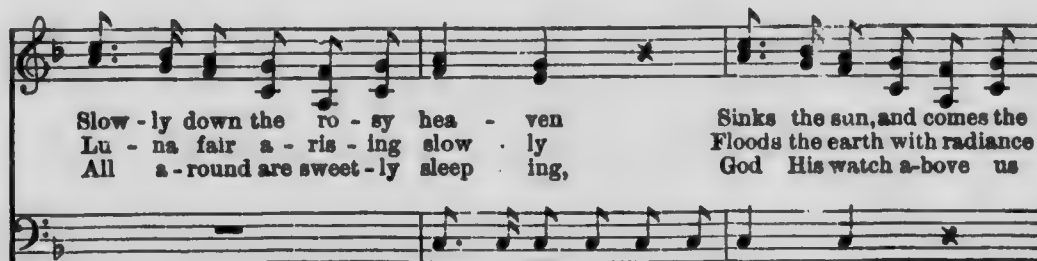
157

Night.

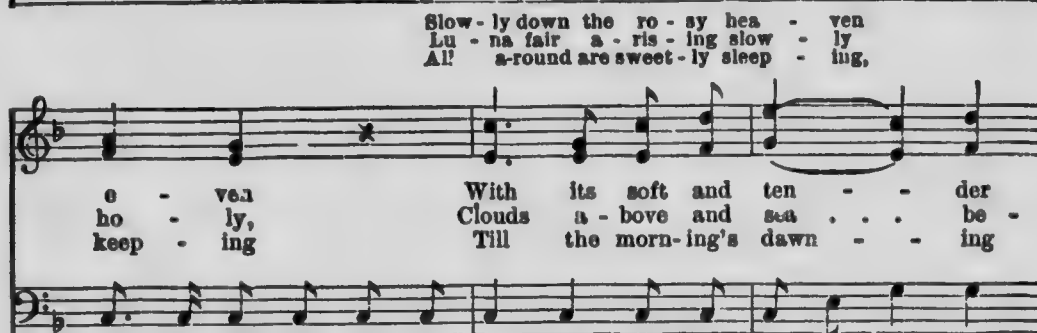
Andantino, con espressione.



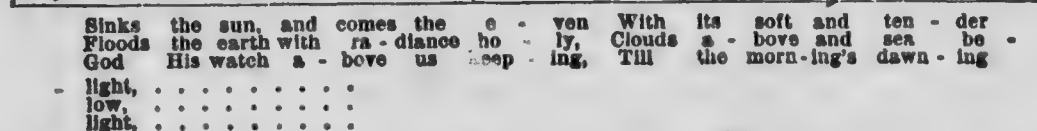
1. Now good night, now good night. In his dy - ing splen - dor light,
 2. Fades the glow, fades the glow, From the west - ern cloud - lar light,
 3. Now good night, now good night. Care and sor - row take their flight,



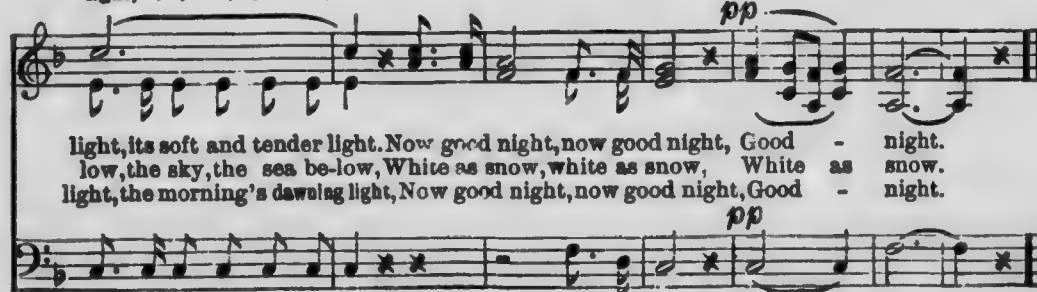
Slow - ly down the ro - sy hea - ven Sinks the sun, and comes the
 Lu - na fair a - ris - ing slow - ly Floods the earth with radiance
 All a - round are sweet - ly sleep - ing, God His watch a - bove us



o - ver With its soft and ten - der
 ho - ly, Clouds a - bove and sea - be -
 keep - ing Till the morn - ing's dawn - ing



Sinks the sun, and comes the o - ven With its soft and ten - der
 Floods the earth with ra - diance ho - ly, Clouds a - bove and sea - be -
 God His watch a - bove us sleep - ing, Till the morn - ing's dawn - ing
 light,
 low,
 light,



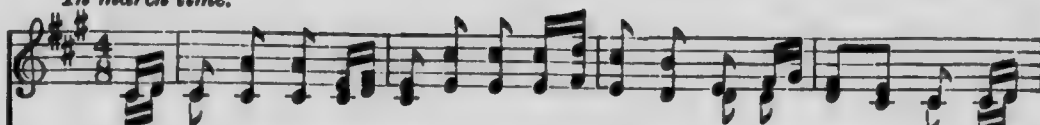
light, its soft and tender light. Now good night, now good night, Good - night.
 low, the sky, the sea be - low, White as snow, white as snow, White as snow.
 light, the morning's dawning light, Now good night, now good night, Good - night.



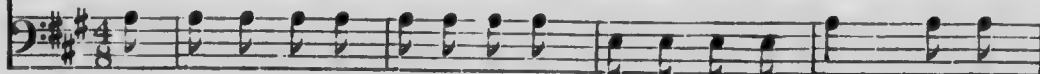
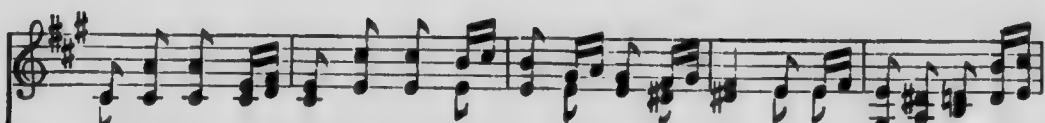
light, its soft and ten - der light, Now good night, Good - night.
 low, the sky, the sea be - low, White as snow, White as snow.
 light, the morning's dawning light, Now good - night, Good - night.

August Becker.
In march time.



L. Liebe.





1. To wan - der thro' the sun - lit world, That is my dear - est pleas - ure; The
2. The bird - lings in their narrow nest Find wings and forth are fly - ing, And
3. O fair art thou, my na - tive vale, I love thee be - yond meas - ure; And


grass and flow'rs with dew bepearled, The lark that floats in az - ure, Send me a greeting
gai - ly chirp - ing, with - out rest, New ven - tures all are try - ing. Fly, birdling, east! fly
till this mor - tal breath shall fail, Pond tho'ts of thee I'll treas - ure. But ne'er my foot shall

gay, Send me a greet - ing. gay. The streamlet hur - ries to the sea, Now
west! Fly, bird - ling, east! fly west! The dear sun shines on you and me, The
rest, But ne'er my foot shall rest; While youth and strength and health are mine, I'll

pause, dear stream - let, wait for me, With you I'd haste a - way, a - way, With
air is fresh and cool and free, To wan - der we love best, love best, To
wan - der in the glad sunshine, To wan - der I love best, love best, To



Wandering.

159

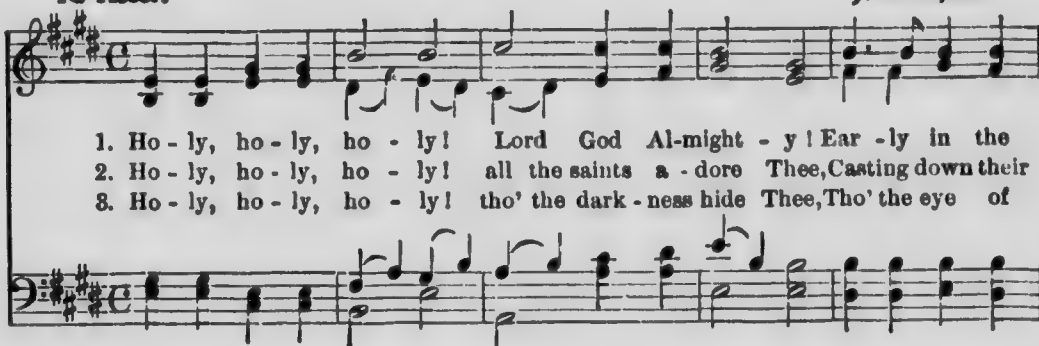


you I'd haste a-way. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 wan-der we love best. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 wan-der I love best. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

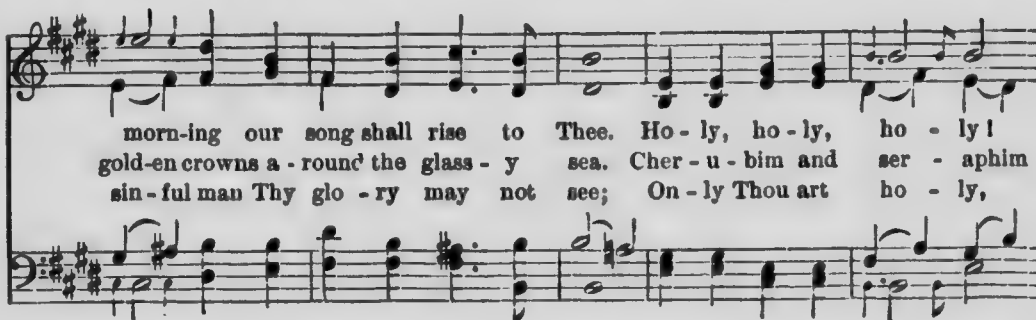
Holy, Holy, Holy!

R. Heber.

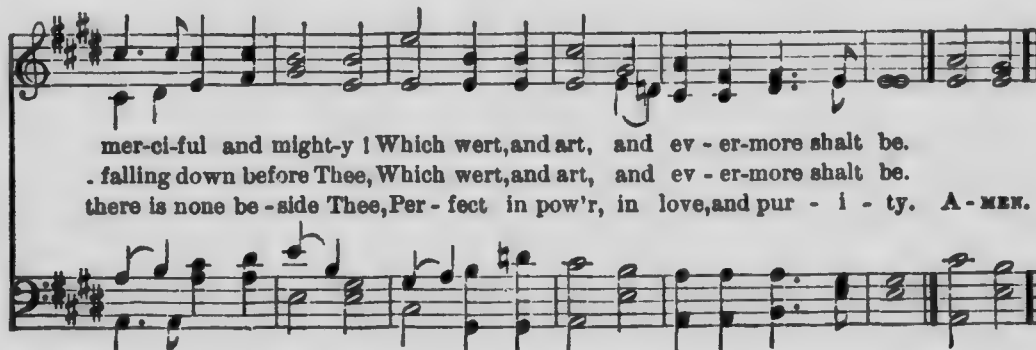
J. B. Dykes.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of



morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 gold-en crowns a - round the glass - y sea. Cher - u - bim and ser - aphim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly,



mer-ci-ful and might-y! Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 . falling down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty. A - MEN.

I.

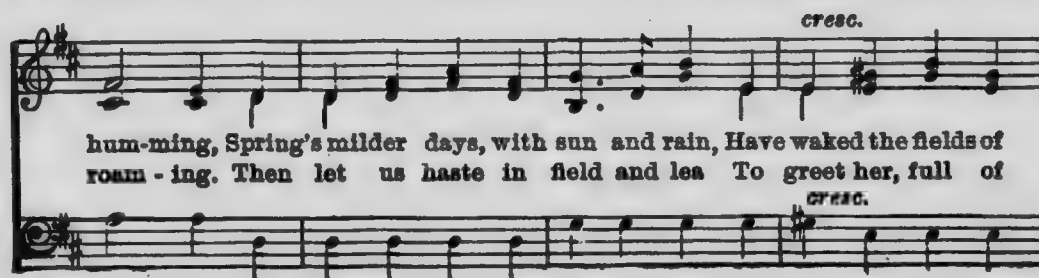
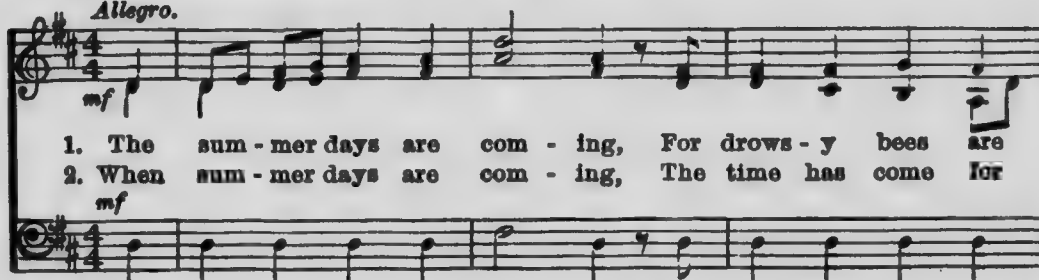


II.

*Andante.**Tschirch.*

The Summer Days are Coming.

Translated from the German.

Allegro.

The Summer Days are Coming.

161

ten - der grain, And pret - ty flow'rs a - bloom - ing The gen - tle air per -
mirth and glee, Who brings the crim - son ro - ses, Who Nature's wealth dis -

fum - ing, And voice of bird pro - claim That sum - mer's com - - ing.
clos - es, With bird and bee re - joice, For sum - mer's com - - ing.

A Study.

EVENING HYMN.

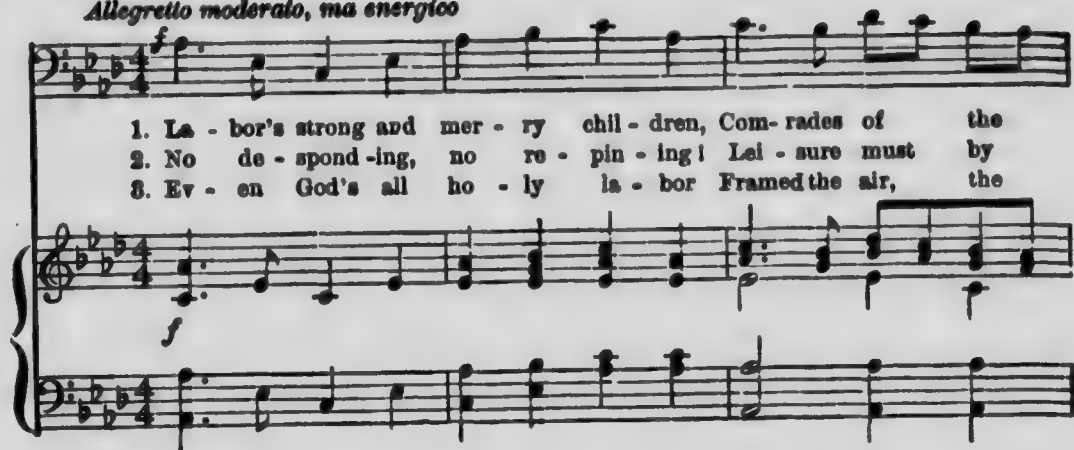
Moderato.

C. Mahan.

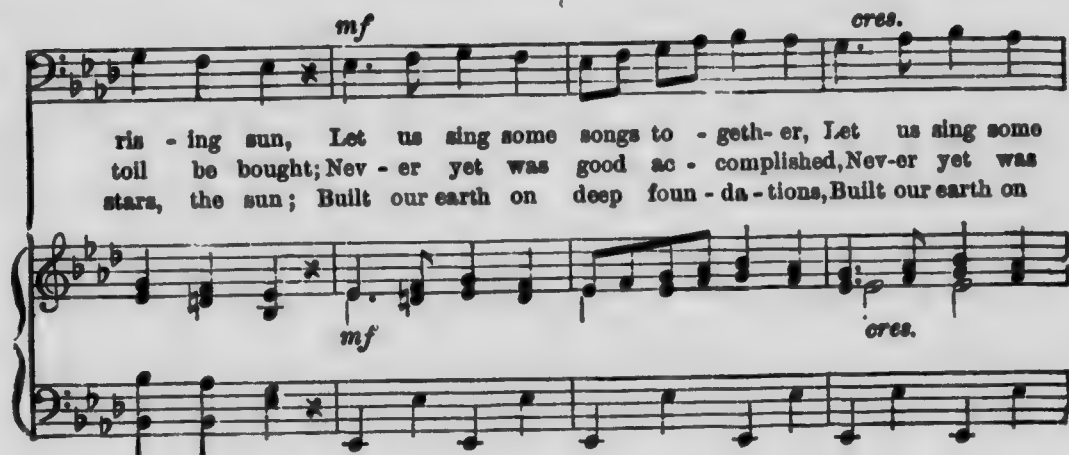
Song After Labor

BASS UNISON SONG

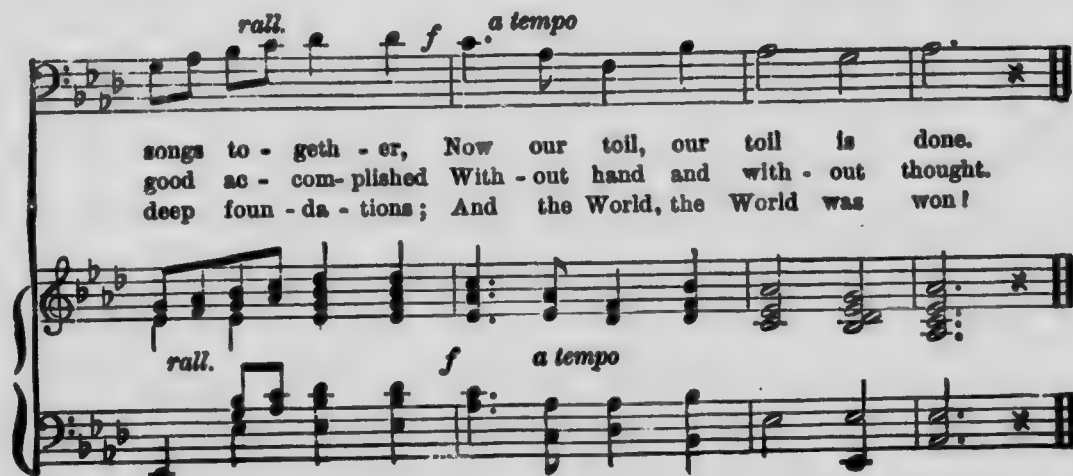
E. Cornwall

Allegretto moderato, ma energico


1. La - bor's strong and mer - ry chil - dren, Com - rades of the
 2. No de - spond - ing, no re - pin - ing! Lei - sure must by
 3. Ev - en God's all ho - ly la - bor Framed the air, the



mf *cres.*
 ris - ing sun, Let us sing some songs to - geth - er, Let us sing some
 toil be bought; Nev - er yet was good ac - complished, Nev - er yet was
 stars, the sun; Built our earth on deep foun - da - tions, Built our earth on



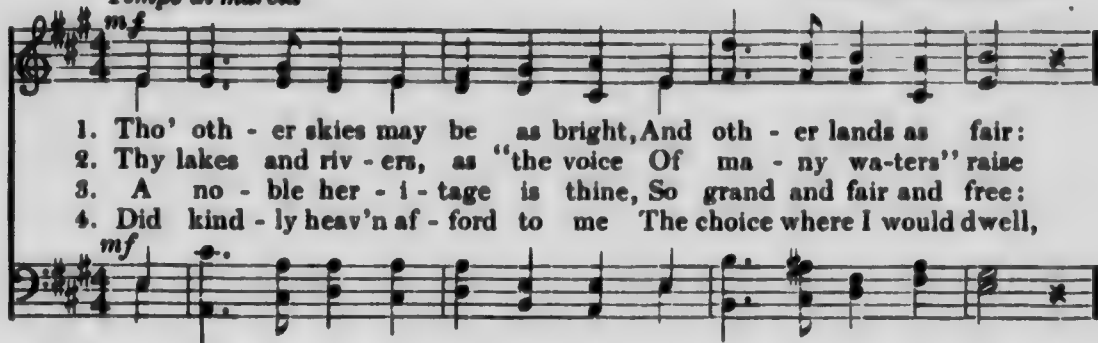
rall. *f* *a tempo*
 songs to - geth - er, Now our toil, our toil is done.
 good ac - com - plished With - out hand and with - out thought.
 deep foun - da - tions; And the World, the World was won!

My Own Canadian Home.

163

E. G. NELSON
Tempo di marcia

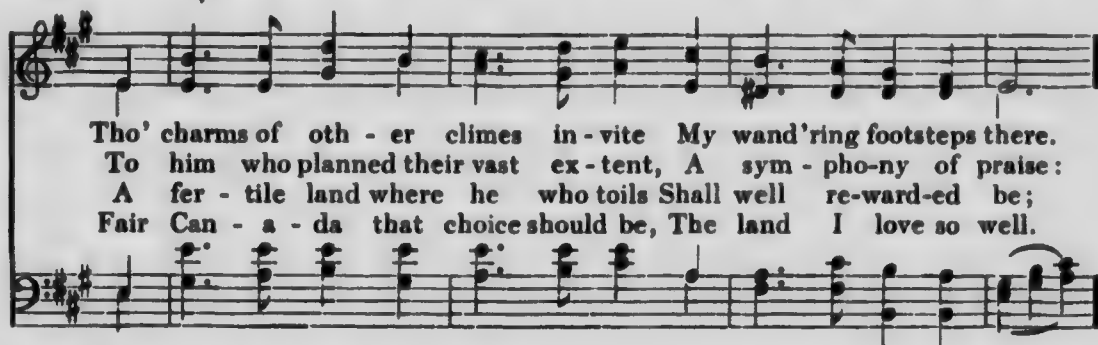
MORLEY McLAUGHLIN



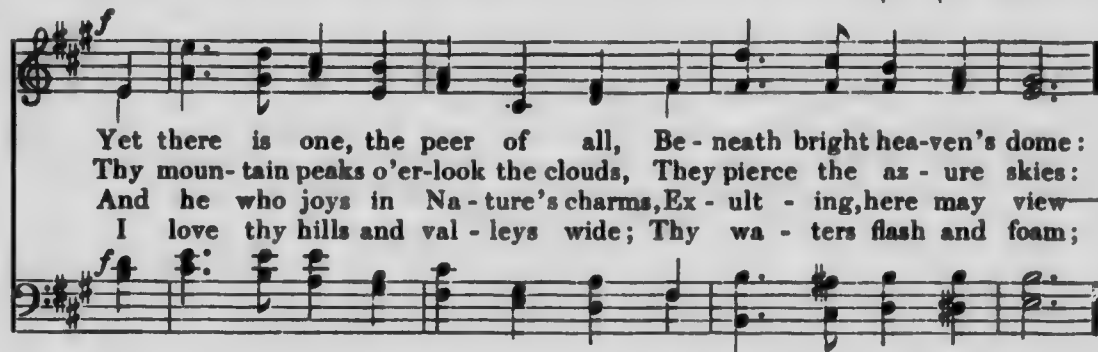
mf

1. Tho' oth - er skies may be as bright, And oth - er lands as fair:
2. Thy lakes and riv - ers, as "the voice Of ma - ny wa-ters" raise
3. A no - ble her - i - tage is thine, So grand and fair and free:
4. Did kind - ly heav'n af - ford to me The choice where I would dwell,

mf



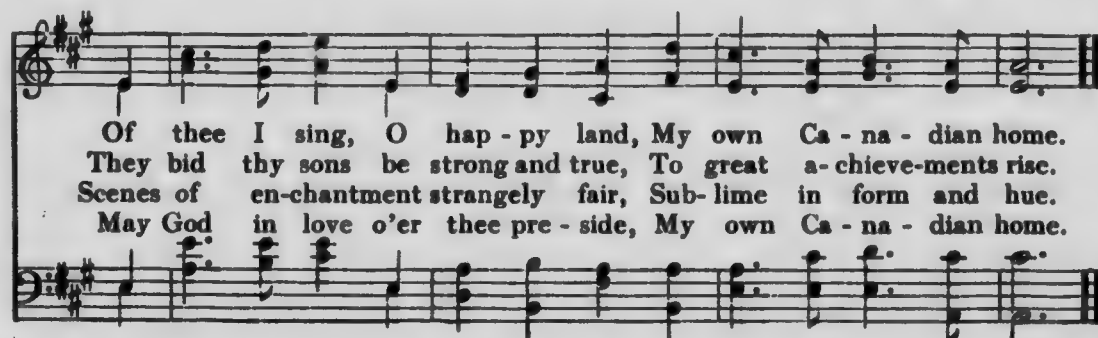
Tho' charms of oth - er climes in-vite My wand'ring footsteps there.
To him who planned their vast ex-tent, A sym - pho-ny of praise:
A fer - tile land where he who toils Shall well re-ward-ed be;
Fair Can - a - da that choice should be, The land I love so well.



f

Yet there is one, the peer of all, Be - neath bright hea-ven's dome:
Thy moun-tain peaks o'er-look the clouds, They pierce the az - ure skies:
And he who joys in Na - ture's charms, Ex - ult - ing, here may view—
I love thy hills and val - leys wide; Thy wa - ters flash and foam;

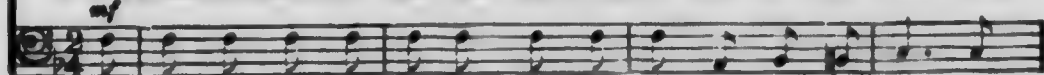
f



Of thee I sing, O hap - py land, My own Ca - na - dian home.
They bid thy sons be strong and true, To great a-chieve-ments rise.
Scenes of en-chantment strangely fair, Sub-lime in form and hue.
May God in love o'er thee pre - side, My own Ca - na - dian home.

*Andante.**Follies.*

- mf*
 1. In May the val - ley lil - ies ring, Their bells chime clear and sweet; They
 2. Then in a trice the lil - ies play, While all to dance be - gin; The
 3. Yet Frost has scarce-ly left the vale, When lil - ies far and near Call



cry, "Come forth, ye flow - ers all, And dance with twinkling feet, And
 moon looks on with friend - ly smile, And takes great joy there - in, And
 quick - ly to the spring-time feast, Their bells ring dou - bly, clear, Their



dance with twin-ling feet." The blos - soms, gold and blue and white, Come
 takes great joy there - in. Then sad - ly vexed is Mas - ter Frost, A -
 bells ring dou - bly, clear. I'll stay no lon - ger in the house, The



quick-ly, one and all; Dear speedwell, blue for - get - me - not, And vio - lets hear the
 down the vale comes he; May - lil - ies play gay tunes no more, The pret - ty blossoms
 lil - ies call me, too; Sweet flow'rets, dancing out of doors, I come to dance with



call, Dear speedwell, blue for - get - me - not, And vio - lets hear the call.
 flee, May - lil - ies play gay tunes no more, The pret - ty blos - soms flee.
 you, Sweet flow'rets, dan - cing, out of doors, I come to dance with you.



Spring Time is Returning.

165

Maynard.

Moderato.

Waltz.

cresc.



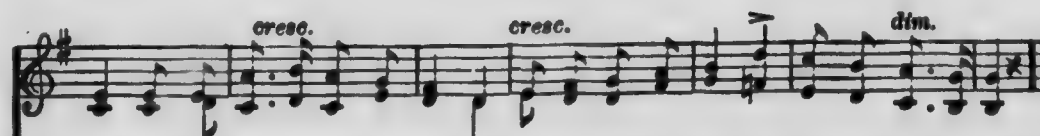
1. { Spring-time is re - turn-ing, The win-ter cold and gray, With snow and nipping
Birds sing in the branches Where budding leaves are seen, And ev - 'ry dus - ky
2. { Soft - ly blows the south-wind a - long the hills and dales While mer-ri-ly brooks
Flock now leave the moun-tains, to browse a-round the fields, And crop the daint-y



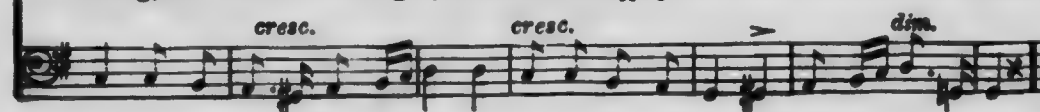
frost will soon have pass'd away; } Now no more a far is heard the hunter's winding horn,
hedge is tinted o'er with green. }
flow thro' all the sun-ny vales; } Soon will maidens in the bowers seek the violets pale,
herbage coming spring-tide yields. }



And with care the farmer guards his fields at ear - 'ly morn; } Spring-time is re -
Soon the hawthorn white with blossom will perfume the gale; }



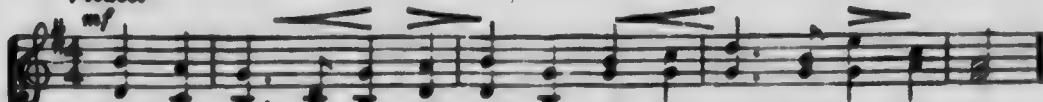
turning; the winter cold and gray, With snow and nipping frost will soon have pass'd away.



Translated from the German.
Voces.

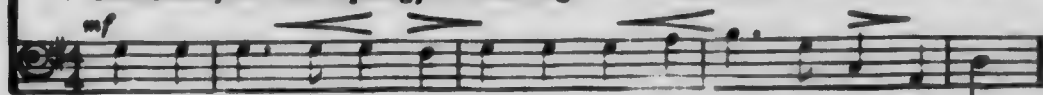
B. Klein.

mf




1. Murm'ring sweet - ly flow the riv - ers In the green vale at our feet,
2. On the heights and mountain gor - ges Kiss - es Spring all life a - wake;
3. Com -rades, let fair Spring, re - turn - ing To our hearts, with us a - bide,

mf




cresc.




And the flow'rs no man can num - ber, Ev - er fresh the wa - ters greet.
Fall - ing av - a - lan - ches thun - der, And the t - cy mountains break.
Ev - 'ry - thing that bless - es mor - tals, Bless us still, and be our guide.

cresc.

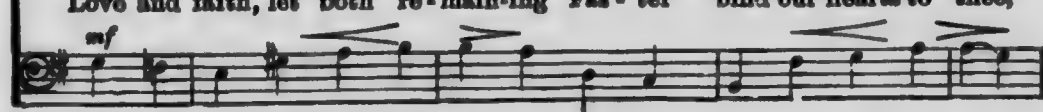


mf




Here are sound - ing songs of glad - ness, And the heart is joy - ous here;
Now the noblest thoughts re - turn - ing, Felt be - fore our soul to cheer,
Love and faith, let both re - main - ing Fas - ter bind our hearts to thee,

mf




cresc.



May thy love be ev - er with me, True to thee, my coun - try dear.
Full - er swell our hearts and voic - es All for thee, our coun - try dear.
Let our our - age have the pow - er To main - tain our coun - try free.

cresc.



O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old.

167

CANADIAN NATIONAL SONG

Written by
His Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L.
Recorder of Montreal

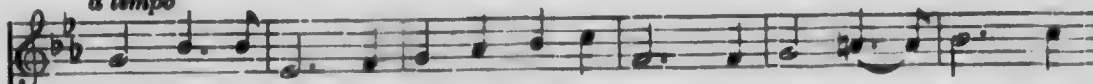
Melody by C. Lavallée
Harmonized by G. A. Grant-Schaefer

Muséno e risoluto

poco rit.



a tempo

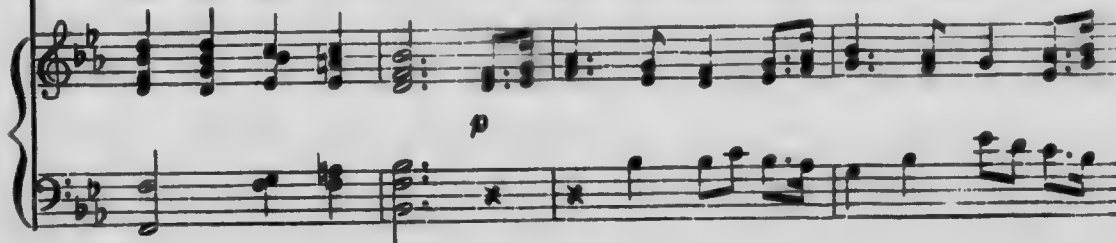


1. O Can - a - da! Our home, and Na - tive land, True pa - tri - ot - love in
2. O Can - a - da! Where pines and ma - ples grow, Great prai - ries spread and
3. O Can - a - da! Be - neath thy shin - ing skies May stal - wart sons and

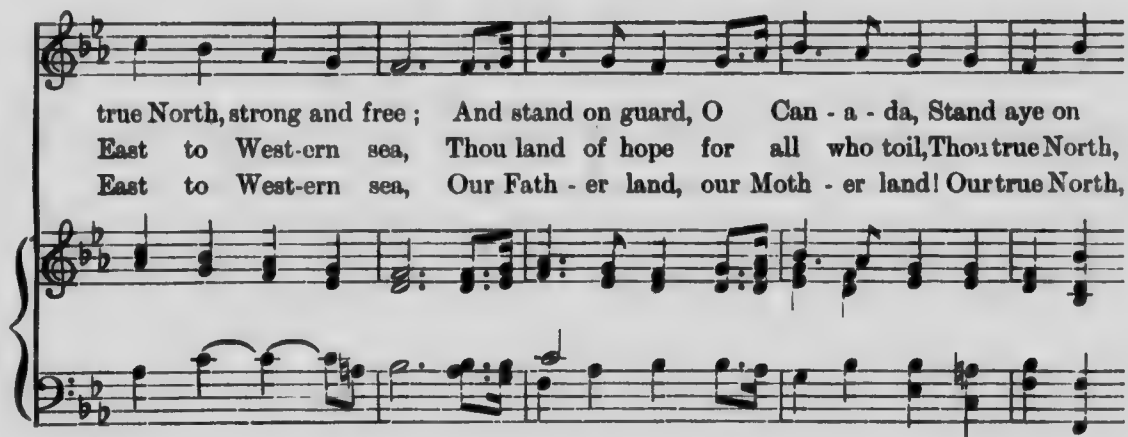


p

all thy sons com-mand. With glow - ing hearts we see thee rise, The
lord - ly riv - ers flow. How dear to us thy broad do - main, From
gen - tle maid - ens rise; To keep thee stead - fast through the years From




O Canada! Our Fathers' Land of Old.

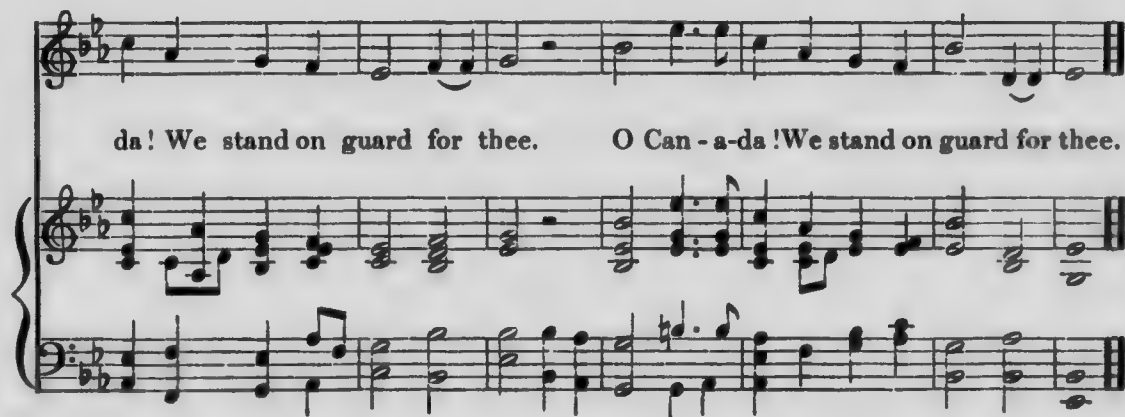


true North, strong and free; And stand on guard, O Can - a - da, Stand aye on
East to West-ern sea, Thou land of hope for all who toil, Thou true North,
East to West-ern sea, Our Fath - er land, our Moth - er land! Our true North,

CHORUS



guard for thee. O Can - a - da! O Can - a - da! O Can - a -
strong and free!
strong and free!



da! We stand on guard for thee. O Can - a - da! We stand on guard for thee.

A Canadian Boat Song.

169

THOMAS MOORE

Andante

1. Faint-ly as tolls the eve-ning chime, Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
 2. Why should we yet our sail un-furl? There is not a breath the blue waves to curl,
 3. Ot - ta - wa tide! This trembling moon Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon,

Our voi - ces keep tune and our oars keep time, Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 There is not a breath the blue waves to curl, But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Shall see us float o - ver thy sur - ges soon. Saint of this green isle, hear our pray'r,

cres - cen - do dim. f sf f
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our part-ing hymn. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 Oh, sweet-ly we'll rest our wea - ry oar. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
 Oh, grant us cool heav'n's and fav'ring air. Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast, The
cres - cen - do dim. f sf f

f cres. dim. f sf
 ra-pids are near and the daylight's past, The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
f cres. dim. f sf

Which is the Properest Day to Sing?

Adapted from Dr. Anna.

Spiritoso.

Which is the pro-per-est day to sing? Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day?

Which is the pro-per-est day to sing? Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day?

Each, to be sure, 'tis a might-y fine thing! Why should I name but one day?

Each, to be sure, 'tis a might-y fine thing! Why should I name but one day?

Tell me but yours, I'll men-tion my day, Let us but fix on some day;

Tell me but yours, I'll men-tion my day, Let us but fix on some day;

Why, Why?

Tell me but yours, I'll men-tion my day, Why should I name but one day?

Tell me but yours, I'll men-tion my day, Why should I name but one day?

Why, why, why, why?

Which is the Properest Day to Sing?

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Each to be sure, 'tis a mighty fine thing! Let us but fix on some day. Tuesday, Wednesday,
Each to be sure, 'tis a mighty fine thing! Let us but fix on some day. Tuesday, Wednesday,

Which, which, which, which? Why should I name but one day?

Bra-vo!

Bra-vo! Why should I name but one day? Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Thursday, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri-day,

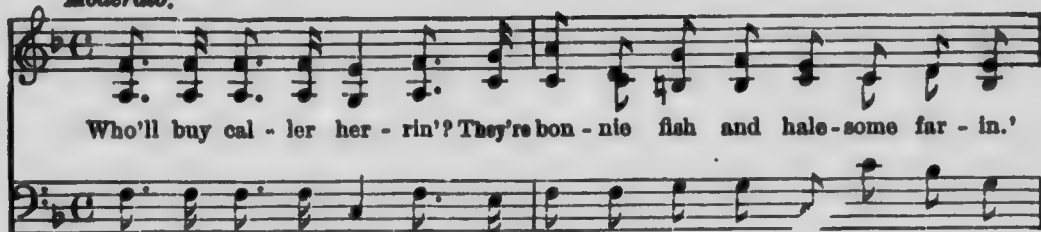
Thurs-day, Fri-day, Why should I name but one day?

mf
Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Thursday, Sat-ur-day,
Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day, Which is the pro-per-est day to sing? Sat-ur-day, Sunday,
Wednes-day, Fri-day, Sun-day,

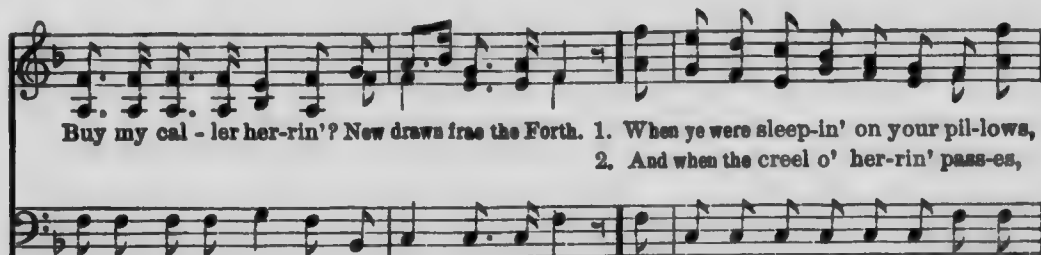
Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day.
Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day, Mon-day.

Lady Nairns.
Moderato.


Scotch Folksong, arranged.



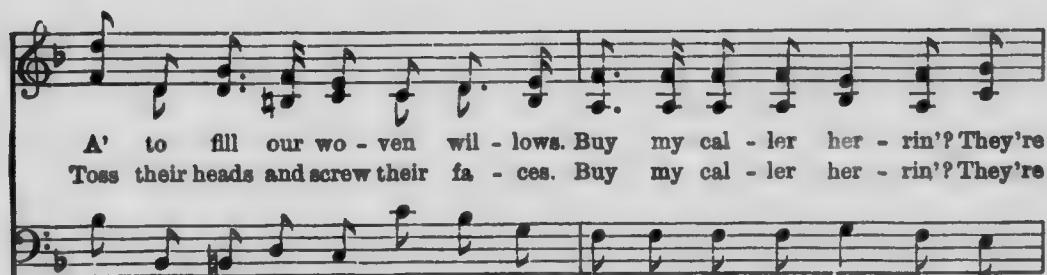
Who'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in'.




Buy my cal - ler her-rin'? New draws frae the Forth. 1. When ye were sleep-in' on your pil-lows,
2. And when the creel o' her-rin' pass-es,



Dreamt ye aught of our puir fel - lows Dark-ling as they face the bil - lows
La - dies clad in silks and la - ces Gath - er in their braw pe - liss - es,



A' to fill our wo - ven wil - lows. Buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're
Toss their heads and screw their fa - ces. Buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're

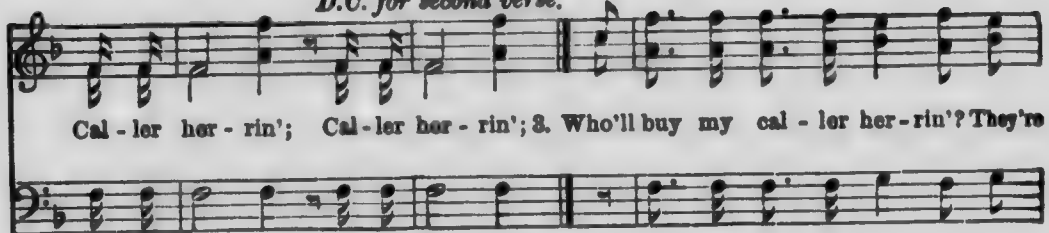


bon - nie fish and halesome far - in'. Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New draws frae the Forth?

Caller Herrin'.

173

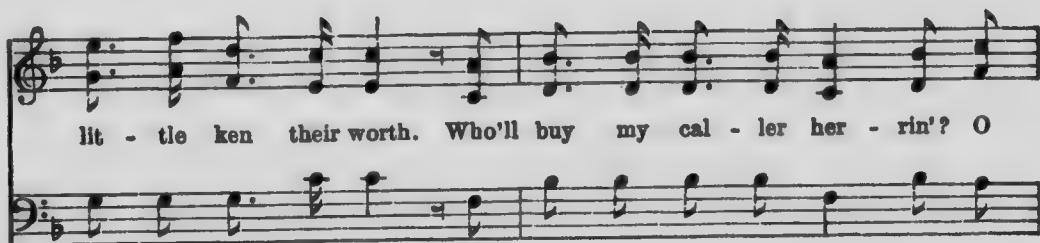
D.C. for second verse.



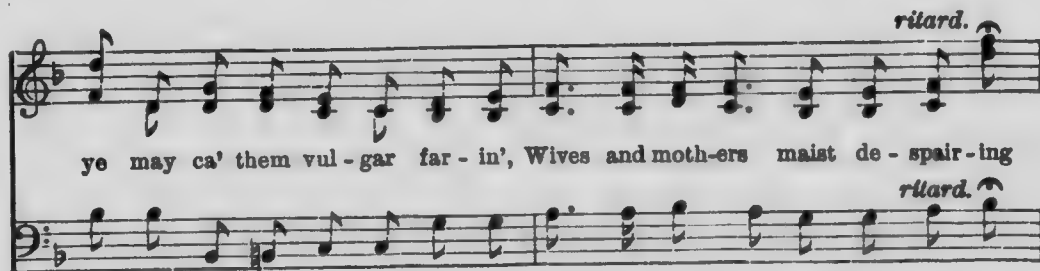
Cal - ler her - rin'; Cal - ler her - rin'; 3. Who'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? They're



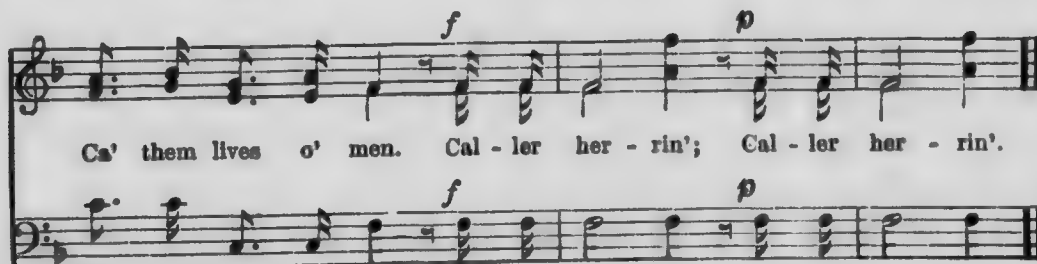
no' brocht here with - out brave dar - in'. Buy my cal - ler her - rin', Ye



lit - tle ken their worth. Who'll buy my cal - ler her - rin'? O



ye may ca' them vul - gar far - in', Wives and moth - ers maist de - spair - ing



Ca' them lives o' men. Cal - ler her - rin'; Cal - ler her - rin'.

The Marseillaise.

Arranged by
FRANCOIS GUERIN

Words and Music by
ROUGET DE L'ISLE

The first line may be played as a prelude.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry, Hark, hark, what myr-lads bid you rise.
 2. Now, now, the dan-gerous storm is roll - ing, Which treacherous kings con-feder-ate raise;
 3. With lux-u-ry and pride sur-rounded, The vile in-sa-tiate des-pots dare,

Your chil-dren, wives and grandsires hoa-ry, Behold their tears and hear their cries,
 The dogs of war, let loose are howl-ing, And lo! our walls and ci - ties blaze,
 Their thirst of gold and power un-bounded, To mete and vend the light and air,

Be-hold their tears and hear their cries ; Shall hateful ty-rants mis-chief-
 And lo ! our walls and ci - ties blaze. And shall we base-ly view the
 To mete and vend the light and air Like beasts of bur-dea would they

The Marseillaise.

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breeding, With hire-ling host, a ruf - fian-band, Af-fright and des-o-late the
 ruin, While lawless force with guilt-y stride, Spreads des-o - la-tion far and
 load us Like Gods, would bid their slaves a - dore ; But man is man and who is

land, While peace and lib-er-ty lie bleeding? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
 wide, With crime and blood his hands embru-ing. To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,
 more, Then shall they longer lash and goad us ? To arms, . . to arms, ye brave,

Th'a - veng - ing sword un-sheath ! March on ! March on !

The musical score is written for a single melodic line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first two lines of lyrics. The second system contains the next three lines of lyrics. The third system contains the final line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands. Dynamic markings include 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are printed below the corresponding musical staves.

The Marseillaise.

The musical score for 'The Marseillaise' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system's vocal line begins with a forte (*sf*) dynamic and the lyrics 'All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death. March on! march'. The piano accompaniment features a driving, rhythmic pattern. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'on! All hearts re-solved On vic - to-ry or death!'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic intensity, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

4 O Liberty ! can Man resign thee ?

Once having felt thy gen'rous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine
thee ?

||: Or whips thy noble spirit tame ? :||
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

To arms, etc.

5 May patriot love and friendship glowing

Still be the aim to which we aspire.

May each spirit ever be lighted

||: With the flame they both can inspire. :||

All may be won ; be but united,

Our foes we will crush 'neath our feet ;

No more then Frenchmen will repeat

That dread cry which hath our land
affrighted !

To arms, etc.

O Country Great and Glorious

177

Schumann

Con spirito

cres.

1. O coun-try great and glo - rious, O dear and hap - py land, Thy faith - ful chil - dren
 2. Be righteous - ness thy hel - met, Be mer - cy thy good shield, Be jus - tice keen the

f

cres.

mf

serve thee With heart and voice and hand. Thy sons they stand a - bout thee, Strong
 weap - on, Thy no - ble arm doth wield. Be truth thy shin - ing ar - mor, O

mf

bulwarks of the state ; They guard thy towers vic - to - rious, Thy walls in - vi - o - late.
 coun - try, glorious, great, And countless gen - e - ra - tions Thy fame shall cel - e - brate !

ff

cres.

O coun - try great and glo - rious, O dear and hap - py land, Thy faith - ful chil - dren

ff

cres.

ff

serve thee With heart and voice and hand, With hand, with heart and voice and hand.

ff

rit.

Charlie is My Darlin'.

Scotch Folk-song.

Allegretto.

Oh! Charlie is my dar-lin', my dar-lin', my dar-lin', Char-lie is my dar-lin', The

young Chev-a-lier. 1. 'Twas on a Mon-day morn-in', Right ear-ly in the year, When
 2. As he came marchin' up the street, The pipes played loud and clear, And
 3. Wi' Ille-land bon-nets on their heads, And claymores bright and clear, They

Char-lie cam' to our town, The young Chev-a-lier. Oh! Char-lie is my dar-lin', my
 a' the folk came rinnin' out To meet the Chev-a-lier.
 cam' to fight for Scotland's right, And the young Chev-a-lier.

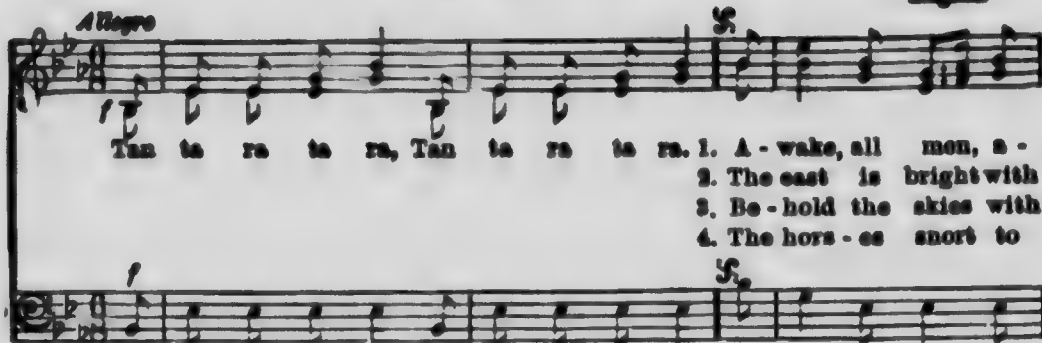
dar-lin', my dar-lin', Oh! Char-lie is my dar-lin', The young Chev-a-lier.

The Fox Hunt

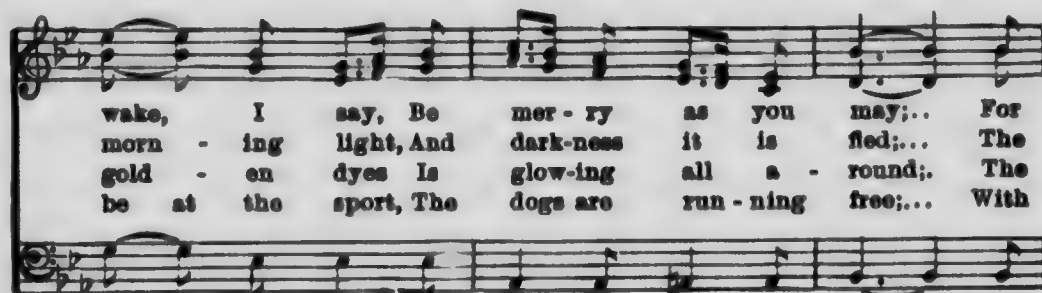
179

English

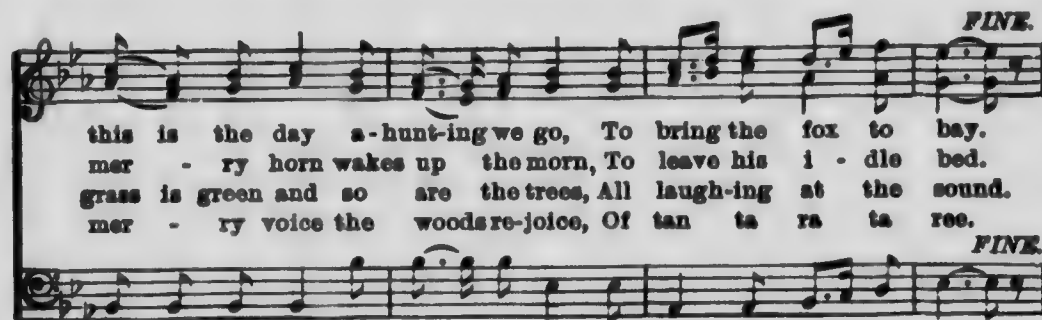
Allegro



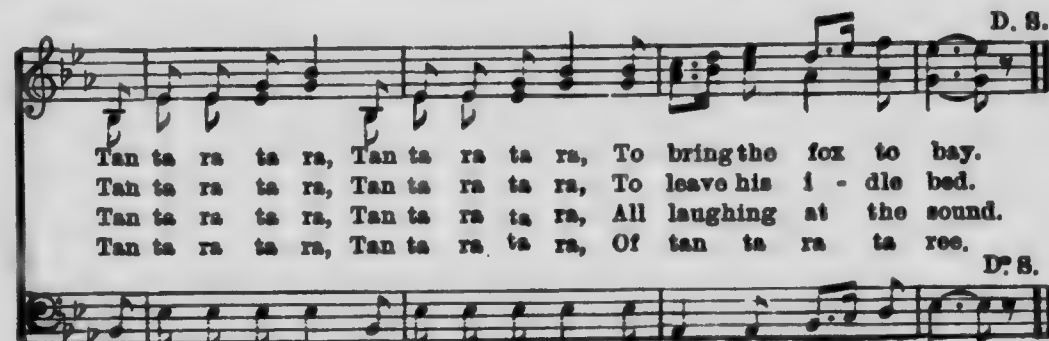
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra. 1. A - wake, all men, a -
2. The east is bright with
3. Be - hold the skies with
4. The hors - es snort to



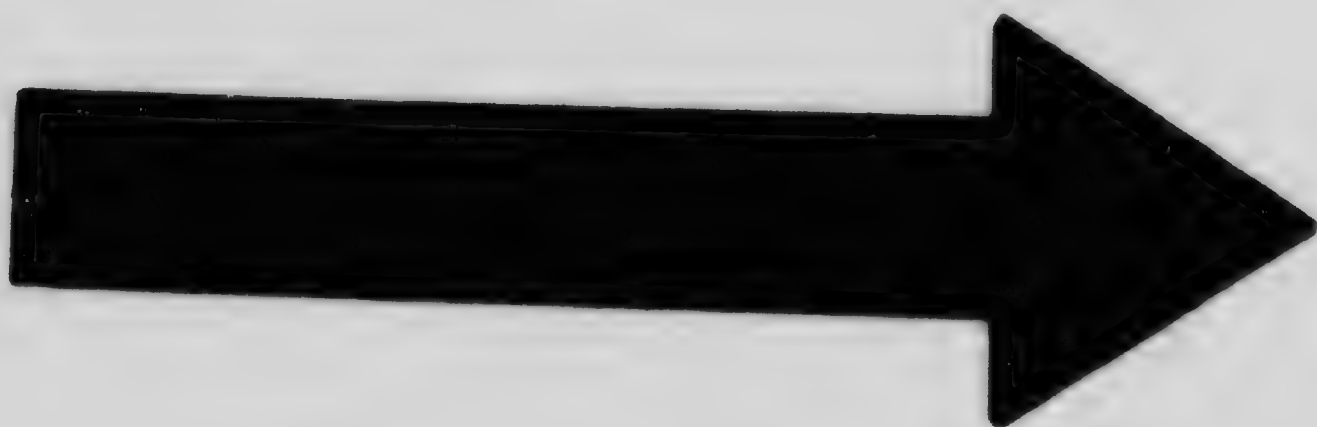
wake, I say, Be mer - ry as you may;... For
morn - ing light, And dark - ness it is fled;... The
gold - en dyes is glow - ing all a - round;... The
be at the sport, The dogs are run - ning free;... With



FINE.
this is the day a - hunt - ing we go, To bring the fox to bay.
mer - ry horn wakes up the morn, To leave his i - dle bed.
grass is green and so are the trees, All laugh - ing at the sound.
mer - ry voice the woods re - joice, Of tan ta ra ta ree.
FINE.

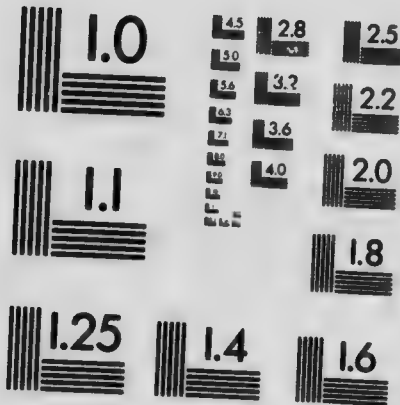


D. S.
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, To bring the fox to bay.
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, To leave his i - dle bed.
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, All laughing at the sound.
Tan ta ra ta ra, Tan ta ra ta ra, Of tan ta ra ta ree.
D. S.



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We be Three Poor Mariners.

Traditional.
Moderato.

Old English.

1. We be three poor mar - i - ners, New - ly come from the seas, We
 2. We care not for mar - tial men That do our states dis - dain, But

p

spend our lives in jeop - ar - dy, While oth - ers live in ease;
 we care for the mer - chant - men, Who do our states main - tain; To

Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round? And
 them we dance this round, around, around, To them we dance this round, around, around. And

f

he that is a sai - lor boy Come, pledge me on this ground, this ground.

f

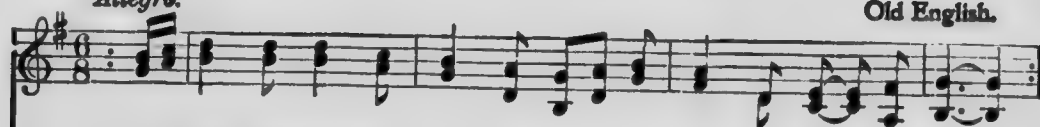
A Study.

Under the Greenwood Tree.

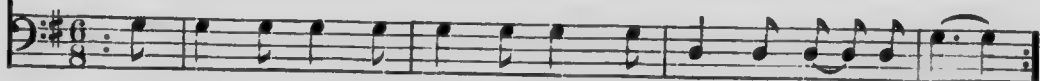
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Allegro.

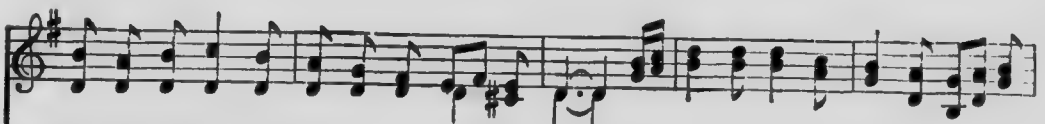
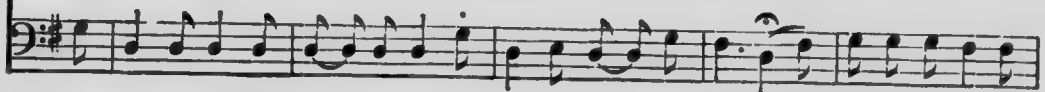
Old English.



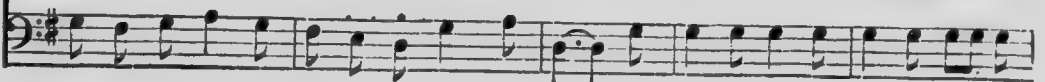
1. { In sum - mer time when flow'rs do spring, And birds sit on each tree,
Let lords and knights say what they will, There's none so merry as we.
2. { Our mu - sic is a lit - tle pipe That can so sweet - ly play;
We hire old Hal from Whit - sun - tide Till lat - ter Lam - mas day.
3. { On meads and lawns we trip like fawns, Like fil - lies, kids, and lambs;
We have no twinge to make us cringe, As old folks un - der - stand.



There's Will and Moll, and Har-ry and Doll, And Tom and bonny Bet-tee; Oh! how they do skip it,
No time is spent with more con-tent In camp, court, or cit-tee, So long as we skip it,
When day is spent with one con-sent, A-gain we all a-gree To frisk it and skip it,



ca-per and trip it, Un-der the greenwood tree. In summer time when flow'rs do spring, And

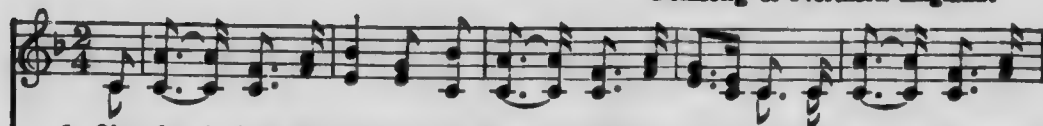


birds sit on each tree, Let lords and knights say what they will, There's none so mer-ry as we.



Weel May the Keel Row.

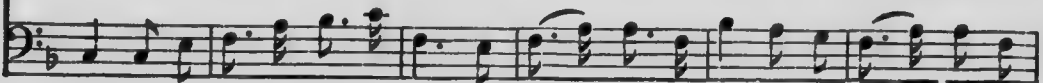
Folksong of Northern England.



1. Oh! who is like my John-ny, So leish, so blithe, so bon - ny! He's foremost 'mang the
2. He has nae mair o' learning, Than tells his week-ly earn-ing, Yet right fram wrang dis-
3. He wears a blue bon-net, Blue bon - net, blue bon - net, He wears a blue



mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row so tight - ly, As in the dance so
cern-ing, Tho' brave, no bruiser he. Tho' he no' worth a plack is, His ain coat on his
bon-net, A dim - ple in his chin. As I cam' thro' Laudgate, Thro' Laudgate, thro'



light - ly, He'll cut or shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine. Weel may the
back is, And nane can say that black is The white o' John-ny's e'e. Weel may the
Laudgate, As I cam' thro' Land-gate, I heard a las-sie sing— Weel may the



keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row that my lad's in.



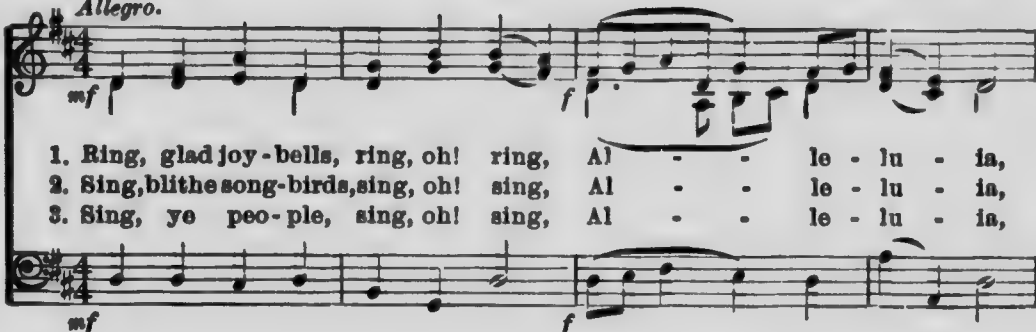
Easter Anthem

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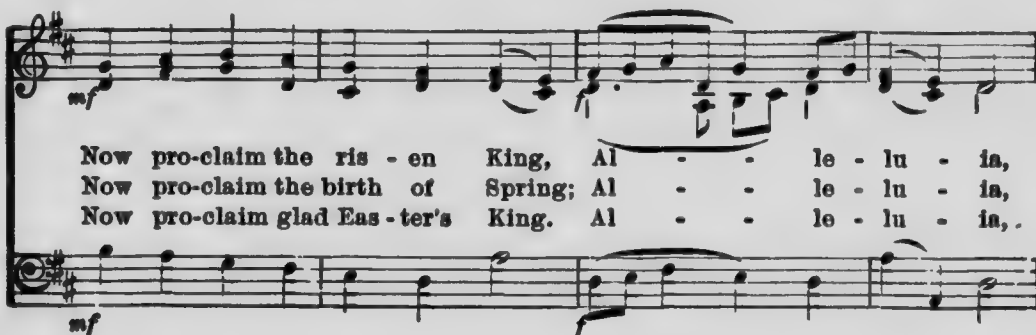
Louise Dew

Henry Carey

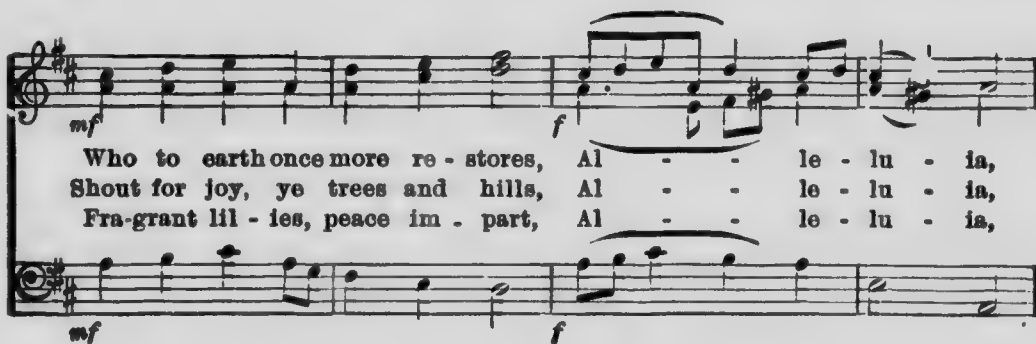
Allegro.



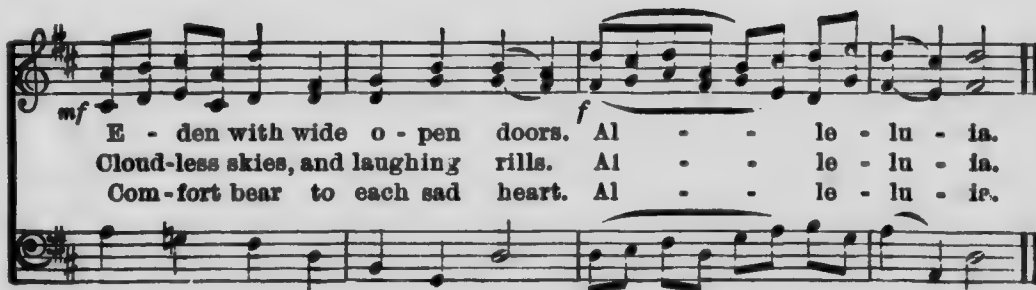
1. Ring, glad joy - bells, ring, oh! ring, Al - - le - lu - ia,
 2. Sing, blithe song-birds, sing, oh! sing, Al - - le - lu - ia,
 3. Sing, ye peo - ple, sing, oh! sing, Al - - le - lu - ia,



Now pro-claim the ris - en King, Al - - le - lu - ia,
 Now pro-claim the birth of Spring; Al - - le - lu - ia,
 Now pro-claim glad Eas - ter's King. Al - - le - lu - ia,



Who to earth once more re - stores, Al - - le - lu - ia,
 Shout for joy, ye trees and hills, Al - - le - lu - ia,
 Fra-grant lil - ies, peace im - part, Al - - le - lu - ia,



E - den with wide o - pen doors. Al - - le - lu - ia.
 Cloud-less skies, and laughing rills. Al - - le - lu - ia.
 Com-fort bear to each sad heart. Al - - le - lu - ia.



Exercises.



THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.



The Scale.

All music is based on some form of the *scale*. Most people are familiar with the *major scale*, which is composed of eight tones progressing by intervals called steps and half steps. As the diagram shows, the half steps are between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8. There are also intermediate tones called *chromatics*. These are between the regular tones of the scale, except where the half steps occur. For instance: *Sharp 1* is a tone half way between 1 and 2. The word "sharp," means the next half step higher. The word "flat," used in the same way means the next half step lower. The scale names are one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight, usually represented by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. The syllables do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do are also used as scale names.

Diagram 1.

8)	half
7)	step
6	
5	
4)	half
3)	step.
2	
1	

The *chromatic scale* has thirteen tones and consists entirely of half steps.

Octaves.

When men and women sing the scale together, the women sing an octave higher than the men; they sing the same tune but an octave above. Octaves may be compared to the stories of a building. Stories look alike and octaves sound alike. Suppose you were on the first floor of a building, then the second floor would be "up-stairs"; but if you go up to the third floor, the second floor would be "down-stairs" to you. In like manner a certain tone is 8 if reckoned from the octave below; but it is 1 if reckoned from the octave above. The Great Staff on next page shows octaves. Also find the octaves on the piano or organ. Tone 8 is the octave of 1.

Pitch.

The pitch of a tone is its highness or lowness. Every tone has a pitch name, as well as a scale name. The pitch names are *A, B, C, D, E, F, G*. The scale names give us no idea of absolute pitch for the scale may be sung high or low. The pitch name of any tone is used also for all its octaves. The diagrams of pitch names will show this clearly.

Diagram 2.

- (C-8)
(B-7)
A-6
G-5
(F-4)
(E-3)
D-2
C-1

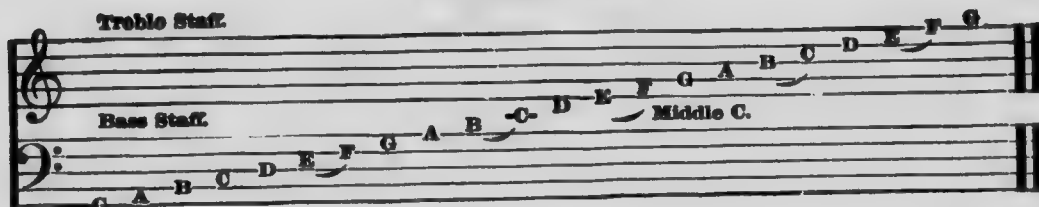
The scale may begin with any pitch, that is, any tone may be taken as 1 of the scale. Tone 1 is called the *Key note*, or tonic. When 1 of the scale is *G*, the *key* is *G*; when 1 is *E \flat* the key is *E \flat* , and so on. If we sing the tones *C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C*, in the order named, we sing the major scale because the tones represented by these pitch names are arranged (with reference to steps and half steps) to correspond with the tones of the scale. See diagram 2.

Diagram 3.

- (G-8)
(F \sharp -7)
F-6
E-5
D-4
(C-3)
(B-2)
A-1
G-1

Now if we should take *G*, for our keynote and sing *G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G*, we would not sing the major scale, because *F-G* being a whole step does not correspond with half step 7-8 in the scale. But if we substitute *F \sharp* for *F*, the correct order of intervals (steps and half steps) would then be preserved. See diagram 3. The key of *G*, therefore, has one sharp (*F sharp*). By studying the diagrams on the following pages, it will be readily seen how the different keys are made, and why the sharps and flats are used.

The Great Staff.



Letters connected thus: *EF*, denote half steps.

The first line below the treble staff and the first line above the bass staff represent the same tone—middle C.

Treble Sign or Clef.



Bass Sign or Clef.



Notes are characters used on the staff to indicate the length and pitch of tones. The form of a note determines its relative time value and its position on the staff indicates the pitch of the tone to be sung. The following notes are most commonly used:

Whole.



Half.



Quarter.



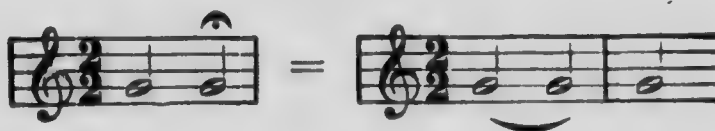
Eighth.



Sixteenth.




A *Hold* (\wedge), when placed either over or under a note, adds to its value one measure, less the length of the note.



The *Bar* || is a vertical line dividing measures on the staff and indicating that the strong beat falls on the note immediately following.

The *Double Bar* ||| is two parallel vertical lines on the staff, indicating the end of a piece of music.

Repeat Marks are dots used thus:  and indicate that the portion of music between them is to be repeated.

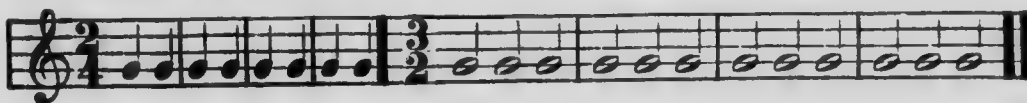
Time.

When we listen to the ticking of the clock, or feel the beating of the pulse, we observe that both mark time. When we listen to strains of stirring music we almost unconsciously keep time by marking its pulses or beats. Every strong beat in the beginning of a measure. A measure is a group of consecutive beats marked by one or more accents. The clock usually ticks two-beat (double) and the locomotive puffs four-beat (quadruple) measures. Rhythm is the regular recurrence of equal measures and may be expressed in motion as well as in sound.

Measures Represented by Notes Upon the Staff.

Two Beats to the Measure.

Three Beats to the Measure.



Four Beats to the Measure.



Three Beats to the Measure.



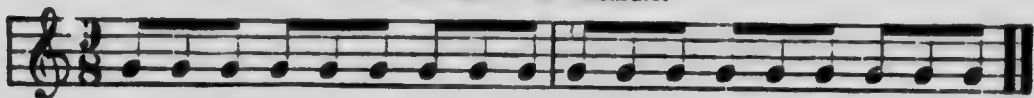
Two Beats to the Measure.



Six Beats to the Measure.






Nine Beats to the Measure.



Twelve Beats to the Measure.



NOTE.—From the foregoing examples, it will be seen that either an eighth note (♪), quarter note (♩), half note (♭), or whole note (♩) may stand for a beat. Beats are named after the notes that represent them; thus we have: eighth-note beats, quarter-note beats, etc. The figures $\frac{2}{4}$ (two-four) $\frac{3}{8}$ (three-eighth) $\frac{4}{4}$ (four-four) etc., are time signatures. The upper figure tells the number of beats to the measure, and the lower figure tells the *kind* of beats,

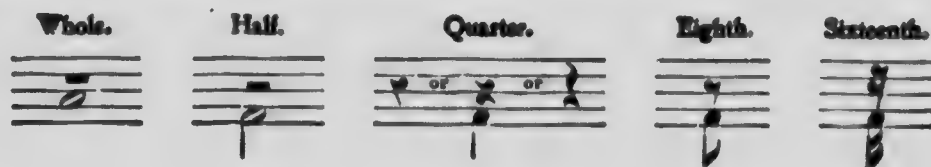
thus:  means double measure with quarter-note beats,  means triple measure with eighth-note beats,  means sextuple measure with eighth-note beats and so on.

Questions:—How many eighth-note beats to a quarter note? How many quarter-note beats to a half note? How many half-note beats to a whole note?

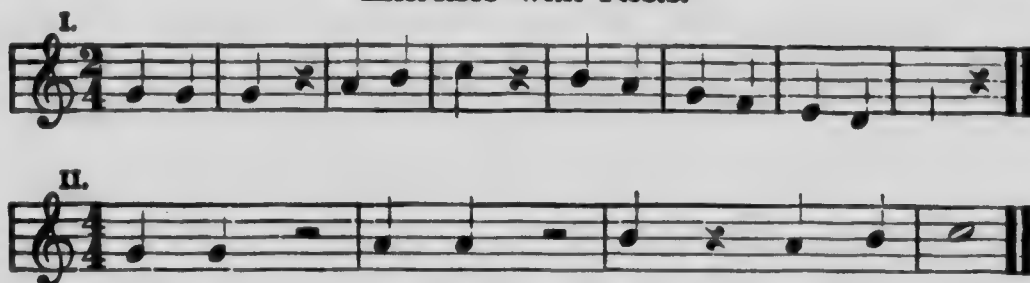
Examples of tones continuing through two or more beats.



Rests are characters which indicate periods of silence in music. The rests equivalent in time value to the several notes are as follows:



Exercises with Rests.



A *Sharp* (#) signifies that the line or space on which it is used represents a tone a half step higher than the original pitch. Likewise, a *Flat* (b) means a half step lower. A *Natural* (♮) cancels a sharp or flat. A sharp, flat or natural, except when used in the signature, affects only the measure in which it occurs.

A *Tie* joins two notes of the same pitch, forming one note of the combined values of the two.

A *Slur* connects notes of different pitch to be sung to the same syllable.



A *Dot* adds one half to the time value of a note or rest. A *Second Dot* adds half the time value of the first dot.

Examples of Dots.



Common Italian Terms Used in Music.

- A**—in, at, to, according to, for.
Accelerando—accelerating the motion.
Adagio—slow.
Ad libitum (Latin)—at pleasure.
Agitato—agitated.
Alla—like, in the style of.
Allegretto—somewhat quick.
Allegro—quick, lively.
Andante—walking, moderately quick.
Andantino—a little slower than *Andante*; sometimes, more rapid.
Anima—soul expression.
Animato—with spirit.
Assai—very.
Brio—fire.
Calando—diminishing in tone-volume.
Cantabile—singing, melodious.
Con—with.
Crescendo (<)—increasing in tone-volume.
Da capo (D.C.)—from the beginning.
Dal segno (D.S.) or (S)—from the sign.
Decrescendo (>)—diminishing in tone-volume.
Diminuendo (>)—diminishing in tone-volume.
Dolce—sweet, with expression.
Energico—with energy.
Espressivo—with expression.
Fine—end.
Forte (f)—loud.
Fortissimo (ff)—very loud.
Forza—force.
Fuoco—fire.
Grazia—grace.
Grazioso—graceful.
Grave—serious, very slow.
Larghetto—somewhat broad and slow.
Largo—broad, very slow.
Legato—connected.
Lento—slow.
Ma—but.
Marcato—accented.
Marcia—march; *alla marcía*—marchlike.
Martiale—martial.
Meno mosso—slower.
Mezzo (a)—half.
Moderato—moderate.
Molto—much, very.
Morendo—dying, diminishing in motion and tone-volume.
Moto—motion.
Non—not.
Pesante—heavy, emphatic.
Pianissimo (pp)—very soft.
Piano (p)—soft.
Piu—more, *Piu forte*—louder, *Piu mosso*—more rapid.
Presto—very quick.
Primo (a)—first, *Tempo primo*—in the original time (after an acceleration or retard.)
Poco—little, *Poco a poco*—little by little, gradually.
Quasi—as it were, almost.
Rallentando (rall.)—retarding motion.
Risoluta—resolute.
Ritardando (rit.)—retarding motion.
Ritenua (riten.)—holding back.
Secondo (a)—second.
Sforzando (>) } louder, accented.
Sforzato (sf, sfs.) }
Smorzando—dying, diminishing in motion and tone-volume.
Solo (pl. soli.)—alone, to be sung or played by one voice or instrument.
Sostenuto—sustained.
Staccato—detached, disconnected.
Stringendo—accelerating the motion.
Tempo—time, movement.
Tenuto (ten.)—held, sustained.
Tranquillo—tranquil.
Tutti—all, in contrast with *solo*, or *soli*.
Un poco—a little.
Vivace } --lively.
Vivo }
Voce—voice.

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